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TRAVELLERS' ADVENTURES IN ALL COUNTRIES

Abridged from the best Writers
For young Persons.

BY

THEODORE DIELITZ,
Professor in the Royal Institute, Berlin.

PHILADELPHIA.
WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178, Chesnut Street
1854.
[illegible] St. Phila

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BY THEODORE DIELITZ,

PROFESSOR IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTE, BERLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY A LADY.

With Illustrations on Stone.

WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
1854.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by

WILLIS P. HAZARD,

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PRINTED BY SMITH & PETERS,

Franklin Buildings, Sixth Street below Arch, Philadelphia.

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TRAVELLERS' ADVENTURES.

An Adventure in Louisiana.

It was on the afternoon of a most sultry day in September, 1849, that my friend Carleton and myself found ourselves still wandering over the extended prairie, where, for three days, we had busied ourselves in the collecting of rare insects and plants. We had filled our pockets and satchels to our entire satisfaction; but we had also to suffer greatly for our scientifical zeal, for the sun's rays, which in Louisiana possess unusual strength, poured down upon us with such fierceness, that we were literally nearly roasted. To increase our uncomfortable circumstances, our stock of wine was exhausted on the first day of our travel, and the water, which we could find from time to time, was so full of impurity, that, thirsty as we were, we could scarcely force ourselves to drink it. We knew not, besides, which way to direct our course; so in our necessity we concluded to rest for awhile under the shade of some trees that spread out their canopying branches most invitingly, and despatched Martin,

Carleton's servant, and a true-born Acadian, in search of news. He assured us before his departure, that it would not be long until he would return with tidings, or at all events he could not go far until he should find a plantation. We remained for a full hour on the same spot, waiting for his return, during which time the air grew every moment more sultry and oppressive. At length my companion lost all patience.

"Where can the fellow be wandering? Call him back at once!" he cried, as he handed me his hunting-horn.

"I am not able to blow it myself; my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth with heat and thirst."

I took the horn at his bidding, and placing it to my lips, blew a strong blast. But it gave not forth the clear ringing tones that we had been accustomed to hear—the sound was short and muffled, as though the air had lost all its elasticity, and returned instead of sending it forward. The place where we halted was on the border of a pine forest—many of which are found in the United States, stretching far and wide in all the glory of primeval extension. The grass upon which we stretched ourselves, was fully five feet high, and of a most brilliant green. On our right was a thicket of palm bushes, which was broken by a creek or inlet, on whose banks grew lofty cypresses, clothed in their own peculiar gloomy but magnificent grandeur. On the other side, there was nothing to be seen but an illimitable extent of prairie, with here and there impenetrable thickets of shrubbery, or detached and solitary groups of trees. This

was the rich, wide landscape, on which, scarce an hour before, our eyes had rested with infinite delight; but now a sudden and wonderful change had come over it. Our scope of vision had become gradually more circumscribed, as though the dark blue clouds that at first were seen bordering the distance, but were now rolling rapidly towards us, envied the pleasure bestowed on us by the prospect. The wind drove them fiercely across the wild prairie, and the nearer they approached the more were we aware of their density and oppressive influence. The sun was no longer able to blind us by the splendor of his rays; we turned our eyes fearlessly towards him, and then he appeared, both in size and colour, like the full moon. The outline of the forest became invisible through the thick veil of blue cloud that slowly shrouded it; and the air, that in the morning was elastic and invigorating, was each moment becoming too oppressive for respiration.

We were at a loss to conjecture the cause of this singular and rather alarming phenomenon; and as I looked towards my companion to ascertain how he was affected by it, our eyes met, and betrayed by looks, while yet we spoke no word, that perplexed anxiety which man cannot control when surrounded by new and unaccountable danger.

"Fire your gun," said I at last to Carleton; but even as I spoke I started at the sound of my own altered voice. The lock was pressed, but the sound was choked in the thickening atmosphere—so nearly lost that the water-fowl, resting on the bosom of the creek scarcely an hundred yards

distant from our halting-place, were not startled at the report.

"Do look at our horses," cried Carleton; "I believe they are about to break away!" And, in fact, the animals had become very unruly; they pointed their ears, looked affrightedly to the side from whence came the smoke and heat, and prancing and bounding, seemed determined to break loose from the trees to which we had bound them. A short time ago they were ready to give over from fatigue—now they were full of fire and impatience.

"We dare not stay here any longer," said Carleton; "the horses warn us of danger by their restlessness—let us be off, for led by their instinct, they will bear us to a place of security."

No other word was spoken. We unloosed the animals and mounted. Hardly were we seated in our saddles, before they struck into a flying gallop—swift as though a troop of wolfs were at their heels, directing their speed in the direction of the creek, which, as it flowed towards its outlet, grew broader and broader. An awful stillness rested on the wilderness, prairie, and all around, broken only at intervals by the scream of some wild bird or beast—each one of which added but to increase the horrors by which we were surrounded.

"What can this mean?" cried Carleton. "I am fainting with the heat, yet not a drop of moisture passes from my skin. These horrors are incomprehensible. For heaven's sake give another blast of the horn!"

I endeavoured to obey his bidding, but the effort was not attended with success. It seemed as though the sound, instead of issuing through the instrument as I intended, was pressed backwards to my own lips.

"For Heaven's sake, look yonder!" cried Carleton, as he pointed towards a particular part of the horizon, over which, until now, instead of the blue haze by which the rest was veiled, had been covered a dark leaden-colored cloud. I turned my eyes in the demonstrated direction—the heavens were glowing with a ruddy light, and at the same time a distant crackling, like continued firing from a file of musketry, was heard, ceasing at intervals, but after each becoming more distinct. Our horses pranced and reared as though seized with sudden madness, and, almost spurning control, rushed wildly towards the stream, into which it required the greatest effort of strength on the part of myself and companion to prevent them from plunging. The red stripe on the horizon grew redder, rolling fearfully onwards, until it seemed nearly to encircle our heads; the crackling and hissing were more violent. In silence, Carleton and myself gazed on the awful spectacle; then all at once a fearful, a horrible thought rushed through the brain of each—terror loosed our tongues at the same instant, and we exclaimed, as out of the same mouth, "The prairie is on fire!"

Scarcely were these words uttered, when a loud rustling and trampling just behind caused us to turn away for a moment from the fearful sight, to discover what new danger

lurked in the rear. A herd of fallow deer, startled from their coverts, had broken a path through the thicket of undergrowth already described, and rushing wildly towards the creek, plunged, as if despairingly, among its turbid waters, until only their heads were visible above the surface. There they stood, the poor animals scarce fifty steps distant from us, panting and trembling in the flood, turning their gentle and eloquent eyes upon us, as if entreating from man, their dreaded foe, the help which nature denied them from asking by words.

We turned our eyes once more to the fearful point, whence, for a moment or two, they had been diverted. Nearer and more near came the fiery column; soon its forked light was seen through the dense cloud of smoke; soon its flaming tongue licked up the herbage on the surface of the earth—devouring all in its course, until it reached the thicket of palm bushes already described as being in our neighborhood. The smoke blew backward; the fiery conqueror appeared in full view, and in a few minutes the whole prairie presented the spectacle of a sea of flame. Our eyes, nearly blinded by the smoke, pained and smarted from its influence, and so great had the heat become, that we dreaded to see our clothes take fire every minute. Our horses were no longer to be restrained by bit or bridle, but spite of all our strength, bore us towards the creek, and bounded over the bank, down even into the water. Hardly had we time to congratulate ourselves on the successful issue of our headlong leap, ere a new source of anxiety presented itself, in

the shape of a huge she bear, who, with her young ones, crept out of the reeds a short distance from us. Almost at the same moment a second herd of fallow deer rushed from the thicket, and instinctively sought the protecting shelter of the waters, not twenty steps distant from us. We pointed our guns towards the bear; she marked the movement, and moved slowly away, approaching quite close to the herd, which, unalarmed by her vicinity, remained unmoved in their first position. The common danger had conquered the natural fear of the one—and the natural ferocity of the other;—bears and deer, separated by the space of scarcely ten steps, took as little notice of each other as though they belonged to the same race,—neither of them dreaded man, their natural enemy, although so near them; his power had sunk into nothing in the presence of the devouring conqueror, who was spreading devastation with unsparing hand! And now every moment our creek became the refuge of flying animals; deer, foxes, and wild horses came in troops to seek an asylum in its protecting waters—a refuge from the raging flame. We remained immovable, gazing on the imposing sight without uttering a word, when suddenly the barking of a dog fell upon our ears.

"Hurrah!" cried Carleton, overjoyed now in proportion as he had been dispirited; "men are in the neighborhood!" A salvo from at least a dozen of guns was the answer to our repeated shouts. The guns were certainly fired within two hundred yards from us, yet we could not discern the hunters by whom they were discharged. The wild animals,

that had until now stood quietly in the water, trembled at this report of new danger, but yet ventured not to leave the only spot where safety was to be found. We ourselves were standing up to our hips in the water, for, in consequence of the great heat, we had dismounted.

"Who goes there?" we again shouted. A second volley was the answer, and this time evidently much nearer. We saw the flash of the pan, and heard the voices of men speaking in a barbarous dialect of half French, half Indian, and we at once conjectured it must be a party of Acadian hunters who were approaching us. They fired a third salvo, and this time the bullets whizzed quite close to our heads. The thing now began to look serious—bullets are very good things, but they can come too near.

"Hold on!" we cried, "keep back your fire, or else look before you shoot!" A short silence ensued, which was followed by a peal of wild laughter.

"Fire—fire!" shouted many wild voices at once.

"Just as you please!" answered I, at the top of my voice; "but do not forget that we are armed too. One shot from you, and he by whose hand it is sped shall at once be stretched on the earth—fire, then, at your peril!"

"What's that?" growled one rough voice. "Who is it that comes here to make laws for us? Down with the dogs! Fire upon them, boys!"

"Yet once," I rejoined, "in the name of humanity let me warn and entreat you—"

"Forwards," cried another. "Shoot them down, the

dogs—the spies! What business have they here searching the prairies."

"Your blood then be upon your own head," was my answer, as Carleton and myself directed our loaded guns towards the spot whence the last volley had proceeded. Nearly at the same time another voice was heard close beside us—

"Halt!—what is going on here?"

"Stop that firing, or else you are dead men," cried many others.

"These are Americans," grumbled the Acadian troop among themselves."

"Mr. Carleton, are you there?" shouted a familiar voice.

"That I am," answered my friend.

A boat now issued from the cloud of smoke that rested on the bosom of the creek, and rowing swiftly down the stream, placed itself between us and the Acadian troop. Carleton's servant was among the rowers;—in the next minute we found ourselves encompassed by a group of men, consisting of half a dozen of Americans* and twenty Acadians. This latter party, it seemed, as soon as they saw the prairie on fire, had entered their boat and come to the spot where we had taken refuge, to shoot and hunt. And the plan was a sagacious one. The animals, who, like ourselves, had fled to the water for protection, were fairly imprisoned in the corner made by the angle of the creek, as all escape was cut off by the burning prairie that enclosed it, and forbidding all progress or return. They, therefore,

* Yankees.

fell an easy prey to their pursuers. These men, more than half savages, killed the poor creatures with a brutality, and in such numbers, as to awaken the liveliest abhorrence of my friend and myself, which feeling was fully shared by the Yankees to whose timely coming it was most likely we owed our lives.

"Now, strangers," said one of the latter, a grave elderly man, "will you join in with this party, or go with us?"

"I met these gentlemen," interrupted Martin, "and when they heard that we had lost our way and exhausted our provision, they were so kind as to leave their own way, and come hither with me to seek you."

"I guess you ain't much used to the prairies," continued the men who had before spoken.

"If you will accept such hospitality as we Yankees can show you in such a wilderness, I am sure I will give you a hearty welcome."

"I accept your invitation most thankfully," was my reply, at the same time making a movement towards the boat. It was most desirable we should leave the spot as soon as possible, for the heat and smoke were unbearable. The Yankee made no answer, neither uttered any remark for a time: his attention being entirely taken up in watching the Acadians as they pursued their inhuman sport.

"They are far worse than the Indians," he at last said, addressing a young man who stood near him.

"They will shoot more just now in one hour than they will be able to devour in a year, in spite of all their gluttony."

"How would it be if we were to turn upon them and hurl them to the devil?" answered the young man.

"No, no," returned the old Yankee, "that would not do—the country belongs to them—it is my notion it would not be right."

This colloquy was carried on between them with the most admirable coolness, and in circumstances in which none but a Yankee would have dared to waste time with words. A prairie twenty miles long and ten broad, covered in raging flames, which every moment approached nearer, and in some places already reached the shore of the creek in whose waters we were seeking the only shelter to be hoped for from its fury. On the opposite side were some dozens of wild Acadians, who amused themselves in firing from right to left without troubling themselves in the least whether the bullets failed of their aim, or found it in our bodies or that of the beasts that were congregated around us. Carleton and myself stood in the water until it reached up to our waists, and notwithstanding that they were exposed to the same danger as ourselves, these imperturbable Yankees chatted as coolly with each other as if seated in quiet beneath the roof of their own cabins, giving no thought to, or else aiming to show their disregard of, the uncomfortable circumstances in which we all were placed. At last I lost all patience.

"Is your dwelling far from here?" at length I asked, in a tone sufficiently indicative of the feeling.

"Not so far as I sometimes wish it was," answered the

old man, as he bestowed a scornful glance at the half savage hunters on the opposite side of the stream. "Not so far as I would like, but far enough for you to get a good appetite for your supper before you reach it;" and with these words he helped Carleton and myself into the boat, on whose flooring we laid ourselves down, and so completely exhausted by the heat and fatigue, that for a time we were insensible to all that passed around us. It was not long however until we recovered from the swoon into which we had fallen; we raised our eyes, and saw the old Yankee standing beside us with a flask of brandy in his hand, of which he invited us to drink. Worn out and half famished as we were, his offer was most gratefully received; we swallowed a few mouthfuls of the invigorating fluid, and felt ourselves so strengthened, that in a short time we raised ourselves from our recumbent position, and began to look about. The prospect was limited and dreary; before us we saw a seemingly interminable swamp covered with huge cypress trees; behind us lay the creek veiled in a thick cloud of smoke. From time to time a column of fire would burst forth through the dark canopy, and as it threw forth its fearfully illuminating glare, it seemed as if those giant trees were springing from a sea of fire.

"Forwards, my men, forwards!" said the old man as we left the boat; "the sun is getting low, and we have yet a long way to travel!"

"And in what direction, I pray you, does our way lie?"

"It leads right through that swamp, when you don't want to go round," was the answer.

"The shortest way is the best!" tacitly rejoined Carleton.

"The shortest way is the best!" repeated the old man, with somewhat of a sneer; "that I call a speech just worthy of an Englishman! But, in this case, I am myself of your opinion, and at all times I hold one way to be as good as another. James!" he continued, turning to the young man we have before mentioned as his companion, "do you go further down through the Snake-swamp. We will try our luck here."

"And our horses?" inquired I.

"They must remain where they are. We will have rain to-night, and to-morrow morning they can be led over the prairie without singing a hair, or scorching their hoofs."

In my explorations I had more than once found myself on the borders of the swamp before us, but had ever considered it utterly impassable. And now, as I looked down into its dark depths, I could not comprehend how it was to be traversed.

"Does any beaten path or road lead over this swamp?" inquired I of the old Yankee.

"Path! road! do you suppose this is a pleasure garden? No indeed,—there is no path here but that which nature has made." And, as he spoke, he sprang upon the huge trunk of a fallen tree that, covered with moss and weeds, was lying bridge-like upon the black mud that covered the ground.

"What, cross here? We would rather go back to our

horses," said I in answer, "and ride over the prairie in the morning to our homes."

"You can do as you like," rejoined the Yankee, with the greatest coolness, "but we are going through the swamp. Only it seems to me that you will be likely to fast for the next twenty-four hours, unless you choose to fare like the horses, and like them have a preference for herbs and grass."

"Why so," I asked; "are there not game and wild fowl in plenty on the prairie?"

"Without doubt," was the rejoinder, "if you can eat them without cooking, like the Indians."

I had not from the first been particularly pleased with the companionship into which I had fallen, but now I began to feel uneasy; there was something, as I thought, suspicious about them. The old man, who was the mouth-piece of the party, had almost reached his sixtieth year, was nearly six feet in height, very lean, but uncommonly muscular and strongly built. His features were sharp and keen; his eye piercing, like that of a falcon; and his whole demeanor strongly indicative of self-love in great degree, as well as contempt of others. His dress consisted of a jacket of untanned deer-skin, which was belted round him with a rude girdle; his nether limbs were cased in leathern breeches, and his head crowned with a straw hat without a rim. His companions were clothed much in the same manner, and all of them were armed with long knives.

"What has become of Martin?" asked Carleton, as he looked around in search of his servant.

"Do you mean the young knave that directed us to you?"

"The same."

The old Yankee pointed with his hand to the cloud of smoke that rested on the creek, completely hiding the spot we had left:

"He is there with his countrymen. I think their devil's hunt is at an end; at least I do not hear them shooting any longer."

"I would rather he were here," answered Carleton; "but can you tell me, where are our horses?"

"They are safe; Joel is with them, and as soon as the fire has spent itself, he will bring them over the prairie to us. You do not believe that we—your horses——"

The old man interrupted himself, but I could not help observing that a malicious smile played round his lips, even after he had ceased to speak.

"We will go with you, old man," replied I, "and trust ourselves implicitly to your guidance."

"In that you do well," was the laconic answer. "Jonathan," he continued, addressing one of his comrades, "where are the torches? We will have need of them."

"Torches!" I repeated, in astonishment at the idea of using torches in day-light.

The old man turned his sinister features upon me with a look that expressed, as clearly as could have been done by words, "Why must you meddle in every thing?" but he answered, as was his wont, coldly, and with that hateful smile:

"Yes, torches; for if you had ten lives, which is one more than a cat has, you would lose them all, if you would venture to pass through that swamp without them."

He struck fire from the flint of his gun, even as he spoke, and having kindled the tinder, with which he was well provided, he applied it to the bundles of dry pine splinters, which they brought him already tied up in flambeau fashion; and in a moment they were ignited, casting a brilliant light on the dreary scene that lay around us.

All this was done with such deliberate movements, that, in spite of the dangers by which we were surrounded, I could not suppress a smile at the seeming apathy, but most probably self-possession, of this wild woodsman, who, inured to hardship and danger, and accustomed to look death in the face daily, knew not what it was to shrink in the hour of peril.

In the meantime the boat, containing two men belonging to the party, pushed off from the shore, leaving Carleton and myself, with the old Yankee and some of the younger of these backwoodsmen, standing on the border of the swamp, ready to begin our dangerous march across it.

"Follow me now, closely, step for step,—just as if you were walking on eggs," said our incomprehensible old leader; "and you, Jonathan, keep a watchful eye upon the strangers; be on the look-out, lest they souse into the mud over their ears before we are able to draw them out."

We were not particularly encouraged by this admonition to Jonathan, but we summoned up all our resolution, and

followed the old man as he desired. We had not advanced far into the murky recess ere we were made aware of its baneful influence, and the indispensable need of our torches. The slender trunks of the cypress trees, that stood generally about five yards distant from each other, were nearly fifty feet in height, and without branches except at the extreme top; but there, covered with spiky foliage, they shot out in all directions, canopying all beneath so closely, that we felt as though we were overshadowed by a gigantic umbrella, and the whole morass covered with a roofing of leaves, through which a single ray of light could not penetrate. As, after a five minutes' progress, we turned to survey the way we came, we saw the daylight we had left behind, through an opening like that to be observed at the entrance of a tunnel or cave. And the farther we advanced, the atmosphere became thicker and more oppressive, and the vapour so pestilential and suffocating, that our torches burned but very dimly, and more than once threatened to go out altogether.

"Yes, yes," growled the old Yankee to himself, "I understand it; one night's sojourn in this swamp would give a man an ague likely to last him all his life. One single hour's breathing of its vapour would be enough if the pores were open. But now there is no danger—the roasting we got from the prairie fire has dried up the sweat, and fairly stopped the pores."

This speech was not addressed to any one; and as he thus involuntarily uttered his thoughts aloud, rather than intending

to make them known, he strode stoutly forward, advancing his torch before him so as to illuminate every fallen trunk or moss covered log that lay in the way, carefully and with outstretched foot testing the stability of each before he ventured his full weight upon it. All this was done with a quickness and dexterity which evinced an intimate acquaintance with the dangerous path we were pursuing.

"Keep yourselves as close to me as possible," said he, addressing us, "and tread lightly, aye, as lightly as it is possible for an Englishman to do. And, above all, keep your mouths shut, or else—ha, what the devil is that? Halloo, old fellow," he said, relapsing once more into soliloquy, "what has got into you that you cannot tell the difference between a fallen trunk and a sixteen foot alligator."

He had stretched out his leg, and was about to place his foot on what seemed, from the dark colour, to be a lately fallen tree, when the thought struck him it would be best to try it first with the barrel of his gun. The supposed trunk made a sudden movement, and the old man, starting back with one quite as sudden, nearly precipitated me into the swamp.

"Aha, my black prince!" said he, his equanimity not in the least disturbed by thought of the perilous step he had so nearly taken, "you thought to take in honest people by your tricks and deviltry—but you can't do it."

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Not much," said he, coolly; "nothing but an alligator."

He drew his knife from its sheath as he spoke.

"Look, there he is."

And instead of a log, as he advanced his torch a little forward, I saw indeed into the yawning throat of a huge alligator. In an instant I levelled my loaded gun, and was about to press the lock to fire straight into the open mouth, but our experienced conductor laid his hand upon my arm.

"You must not dare to shoot," said he, in a whisper; "you cannot fire off a gun here without the greatest danger. We are not alone here. The thing must be done as silent as possible."

And stooping as he concluded, he plunged his long knife straight in the eye of the monster. A howl of mingled rage and pain attested the success of the blow given by our Yankee friend; and rolling from side to side in his last agony, the dying alligator sprinkled us from head to foot with the black mud of the swamp.

"Aha, does that tell?" cried the old man, as with grim laughter he repeated the blows. "Take that, and that, and that, and at each repetition he drove his long knife into some vulnerable part between the neck and ribs. The howling now became fearful—the animal writhed and twisted from side to side, and with unavailing rage opened his huge jaws and snapped at his enemy, who paid not the slightest attention to his movements, but having coolly wiped his knife, restored it to its sheath, which hung from his girdle, and looked round with sharp and searching glance indeed, but as composedly as if he had not killed an alligator.

"I think there must be a fallen trunk somewhere in this

quarter—this is not the first time I have come over the swamp in this direction. Ah, yes—there it is, but good six feet distant."

And so speaking, he made the adventurous spring with all the agility of youth, and happily succeeded in reaching the desired log.

"Take care what you are about!" I called out to him. "There is water—I see it shining."

"Pah! water indeed!—what you call water is snakes. But come—now jump over."

I was horrified—a cold shudder ran over my whole frame. The leap itself, in regard to distance, was not so very dreadful, but the idea of its failure, and to be taken over seemingly a bottomless abyss, filled with peculent mud and poisonous reptiles, would have startled a stouter heart than mine. But necessity compelled me to the trial, and gave me strength for the effort. So, pressing my left foot against the log on which we had hitherto been standing, and which, by our weight, was every moment settling deeper in the morass, I sprang over and reached the next log in safety. Carleton followed, and achieved the leap as successfully as myself.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the old man; "a few more such leaps and the worst part of the way is left behind."

We proceeded forward slowly but without interruption, never placing foot upon a seeming log without first trying its quality with our gun barrels, lest we might find ourselves on a moving bridge, instead of a solid trunk of cypress.

The swamp extended fully five miles from the bank of the creek we had left. It was a bottomless sea of soft black mud, and overgrown with moss and creeping plants, that spread their luxuriant but treacherous covering over the whole surface as if to hide the deformity they could not change, and spreading over the cypress trunks themselves until the very bark was hidden in their profusion. Those logs over which our adventures lay, serving for a path or bridge over the slimy flood, were not laid with any special regularity, but did not, on that account, seem the less to have been placed there by the hand of man.

"It is probable that at one time this was a regular path," said I, addressing our uncourteous guide.

"Be quiet," said he, in a low voice; "be quiet I tell you, and utter not a word until we are on firm ground. You need not mind the snakes," he continued, as he saw me gazing at the disgusting reptiles, which the torch he held made plainly visible, lying in our near neighborhood, coiled up in the moss or crawling on the surface. "Follow closely on my track."

I prepared to obey, but just as I had stretched out my foot to place it in the track of my leader, I perceived the open jaws of an alligator just above the edge of the log on which we were treading, not six inches from my leg. The horrible reptile snapped at me so suddenly that, forgetful of the caution impressed by our leader, and impelled by the principle of self-defence, I fired my gun, lodging the shot in his basilisk glancing eye. The monster sunk back at once,

uttering loud cries of pain, and after beating about for a moment or two in the soft mud, vanished beneath its surface. The old Yankee turned himself fairly round upon me as I fired, and an approving smile played round his mouth, and muttered a few words, which I could not understand, for the infernal clamor that now arose on all sides almost bewildered my senses, and deafened my ears. Thousands of birds and screaming animals—alligators, buffaloes, frogs, herons, &c.,—all the creatures that inhabited this wide morass, or dwelt in the branches of its cypress covering, now lifted up their voices at once, screaming, growling, and croaking, as if in reprobation of the daring mortal who had dared to disturb the boding silence that seemed peculiarly to belong to this gloomy spot. The alligators crept from their lurking-places in the mud, where, until this moment, they were closely hidden, and thrusting their hideous noses above the green covering of the swamp to meet the upper air, gnashed with their teeth most fearfully as they crawled towards us—while quite as much disturbed as they, huge owls and other swamp birds circled round our heads, showing their sense of the intrusion into their gloomy domain by striking us with both beak and wing. We drew our knives, endeavoring at least to protect our eyes; but all efforts seemed useless against the numbers that came forth to battle with us. How the strife would have ended, it is hard to tell, but suddenly the report of a gun was heard—then a second—then a third—and more in succession. The effect was magical—the change sudden as

an electric shock. The threatening tones of these infuriated denizens of the swamp sunk into low whinings and wailings—the birds retreated from the battle-ground, to which, a few moments before, they had so desperately flocked; the alligators sunk back into their muddy recesses —only a few of the most adventurous owls, as if ashamed to quit the field at once, continued to fly around our heads in still widening circles; the sounds ceased gradually, until at length they died away altogether, and, alas! so did our torches—they fairly went out, and left us in utter darkness.

"In the name of Heaven, where are you, old man?" I called out to our Yankee friend, for I could not see him.

"What? why I am still alive," he answered, with a burst of wild laughter that sounded strangely enough in that fearful place. "And that other Englishman—is he breathing still? Did I not tell you we were not alone in this swamp. These creatures hold this for their kingdom, and fight like fury when any man invades it. A single shot brings them out all at once, as you have proved; but when they hear a number fired they know you are in earnest, and so run away from the battle;—they are silly things, these swamp animals." While he was yet speaking, he busied himself with his flint and tinder, and by the time he concluded, a new torch was blazing brightly. "By good luck the path will now be better," he continued; "come, we must hurry onwards, there is no time to lose; the sun is nearly gone, and we have a good smart way to travel yet."

Once more he placed himself at the head of his little troop, and as he strode stoutly forward, he displayed a coolness and circumspection altogether uncommon, which awakened the warmest admiration on the part of Carleton and myself. After marching along in this manner for half an hour, we were able to perceive a faint light glimmering in the far distance.

"Just five minutes more, and our worst trouble is over," said our old conductor, turning toward us; "but it is necessary now to be more watchful, if possible, than before—for more alligators are lodged in the borders of this swamp than in the middle."

Overjoyed at this intelligence, and in great haste to feel myself once more on solid ground, I did not give sufficient heed to the caution of the old man, and as the logs lay nearer to each other at this point, I dashed zealously onward. I placed my foot on one which, from its not being covered with moss, as so many of them were, I deemed of the firmest, when I suddenly felt it move. I had barely time to shout out "Help," ere I found myself plunged up to the shoulders in the soft mud of the swamp, and with the pleasant prospect of sinking yet deeper.

"May the —— take you!" cried our old Yankee in a tone of vexation, as he bent himself lithely forward, and caught me by the hair. "Let this serve as a warning," he continued, as he drew me out of the swamp, and placed me once more on firm footing; "look sharp, I tell you once more, and take heed where you are going." And indeed

great caution was necessary, for I observed at least half a dozen snakes and alligators crawling about in the black waters of the bog, and in a proximity to ourselves that certainly was anything but pleasant. At this moment, too, perhaps from the effect of my muddy bath, I became sensible of a violent sickness at my stomach, so severe as almost to deprive me of the power of speech. The old man saw my condition, and handed me his flask of brandy, which he carried in a side pocket.

"There, take a swallow or two," said he; "or stop, you had better wait until we are out of the swamp, which we shall be in a few minutes. Just stand still for a moment, and your stomach will right itself;—so there—that will do —now let us go on. When you have made four or five such journeys over this swamp with me, you will be another man;—so now—forward!"

A few minutes more and we felt ourselves on the firm earth, and in view of a wide field, over which a pure and refreshing breeze was blowing.

"Now let us have a mouthful or two of brandy," said our leader; "in half an hour more we shall be at the salt hill, where we can shoot a buck. Halloo!—what is that?"

"Tis a clap of thunder," I replied.

"A clap of thunder, indeed! I think you have never seen a storm in Louisiana, or you would know the crack of a rifle from a peal of thunder. But they are grand echoes, these here, in the oak forests. James has shot off his gun and killed a dear already for us."

A second report followed. This time I was able to discover it was undoubtedly a shot from a rifle, but the echoes from that mighty forest repeating it a thousand times made it appear like the threatening of an earthquake.

"We know now what to do with ourselves, since we are yet in our own skins, and not in the maw of an alligator," said our old Yankee, as he fired his gun in the air.

In half an hour we found ourselves at the so-called salt hill, where we found James and Joel, the two sons of our leader. They were so busy in the skinning and preparing of the buck they had shot, that they were not aware of our approach until we were close beside them. We threw ourselves on the grass at a short space from the spot where they so busily prosecuted their task, not a little wearied by the fatigue and danger of our adventurous journey. It was not, however, until after they had disposed of the slaughtered buck, according to their rude sportsman-like fashion, that the young men bestowed any greeting on their father, which they did with the quiet indifference which characterized all their actions.

"Would you like to eat a plain supper here, or will you wait until we get home?" inquired the old man with some show of courtesy.

"How far is it to your settlement?"

"Full two leagues, you may be sure."

"Well then, we would greatly prefer to eat our meal here."

"Just as you like," was the laconic reply.

Without further loss of time the hind quarters of the ani-

mal were cut in pieces and carefully dressed; dry leaves, twigs, and decayed branches were gathered in a heap, and soon a bright fire sent forth a warm and ruddy glow. The meat was placed on a wooden spit in a manner known only to backwoodsmen, and then laid over the bright embers, and turned by one of the young hunters until roasted in a manner that could not be surpassed by a fashionable cook. In another half hour we sat down to this, our primitive supper in the wilderness; and although eaten without bread, vegetables, or condiments, tasted as well as any I ever ate in my life.

A Sea-Fight with Savages.

ALTHOUGH thirty years ago there was no regular European settlement established on the north coast of America, yet ships touched there every year for the purpose of traffic in beads, pocket knives, guns, powder and shot, which they exchanged with the natives for the costly peltries which belong to those colder climes. The ship in which I served as second mate had been engaged in this profitable trade for many months, and had nearly advanced to the fiftieth degree of north latitude, when an Indian, who could speak a little English, came on board, and offered to conduct us to a point on the coast where we could obtain the skins of the sea otter in plenty, and nearly for nothing. Nothing doubting, we yielded ourselves to his guidance, and he therefore directed our ship's course through a small creek, where he promised us a safe harborage, being protected from the fierce sea winds by an island that lay at its mouth. As soon as we had cast our anchor, we were perfectly assured of our safety as regarded storms from seaward; but at the same time we observed that the creek was very small, and our ships scarcely an hundred yards distant from the coast, and the island inhabited by Indians, completely exposed to every attack those savages might choose to make, and who,

A Sea-fight with Savages.

as we had heard, were not only cunning and treacherous, but particularly revengeful and cruel. In such circumstances it may be supposed that on our part the greatest circumspection was necessary. The anchor was scarcely thrown, and the ship moored, until it was noticed that our Indian guide had disappeared. The sailors, who pretended they could not pronounce the Indian name by which he called himself, had nicknamed him Ducker, because whenever he heard a gun fired, he stooped or ducked, as they termed it, so that the shot might fly above his head. But after the lapse of little more than an hour he returned with three of his companions in a boat, which was filled to the brim with the most beautiful furs. During our trading with these Indians we discovered that, although their wild and brute-shaped features were expressive only of stupidity, they were cunning, overreaching, and exceedingly avaricious. Notwithstanding this, we were able (in the course of an hour) to exchange our wares for a hundred skins of the sea otter, and our savage customers appeared as well satisfied with their share of the traffic as ourselves. They declared that if we would only remain at anchor for a few days longer, we should have six, yea, seven times as many, and handsomer skins. Our captain at once consented to remain in the harbor for a time, induced to linger by the hope of gain.

As soon as this determination was made known to the savages, two of them paddled off in their canoe toward the coast, while Ducker and the one they had left, whom he called

Russ, remained with us in our ship. As we had nothing to do on board, we begged the Captain's permission to explore the coast. The request was granted; and as myself, the lieutenant, and four sailors, manned the jolly boat—the skipper himself resolved to make one of our party. We sailed merrily, and in a few minutes reached the shore, which was thickly covered with trees, whose thick leaved branches hung down so low over the surface of the water until they dipped into it. We landed beneath the pleasant shade, and then found ourselves in a dense forest, standing in all its primitive wildness, and stretching over a wide expanse of this seemingly uninhabited land. No where were to be seen signs of cultivation—no curling smoke arose above the tree tops to tell of human habitation—no path was visible on the forest moss to show that the foot of man had ever passed there. After traversing the wood in different directions, we returned to our boat, and directed its course towards the island which separated the bay from the sea. Having once more landed, we found the remains of an Indian encampment a short distance from the beach, which, judging from the appearances of many fire places, must have been occupied not long since. Our curiosity was awakened; we searched carefully round, and soon found other things that filled us with astonishment and alarm. The first was the head of a broken rudder, which the lieutenant picked up. This discovery awakened a feeling which set us all in lively movement; and we soon collected numerous bits of plank and other broken pieces of wood, which had evidently been

parts of a ship—all of which bore the marks of having been burned in the fire, and lay scattered about in all directions. From all these the iron had been carefully removed, the very nails withdrawn—a task which could not have been accomplished without much trouble. From what we saw of this wood, we judged that the stranded ship, if indeed it had been stranded, was one of great value. After searching about for a while, we returned to the deserted encampment, and on a more careful inspection, found other pieces of a wreck, which, from their great weight and having no iron in their construction, had not been burned, namely, a part of the keel and a large portion of the body of the ship. While all around me were busy with conjectures as to the fate of the ship and her crew, which all we saw tended to confirm as disastrous, being weary I withdrew a little apart from the rest and sat down on a flat stone that lay near the shore. My seat, however, was not firmly placed; and as I moved it so as to make it level, I saw a broad piece of slate under it, which was written over with characters distinctly legible. I read it, and, astonished at this confimation of our fears, I called to my companions, and read the sorrowful document, which some hand now no more had engraved on the stone with a knife.

"The American brig, Sea Otter, was on the 1st of June, 1799, decoyed into this bay, seized upon and broken up by savages. The captain and eight men were killed upon the spot. The brig was plundered and brought to the shore, where, for the sake of the iron, it was burnt."

We gazed upon each other with looks of horror.

"Decoyed into this bay!" the captain at length repeated —"decoyed by savages. Yes, yes—I begin to comprehend the whole thing. If we only had a fair wind, or any wind indeed, I would stand out to sea at once."

"There is no necessity for that," answered the lieutenant. "We have had sufficient warning, and being now completely on our guard, we will be able to outwit the savage rascals. Besides, I believe Ducker and his friend have no mind to act treacherously by us, and the poor knaves are too stupid to plot any such enterprise against us. No doubt in my mind but that the Sea Otter has fallen into the power of some other tribe."

This view of the case was not lost on the captain. He had found his trading with these men of the wilderness so very profitable, that he was tempted to pursue it further, and was sincere in his belief, that the two Indians who had brought us into the bay, as well as their savage brethren, were too harmless and simple for us to be in danger from their machinations. If we would only double our watchfulness, and never permit more than three or four of these traders to come on board at once, we could certainly remain some days yet, and pursue the traffic without any danger. This reasoning was conclusive. We returned to our ship, and the captain having all hands piped to the deck, made them acquainted with our discovery, and enjoined the greatest caution and watchfulness, as well as the strictest obedience to orders. By this time night had come on, and

we betook ourselves to rest. But sleep came not at my bidding. I passed the hours in an uneasy mood—a boding of evil hung over me, for a hidden foe is the worst evil I can suppose. But all remained still. The two Indians, Ducker and Russ, who had received permission to remain on board, answered all our questions in a most simple and unembarrassed manner, declaring they had never heard aught of the destroyed ship. The night passed over, however, without alarm, and the next day in peace; and as it waned towards its close, whatever feelings of distrust might have been harbored by any of our men, were fully put to rest by its quiet passage.

I was the only one on board that seemed to have any uneasiness, and I could not conceal that I was disturbed. I was particularly dissatisfied that the two Indians were permitted to remain on the deck, not only on the first but second night. At midnight, when I turned out for my watch, although all was quiet, I was determined to send them off to land; but, in truth, I was ashamed to act with such seeming hardness towards two poor old unarmed men —it looked too much like being afraid of them. Besides, the stars shining forth so brightly, no canoe could approach the ship without being observed by myself, and I had only to call aloud and the crew would be on deck in an instant. I therefore gave up my suspicion of lurking danger—I even forgot the two Indians, who lay sleeping on the deck behind me, and yielded myself up to sweet waking dreams of my country and my home. The calm beauty of the polar night,

sparkling with the stars that gemmed its brow, the hush—the quiet of all around, was particularly calculated to excite a mood like this. I gave myself up to its absorbing influence—I thought of parents, and brothers, and gentle sisters—I called up the scenes of happy childhood, and lived over again the careless days of reckless youth—all passed over my spirit like the shadows cast by a phantasmagoria; when suddenly a handkerchief was thrust into my mouth, so that I was unable to utter the slightest sound, and at the same moment I felt my arms imprisoned by some invisible hand from behind, as firmly as if I were enclosed within the grasp of a vice. I turned hastily, and as well as I could, and found the villain Russ breathing not an inch from my ear, while he was fastening the knot of the cord with which the treacherous Ducker had imprisoned my arms. All this was done so suddenly, and with such accomplished dexterity, that one second must have sufficed to make me a helpless prisoner. I was evidently thus secured in order to prevent my calling on the crew for help, for it would have been as easy for my captors to have killed me on the spot; wherefore, as soon as I was able to think, I inferred I owed my life only to the wish of Russ to retain me as his slave. From this moment all impress of stupidity vanished from the hitherto stolid features of these treacherous villains—I looked in the face first of one, and then the other, and the glance convinced me they had all along acted in concert. Whilst Russ was plundering me of my weapons, Ducker took up a lantern which stood near me on

the deck, and having lighted it, hung it for a minute over the taffrail. His signal must have been answered almost immediately, for he extinguished the light as soon as he drew up the lantern, and walked quickly but with noiseless step along the deck, to overpower any of the seamen who might be found waking, or prevent any one advancing from the hatchways where they sometimes rested. But none appeared—the anxiety of the preceding night and day had driven each one to his hammock, where he slept as soundly as if he were to awake no more.

I now expected that the knaves would load the jolly boat with all that they could find, and make off for the shore as soon as possible, for I could not believe that two men would have the hardihood to venture on such a bold stroke as to endeavor to capture such a ship's crew as ours. But in this case I reckoned without my host. Ten minutes had probably passed since the instant in which I felt myself a prisoner, and then, to my surprise and alarm, I saw dark figures clambering up the sides of the ship, until thirty in number attained the deck. This was done so noiselessly, and in such perfect concert, that it was only by the greatest attention I could observe their movements or their number, until we were fairly and inextricably surrounded. They were all armed, but variously. Some few had guns, others clubs, but the greater number were equipped with bows and arrows. As far as I could see, each savage carried a knife, and many had a hatchet or tomahawk.

To my great regret, I saw three or four of the best armed

take possession of the steps leading to the cabin, and as many more station themselves beside the fore hatchway. By these movements, all egress from below was cut off, both to officers and crew, should any alarm arouse and bring them to the deck. The main and steerage hatch were used every day, but at night both were fastened down and covered, and as this was a constant custom, not a man on board would have thought of ascending by either of those steps, unless opened by some one on deck, who would have acquainted them with the threatened danger.

A quarter of an hour passed, in which, notwithstanding the active preparations made by the savages, their movements were so noiseless you might have heard a pin drop. I closed my eyes, and endeavored to compose my thoughts for prayer, when my meditations were disturbed by hearing a voice which I knew to be the Captain's, calling my name. I would have given the world to have been able to warn him of the impending danger, but although I essayed to do so, I was not able to utter a sound. At length the unhappy man appeared in the opening. He was only half dressed and bare headed, for he had risen from his hammock, and had only come on deck to see the state of things there, as was his habit often, and I shudder even now as in fancy I recall the sound of the blow that fell upon his unprotected skull. It was like a stroke aimed at a bullock, and crushed him on the spot. Nevertheless his murderers were too cautious to let the body fall on the deck, fearing to waken the sleepers below, and the splash that followed, as they

carefully lowered the body down into the water, could not have met any ear less painfully strained to listen for all sounds than my own.

I believed now it was their plan to murder officers and crew altogether as soon as they should ascend to the deck. But I soon found out I was in error. Instead of attacking any man above, the savages followed an entirely different plan. After they had murdered the Captain, they closed the hatchway leading to the cabin, covered the fore hatchway, and took every precaution, and such as would have done credit to more sagacious heads than we believed them to possess, for securing the officers and crew as prisoners inside the vessel.

But it was impossible to do this in such silence as had hitherto characterized their movements. The noise unavoidably made by fastening down the hatches had awakened the sleepers below, and apparently brought all into motion. I heard a thumping against the cabin door, as well as that of the fore hatchway, but all was in vain; the sagacious Russ had taken his measures too carefully to have them thus easily defeated.

As soon as the savages had assured themselves that their prisoners were well secured below, they approached me and loosened the rope with which my arms were bound, so far that I experienced considerable relief; that which imprisoned my feet they untied altogether, and removed the gag from my mouth. They then led me to the door which led down into the cabin, and gave me to understand by signs

that I might speak to my friends below. I did not do so at once, but waited until I heard a movement on the steps which led to the spot where I stood—I then obeyed the bidding of my savage masters.

"Master lieutenant," I cried, loud enough to be heard through the closed-up hatchway—"master lieutenant, is that you?"

"Aye, aye, it is myself," was the answer; "but what in the name of heaven is going on above there? what has happened?"

"Be cautious what you do," I replied; "the savages are in possession of the deck, and I am their prisoner. The sailors are all in the forecastle below, and the fore hatchway is strongly guarded."

"We miss the captain," was the lieutenant's rejoinder. "I wonder what has become of him—have you seen or heard anything of him?"

"Alas, I have—the villains killed him with the blow of a club, and threw the body overboard!" was my painful answer.

A death-like silence now ensued for a few minutes, and the lieutenant then spoke firmly, yet in tones which showed that intense emotion had been but lately subdued.

"It is then my duty to take the command and determine what is best to be done," he called aloud. "Be candid, my friend—are you free?—durst you say what you please?"

"We must be cautious. I was seized upon by the two savages that were permitted to remain on deck," I replied,

"and am the prisoner of the band. They bade me come here to speak with you, but be careful how you speak—I fear it is but a trap, and that many among them understand all we say."

"Listen, then," continued the lieutenant; "we know each other, and understand our own interest without many words. How old are you?"

"Full thirty years, sir, and very stout and robust."

"Well provided with sulphur and pills,* or only with those Indian playthings that our boys have been shown off with for pastime?"

"A little sulphur and some pills—a half dozen may be, together with the juggling implements, which are not to be despised."

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by the two savages, who led me back to the spot on which I had been captured, where they forced me to remain all night, which passed away without any disturbance. Russ, the most sagacious of the two, would not permit his comrade to begin any movement until the day had broken, at which time it was evident he expected a reinforcement. The gray dawn rose on the bosom of the ocean, to which I looked with anxious eyes until the cold tint ripened into a ruddy glow; and as the sun rose from his watery bed like a ball of fire, a long, loud, and shrill whistle was sent forth from the ship, which was immediately answered from the shore. The forest we have already mentioned as extending to the beach,

* Powder and shot.

seemed literally swarming with human beings; and only a few minutes elapsed until a number of canoes were pushed off. They were filled even to the water's edge with savages, and I was able to count them as they climbed up the deck. I counted one hundred and fifty, and as no more men came off, I concluded this was the number of the tribe.

I was filled with astonishment at the plan of proceeding adopted by these wild specimens of humanity. As soon as it was broad daylight, all my bonds were removed, and I received permission to move about the quarter deck, and over the bloody spot where I had seen so terrible a tragedy enacted on the night before. The condition of my mind can be imagined when I declare, that I passed up and down over the horrible attestation of man's cruelty without a feeling save that of stolid indifference. I cared not for my own life—I felt no anxiety to preserve it. I expected death, and must at this moment, to my shame, acknowledge that my thoughts were more on the desire to revenge the outrage we had sustained, than directed to the state beyond the grave or repentance for my sins. I thought of them, but with no softened feeling, for at the same time I envied my comrades below, who had only to place a lighted match to the powder magazine, and blow up the enemy with it and themselves.

The sun had now risen high in the heavens, and the savages held many talks with each other, discussing, as I was able to understand, in what manner it would be best to dispose of their booty—and they decided at length in this

singular way:—Under the direction of Ducker, several small ropes, which they found in the ship's launch, were thrown into the jolly boat, which, under a convoy of two or three canoes, was dragged by its cable to the island. Tying the ropes together, they bound them tightly to the trunk of a tree, and fastening them at the other end to one of the ship's timbers, they made the boat fly to and from, towing her by means of the extended rope. That this was a work of Ducker's preparation was evident, for the ropes were just long enough to reach from the tree to our vessel, and proved that the distance had been nicely calculated. As soon as this work was done—and it was speedily and dexterously executed—twenty or thirty of the savages laid hold of the ropes and pulled with all their might. I now found they were endeavoring to draw the ship on shore; but as she lay close and fast at anchor, they could not effect the least movement. They now gave over the attempt, but it was only for a time, and in order to search for the cook's cleaver, with which Ducker knew he might hew the anchor cable to pieces. They brought in all but six or eight canoes, and a part of those were paddling around the ship with as much confidence as though in a secure haven, and in the vicinity of none but friends. Indeed, in all these operations I could not but admire and wonder at the coolness with which Russ issued his orders, and the regularity and submission with which they were obeyed. At last, in one of the hiding places of the ship's launch, an axe was found, and the noise of the heavy blows necessary to the severing of the thick

cable, acquainted the lieutenant in his prison below with the work that was going forward.

I was awaiting the result of this movement with great anxiety, when all at once I was startled by a noise resembling the clash of weapons—it was from the imprisoned crew, who made an effort, although a vain one, to burst open the hatchway which led to the quarter deck. But if this one failed, another had been more successful—a fact of which I was made fully aware from the howling and screaming that arose on all sides. A volley had been fired from the cabin window, and all the savages contained in two canoes that had come directly in the ship's line, eleven in number, had tasted plentifully of the shot. Three were killed upon the spot, the rest were mortally wounded. My life would have been the sacrifice for this bold deed, had not Russ interposed his authority, and commanded the savage who had me in his grasp, to let go his hold in a tone and manner which imposed instant obedience. It was evident that Russ considered me as his own property.

As soon as the extent of injury was ascertained among those dusky sons of the wilderness, whoever could now threw himself into the remaining canoes, or the jolly boat, in order to convey their killed or wounded brethren to the shore. I watched all these proceedings from the quarter deck, and was aware that the lieutenant was similarly engaged at the cabin window below. The savages who remained on shore were too wily to venture again within the line of a fire they had found so unwholesome; they were therefore forced to

wait until the ship could be turned from her present position, ere they could bring help to their friends on board without hazarding their own lives too rashly. It was therefore a considerable time before the wounded could be got on shore, and in the meantime the ship was slowly but surely nearing the land. That portion of the Indians who remained on the island, when they saw the destructive effect of the ship's fire among their companions, having no enemy near on whom to vent their anger or revenge, waited to pour it forth on the ship and her hapless crew when she was fairly in their power; and in order to shorten the time which must intervene before they could commence their work of murder, they used the greatest effort of their united strength to draw the ship to land. The consequence was, as they drew her too hastily inward, the rope at last gave way and snapped asunder.

When this took place, I was leaning on the rudder; Russ, the villanous chief, was standing by my side. The ebb tide was flowing very strongly, and the ship was even now in the entrance of the small strait between the island and the point which fashioned the end of the bay, so that her course would now naturally be directed towards the tree to which she had been attached by the broken rope. Less from intention than an instinctive impulse, I gave the ship a move with the rudder,—a feat which my leaning position enabled me to do without suspicion from Russ,—and which, instead of driving her on shore, sent her back through the narrow strait which we had so nearly passed.

I gave this stroke without a hope of its success, or a thought of its consequences; my motive, if indeed I had any, was a reluctance to see our goodly vessel dashed to pieces on the rocks, although I knew that her destruction was, in any case, inevitable. Happily for me, Ducker was in one of the canoes, and the threatened fire from the cabin windows made it rather a difficult matter for him to follow the ship, even if he had seen and understood my movement. But it passed without his observation,—he had enough to do to attend to his wounded companions who had been borne to the shore, where they were receiving all the attention, required by their condition, or their friends could bestow. This, therefore, naturally drew off their attention from the movements on board, and for five minutes left me master of the ship; and, as I have said before, Russ did not suspect me of any design; I swayed the rudder once more, and in that short space our craft was driven through the little strait and shot rapidly forth toward the open sea.

This unexpected occurrence considerably changed the aspect of affairs. A gleam of hope once more began to illumine my soul, but yet it failed to enlighten me as to any definite purpose, or show me how the present slight advantage might be improved. Although my agency in the matter had created no suspicion, the altered course of the ship had at once awakened the savages on board to a sense of their danger. Filled with alarm, they ran up and down on the deck, and as the ship drove onward, the half of them jumped overboard and swam to the island. I stood tremb-

ling with anxiety, hoping this example would be followed by the rest, but not so; twenty-five still remained, because, as I afterwards learned, they could not swim. Among the number was Russ, not detained, however, by the same motive as his followers, but a determination not to be separated from the booty so nearly his own.

I looked at my dusky captors—I marked their sudden discomfiture, and a thought that the hour of deliverance was come shot through my brain. I sprang to the steps leading to the cabin, and was about to unclose the fastenings of the hatchway, in hopes of releasing my comrades, and making ourselves masters of the vessel, and taking advantage of the confusion the sudden firing had created among the savages, but a rude blow, and a glance at the long knife whose bright blade gleamed in the sunlight, as brandished over my head by the hand of the chief, reminded me of the necessity of prudence, and that on presence of mind and coolness of action, my own life and that of my imprisoned fellows now depended. Things indeed looked better, but had not so far succeeded as to admit of any rash proceeding on my part; and Russ was not the man to be easily over-reached or intimidated, as were his savage brethren, or as I so confidently supposed. In the meantime the ship had not swerved an inch from her obedience to the helm. As soon as she had passed the outside point of the island, a gentle south wind had sprung up, and as this pressed her too close on the land within the bond of the bay, I again found myself in a position to use the rudder to advantage. I gave a stroke or

two, and had the happiness to see that the same movement that kept her off the coast, also increased her distance from the island.

The ship's motion now became so perceptible, that it was not possible but that it should be noticed by my savage master—it was, and his suspicion was slightly aroused. He strode up to me with upraised hand and flashing knife, his whole manner proving that his hitherto kindness for me, let it proceed from whatever motive it might, did not at this moment exist in the same degree as formerly. As he brandished this knife repeatedly, and in the most fearful manner, before my eyes, and significantly pointed the blade towards my breast, he gave me very plainly to understand what should be my fate in case I refused to do his bidding, and that I should at once turn the ship's course to the island.

Although I believed my last hour to have arrived, I still maintained presence of mind. I pointed to the mast, and by signs expressed to my savage master that the ship was not in her usual trim, and I was not able to manage her without help. The first part of my excuse was made sufficiently intelligible to be understood, for it was evident even to him that the yards and sails were not in the position in which he himself had been accustomed to see them. Russ therefore signed to me to unloose a sail, showing besides that himself, as well as his followers, were ready to assist me in the work.

I surely need not here remark, that this command filled me with rapture. I proceeded at once to work with at least

a dozen of wild hands, and setting them a good example, in a few minutes the sail was set. I then took another set and with their assistance unfurled three other sails. The issue of these manœuvres were almost instantly apparent, for the ship, as soon as we reached the point from which the south-east wind blew, and her sails swelled in the light land breeze, moved rapidly on towards the ocean. Four sails were now set, and in a few moments we had left the island a quarter of a mile behind.

In the meantime, the anxiety and impatience of the chief and his people increased in proportion as the ship held on her way. They saw with horror and alarm, how each minute increased the distance between themselves and the coast, yet they knew not how to proceed in order to turn the vessel towards the island she was so rapidly leaving. My own situation, too, was one which required consideration—I feared every moment I should fall a sacrifice to their revenge. And, indeed, I am to this moment convinced I only owed my life to the fact that the savages knew not how to manage the ship without me—but for this, I had been the victim of the ruse I practised so successfully upon them.

Russ, however, still true to himself, with three or four of his least stupid companions, began to threaten me once more with upraised knife, and showed me by signs I should turn the ship's head towards the land. In order to gain time, I let them consult with each other as long as I could with safety, and then proceeded to show them by signs how

necessary it was to tack, as sailors term it, in order to reach a desired point. I described a wide circle on the floor of the deck—pointed to the sails we had set, and signified to them that it was only by this means, and going out into the open sea, that we could turn the ship, and bring her to the shore. As I succeeded in making this comprehensible to them, thus partially quieting their anxiety, I resolved to push my manœuvre yet further, and signified that if another sail was unfurled, we could then turn about almost immediately. The savages understood me, and as this plan seemed reasonable, they assembled together, and consulted a considerable time, doubtless as to its expediency. Russ then came up to me, and signed that I should show himself and his people how to manage the remaining sails. Of course I was not slow in obeying this order. In a few minutes the work was accomplished, and as I descended to the deck, the savages attested their satisfaction and *their joy* by loud shoutings. We were now a full mile from the coast; the tide was beginning to rise, and that the ship should overcome the power of the stream, the wind being so light, it was necessary the jib must be unreefed. In this I also succeeded, by making them believe it was indispensable thus to crowd sail in order to reach the coast, and as they were now convinced their return depended entirely upon me, they gave themselves up to implicitly obey my orders. They set to work—in two minutes the jib stay was set, and at a sign from me they began to hoist the sail.

At no moment of my life was I ever happier than when

this great sheet of canvas opened itself out to meet the wind. I believed now I might listen to the sweet whispering of hope—the hope that I might be able to save the lives of my imprisoned messmates, and rescue the ship, which every sailor loves as his home, from destruction.

While such thoughts passed through my breast, filling it with rapture, I was at the same time busily observing the canoes through my glass. They were following us, and were now perhaps half a mile distant, when all at once they left off rowing, and lying close together, seemed to hold council with each other. The fancy struck me that, from the hoisting sail and the ship's bearing away towards the ocean, they supposed we had become masters of the vessel once more. If this imagination were correct, I felt I should have gained much, could I only act so that this belief should be strengthened. And, indeed, I had the means for this at hand. The savages, still obedient to my orders, were busy fastening the ropes as I had directed them, and this close employment hindered them from watching my movements too accurately. To keep old Russ in a good humor, I had given him a cigar, and also taken the liberty to light one for myself. Our cannon on the evening before had been loaded with cartridges, directed, and freed from their covering, were ready to be discharged against the enemy at a moment's warning. I sprung towards the rudder, and gave the wheel a strong turn, until I brought the ship into a fair line with the canoes—I then gave a hasty glance over the range of the guns, and saw they were pointed in the right

direction, and touching the match with my lighted cigar, sprung back on the wheel, and once more pressed down the rudder. The report sounded long and loud over the face of the waters—a fearful outcry from among the savages on board followed, many of whom were ready to throw themselves overboard, while Russ, storming up to me, again menaced me with his long knife. Had he had the slightest suspicion that I was the cause of the uproar by firing the shot, he would certainly in his wrath have cut me down where I stood, necessary as I was to him in the management of the ship. Whatever was the result of the council held by the canoes as they lay together, it was at once broken up, for as the grape shot whistled over their heads, they at once began to paddle vigorously for the shore, apparently of the opinion that we had sent them this gentle intimation that we were once more masters of the ship, and wished them to keep at a respectful distance.

I had succeeded beyond my warmest expectation, and I now gave myself confidently to hope that I should ultimately be able to save, not only my own life, but the ship and her crew. When we were once so far out at sea, that the land was no longer visible, then my presence would be so indispensable to the savages, that I felt I should then be the conqueror, holding the victory in my own hands. The coast was flat and low, and a five or six hours' sail would carry us out of sight of it altogether.

With great pleasure I now began to discover the effect of the ship's rolling on the savages; five or six of them, with

the chief himself, began to show symptoms of pretty severe sea-sickness. What would I not have given to have had all the knaves in rough water? The ship was now about two leagues distant from the land, and objects on the coast were growing dim and indistinct. Nothing more was to be seen of the canoes, and I therefore inferred they had given up the chase. I now believed the decisive moment had arrived, and began to meditate in what manner the blow should be struck. Russ and his followers had, by this time, become clamorous—insisting that the ship should be turned. The strip of coast now vanishing until nought but its dusky outline was to be seen; the wide waste of waters through which we were now rapidly speeding; the sickness by which they were all becoming more or less affected—four of the number lying helpless on the deck; all began to weigh upon and fill them with lively alarm. The old chief, it was evident, was very sick; but his determined spirit, and the dangerous situation in which he now believed himself and his companions placed, kept him upright. He scorned to yield to such a contemptible enemy. I dared not altogether despise his threatening, which every moment grew more earnest; so I was forced to make a feint as if I was really going to turn the ship's prow towards the land. I called my savage hands to assist me; and unreefing the main sail, I pressed the ship fairly before the wind. We put about better than I expected; and as my dusky masters saw that we were in reality nearing the shore, their expressions of joy were almost rapturous.

I could not but remark that, from the moment the ship's prow was turned in the wished-for direction, Russ and his companions were much less watchful of my movements. I, therefore, soon found an opportunity to attract the lieutenant to the cabin window without having been observed by the savages. I made him understand that he should bring his men to the forepart of the ship, as I noticed the savages carefully avoided it on account of its being every now and then almost buried in the waves; and at the same time bade him have all things in readiness for a decisive battle. As soon as I was assured he comprehended the state of affairs above, I went to the fore-deck, and began busily to handle some ropes that lay there, laying and placing them as if discharging some necessary duty. The single savage who stood as sentry upon the fore-deck, was so really sea-sick, that I felt I had but little to fear from him, although he was armed with the pistol his chief had taken from me.

The trap-door covering the hatchway was itself certainly very strong; but it was only fastened by a cramp, through which was passed a piece of iron, which held it down. I needed but to stoop and withdraw this iron—one touch of my hand and the hatchway would be open, and the sailors free. I took advantage of a favorable moment; seemingly busy with my ropes, I passed my hand over on the trap-door, moved the cramp, and the opening was made. The ship's crew, with the lieutenant at their head, rushed up on deck. At the same moment I seized upon the watching savage, tore my pistol from his grasp, and felled him by a ringing blow to the earth.

While I was about this business, I heard a loud "hurrah" from the sailors. The lieutenant called out, "Revenge our Captain!" and gave command to his men to begin the onset. I had my Indian completely in my power; and bringing him close to the mast, I bound him firmly to it with a rope. From his first seizure, the fellow made no resistance; so, preparing my pistol, I left him to his fate, and joined with my comrades in the battle that was raging. Ere I left the quarter-deck, I heard the splash of many bodies as they fell in the water; then followed a sound as proceeding from wild, heavy crashing blows. No shot was fired on either side—our people only using the pikes they had armed themselves with on the evening before when confined below, and which they had not laid aside.

By the time I reached the main mast, the ship was once more in our power. More than half of our savage assailants had thrown themselves in the water; those that remained were quickly disposed of with a stroke from a pike, or blow on the head from a bludgeon, until none were left except the old chief, who, at the command of the lieutenant, was bound hand and foot by the sailors. Of the living beings who had thrown themselves overboard, not a trace was to be seen—the sea had already swallowed up its victims. The circling eddy had subsided into smoothness; and we were already busy in overhauling our rigging and cleansing the quarter-deck from the blood that polluted it. We worked as men unmoved by such fearful scenes were likely to do; and three hours before sundown we had restored all things

on board to their accustomed order. In the meantime we had again tacked, and were approaching the coast. The cannons were loaded and sails set, and I was fairly at a loss to conjecture what could be the intention of the lieutenant, on whom the command now devolved, in respect to Russ; or, if indeed he was going to enter into the bay where we had anchored two days before. I did not feel it my place to question him; but if I had, there would have been but little time to do so. As soon as we were opposite the island, the cannon vomited forth a shower of grape shot right into the bushes and trees, which, as we have already said, reached down to the shore. The only answer to this salute, was a piercing outcry from the forest, which made the lieutenant's motive apparent, and proved he was not wrong in his conjecture as to the hiding-place of our wily enemies. After firing a few more rounds of cartridges, and sending forth a volley or two from our muskets into the groups of trees on the mainland coast, we turned our vessel's prow in the opposite direction, and hastened to reach the open sea while daylight yet remained. But before we left the bay, sentence was passed upon Russ, the treacherous leader, that was intended to serve as a warning to his whole tribe; for there could be no doubt but that the savages had been from the first, and now were, watching the ship from the leafy covert where they could harbour unobserved.

The old chief, with fettered hands, and a card fastened about his neck, was made to mount upon one of the guns; and at a sign given by the lieutenant, was hoisted up to the

yard-arm. A few minutes afterwards the rope was cut, and the corpse of the old Indian tumbled into the waters. One instant sufficed for us to see it ere it vanished forever in the depths of the devouring ocean. As the sun went down, we turned to look at the spot so fraught with unexpected adventure to ourselves, but we saw it not. Our ship had sped rapidly on our way, and the coast was already out of sight.

The Waterspout.

"What a glorious place to encamp!" cried I aloud, as I sprung from my mule and stretched myself upon the earth. And it certainly had all the appearance of a spot belonging to fairy land, this place which our conductor had chosen for our bivouack. A gentle ascent was shaded by high, thick leaved mahogany trees, the ground covered with the bright, luxuriant foliage peculiar to the tropics, and from one of the rocks, that bounded this lovely valley, issued a cascade, that, gathering its waters into a little brook below, spread coolness and freshness on all around.

My friend Rowley fully shared in my rapturous admiration of this Elysian spot, and foreboded as little as myself how ruinous it was destined to be to us both. Although we had truly often experienced the carelessness of our conductor, who, totally insensible to the danger and unwholesomeness of the climate himself, imagined that to us the poisonous stings of the musquitoes, and the fever-engendering exhalations of the swampy valleys of Mexico, were a matter of like indifference. But at present our halting-place seemed to be so little dangerous, so every way desirable, that without making any inquiry, further than suited our own convenience, we resolved to stop there.

It was towards the close of the year 1824, and the Mexicans having broken loose from Spanish thraldom a short time before, invested the country with new interest to us North Americans. Besides this, we had heard much of the uncommon beauty of its scenery; but in relation to the expectation so highly raised, we found ourselves at first deceived, for we had reached the capitol city, without having seen any thing which justified the extraordinary reputation that had found its way to us. But we needed only to journey southward from that point, to find our highest anticipations not only crowned, but surpassed. Groves of palm, orange, citron and bananas filled the valleys; the high gronnds were covered with mahogany trees, and a species of fern, that grew to the height of middle sized trees. Nature here stood forth in gigantic proportions; the mountains rose to an immense height—the whole country was intersected by deep valleys or dells, the latter of which were often many thousand feet deep, and clothed with the richest and most luxuriant vegetation, and the heavens were of that clear deep blue which is never seen elsewhere than within the tropics.

But this glorious clime is not without its dangers. Reptiles, poisonous and troublesome insects, and deadly fevers, make the lowlands uninhabitable for eight months in the year; but, at the same time, there are whole districts which are exempt from these plagues, and whose natural charms fill the traveller with rapture.

The most famous of these provinces is the valley of

Oaxaca, in which the district of Mistecca bears away the palm of beauty from all others. It was in this fair, extended valley, being nearly three hundred miles long, that we were now travelling. Through the kind courtesy of our ambassador, our journey through this land, which as yet had been pressed by no feet save those of the natives, was comparatively easy; we had letters of recommendation to all the authorities in the cities or villages that we wished to visit. But there were many places where, for leagues, no houses were to be found, and as the authorities to whom we were thus to be introduced could not call them up by magic, we were often forced to sleep under the pure canopy of the heavens; and truly, the vaulted arch of our bed-chamber was so glorious, that we did not wish for anything more grand.

We travelled with a train of followers, and in a manner so luxurious, that it would have awakened the contempt of our countrymen had they witnessed it; but we deemed it indispensable to our respectability, to journey in the same way that other travellers were used to do. We formed, therefore, a tolerably large caravan, for we had ten horses and mules, a guide, several muleteers, one cook, and two other servants.

Whilst the two last mentioned were busied in swinging our hammocks on the lower branches of a tree—for in this part of Mexico, on account of the snakes and reptiles that abound, it is not advisable to sleep on the earth,—our cook kindled a fire against a wall of rock, and in a few minutes

was broiling an iguana, that had been shot the day before, over the coals. One would have supposed that one glance at the ugly, lizard-like looking thing that he turned over and over as it was roasting, would have been sufficient to take away all appetite for such a morsel—but no such thing; we knew too well by experience what a dainty bit a broiled iguana is. We did not therefore refuse to eat—it tasted excellent; and, having swallowed a good mouthful from our brandy bottle, we climbed up into our hammocks, and betook ourselves to rest. The Mexicans stretched themselves on the ground, the muleteers pillowed their heads upon their saddles, and masters and servants were soon wrapped in deep sleep.

It might have been about midnight, when I was awakened by a feeling of oppressiveness altogether indescribable, The air, a short time ago so light and pure, seemed to have changed into a thick poisonous mist; behind the rocks, in front of which we lay, dark clouds, filled with mephitic vapor, were rolling in huge masses, and advanced with threatening rapidity towards the spot we had chosen for our resting place. Whilst I was yet struggling for breath, I felt a swarm of musquitoes settle like a thick cloud upon me, covering hands, face, neck—in short, every spot of my body, which was not doubly and trebly protected by clothing, was in a moment pierced through by a thousand stings. Not knowing at first what it meant, involuntarily I stretched forth my hand, to discover what was the matter, and as I closed it, I imprisoned hundreds of these hateful insects within its

grasp, crushing them to death. They were a regular Egyptian plague.

Rowley, whose hammock was within ten steps of my own, was now making himself heard. I heard him striking and cursing at a rate that in any other circumstances would truly have been laughable; but the same thing was operating too seriously on myself, to admit of anything like mirth on my part. The influence of the poisonous vapor, and the pain arising from those horrible musquito bites, had thrown me into a feverish state; chills and flushes of heat passed over me alternately, and my head throbbed and glowed. We called aloud in vain; our servants were sleeping as soundly as if they never were to awake. Almost frantic, I at last fired a pistol—this had the desired effect, for it brought the whole company to life. The Mexicans were suffering from the baleful influence of the impure atmosphere as much as ourselves, and they were clamorous in the reproaches they heaped on our guide, who had brought us to such an unhealthy place to pass the night.

Rowley was found in a worse predicament than myself, so much so that we dared not think of setting forth at once, as was proposed—so we were obliged to remain all night where we were. But as the sun rose, to our great joy we discovered a company of Mexican merchants approaching our encampment, whose destination being the same as our own, resolved to join our party, and kindly set themselves to remedy our uncomfortable condition. After refreshing us with some cooling cordials they had with them, and

washed our swelled and inflamed visages, they rubbed our punctured skins with the juice of some plants that grew near. The soothing influence, almost immediately felt, worked an almost miraculous change in our bodily feelings.

Although the advancing sun had partially dispersed the unwholesome vapour, the air was singularly hot and oppressive for such an early hour of the morning, and from time to time we heard the roll of distant thunder. We heard the Mexicans consulting among themselves about the expediency of instantly continuing their journey, to the execution of which measure, our deplorable circumstances offered the principal hindrance. As we afterwards understood, their truly humane feelings forbade them leaving us in this dangerous district, so helpless, and dependent only on our servants and a guide, who had proved himself so little to be relied on. But the imperative necessity there was for continuing the journey, which they understood better than ourselves, at length decided them, and induced an old man, who seemed the leader of the party, to approach, and inquire of us if we at all felt able to proceed, adding, that from signs with which they were well acquainted, they knew a powerful storm was threatening, and that the next human habitations were many leagues distant.

Our sufferings had been greatly alleviated by the means of the natural medicaments they had used; we now felt only weak and hungry, and seeing their anxiety, as well as being convinced of the necessity for exertion, we assured him we would be ready to set out in half an hour, or at least as soon

as we should have eaten something. They brought us, therefore, at once a few slices of broiled Iguana, some roasted bananas, and a cocoa-nut shell full of coffee. Rowley and myself betook ourselves at once to the breakfast, which tasted excellent, and during the discussion of which, our muleteers and servants were directed to busy themselves in saddling and packing the animals under their charge. We had swallowed but a few mouthfuls, however, before our attention was attracted by a man running at full speed, holding a twig in each hand. As soon as the Mexicans saw him, they left whatever task they were engaged in, and hastened to meet him.

"Seven hours!" exclaimed the man.

"Not more than seven hours?" screamed the mule drivers, in tone of anxiety and terror. "Holy Mother of God! we want more than ten hours to reach the next village!"

"What does this mean?" asked I of Rowley, as I continued to chew the savoury food with which I had filled my mouth.

"I do not know," was the reply; "but most likely it is some one of the nonsensical notions with which the heads of this silly people are full."

"What is the matter?" I again inquired—but this time of a Mexican—as I still continued my mastication most composedly.

"In seven hours we will have a storm and waterspout," was the answer.

"In the name of Heaven let us set forth!" cried the

Mexicans with one voice, as they extended the green twigs the man had brought towards us.

"What twigs are these?—where did they come from?" we asked.

"From the storm tree, ever the true prophet of a tempest," was the answer.

During this short colloquy, our mule drivers and servants were running about in the greatest confusion, screaming at the very top of their voices: "Up—up—or we are all lost!"

Everything by this time had been gathered up and packed—the animals were in full readiness for the march—and before Rowley and myself had time to think, we were hoisted into our saddles. Such a scene of agitation and desperate haste I had never witnessed until now. But in spite of all their confused efforts to effect a speedy departure, much time was lost ere the cavalcade was ready to set off in irregular march over stock and stone.

The hurry and excitement of our ride seemed to lessen our bodily ailments, or at least obliged us to forget them, for in a few minutes we thought no more of fever or mosquito bites. It was a race for life or death, and our horses dashed on as if they too were sensible of the threatening danger.

In the confusion of our attendants, they had mounted us on horses, instead of the mules we usually rode, and noble animals they were. Their movements evinced no weariness or effort; but elastic and almost playful, they overcame

every obstacle, and there were many, that we found in our way. Over hill and dale, through swamp and plain, they kept on at a steady trot, but wherever the ground permitted, they broke forth into full gallop. Sure-footed as goats, and with the agility of cats, they climbed the steep precipices; like serpents they slid down the descents, whilst we, dreading no accident from them, sat as comfortably in our roomy Spanish saddles, as we would have done in a cushioned arm chair.

We progressed in this manner for five or six miles, and believed we had outrode the danger, and so thought no harm could arise from allowing our horses five minutes' breathing time, for we feared the hasty ride, and the rough ground over which they had sped, would exhaust the noble animals as well as ourselves. But scarcely had we drawn bridle for this purpose, than the anxious cries of our companions arose upon the air.

"Forward!—in the name of Heaven, forward!" and with renewed haste we held on our flying march. With the fleetness of the wind we dashed onwards, through thorns and brambles, the line of our travel easily distinguished by the evidences left behind, by the portions of our clothing claimed by the bushes, on which they remained hanging for many a day. Rowley and myself, less anxious than the rest, were the last of the party; nevertheless, we used our utmost efforts not to be left behind.

"The flood! the flood!" was screamed forth by many voices from time to time. "Onward! onward!"

"Nay, the devil take the fools," cried Rowley, in a passion. "We cannot be more than two leagues distant from the next village, and the heavens give not the least sign of a storm that I can see. The air is, indeed, a little thicker; but that is only the vapour from the swamp that spreads itself out there like a sea before us. Just look at the alligators—the lovely creatures; how wishfully they are eyeing our party. This neighborhood is none of the pleasantest; but Heaven be praised, we have now set foot on firm earth once more."

The lovely scene that so suddenly met our eyes, and called forth the exclamation at the end of Rowley's speech, well merited more praise than he bestowed. On either side of the way huge rocks arose, on which the glancing rays of the sun were playing, illumining the luxuriant growth with which nature had clothed, not only themselves, but the dell that lay at their foot, and in the lavish liberality with which she had here showered her gifts, the whole spot looked like a garden in fairy land. Rowley and myself drew up our horses to gaze upon this Elysian landscape; but our Mexican friends, who seemed to have no taste for the charms of nature, called out once more in tones of unmistakable anxiety, "For the mercy of heaven, forward! forward! We have yet two leagues before us, and in another hour the flood will be here!"

"Is the fellow altogether crazy?" laughed Rowley. "What is it to us if the gust does come? It will not drown us; and if even our skins are wet through, it will

not be much matter. Our own rain storms are no child's play."

But almost as he spoke, a sudden change came over the face of the heavens that caused an involuntary shudder—we were awed into silence. The clear soft blue had vanished, and a foul gray had taken its place. The air, although the sun was hidden, was sultry and more oppressive than before. We gazed upon the black cloud as it rose gradually above the heights on our left side, until it swept forward and hung like a curtain over the valley. On our right hand were now plainly to be seen the roofs of the houses belonging to the town of Quidricori, and apparently at a very short distance.

"Why do we not go at once to Quidricori?" I asked of our leader; "it is quite near."

"It is more than five miles off," he replied, as he shook his head, and pointed anxiously to the dark cloud that was advancing in such gloomy grandeur to meet us.

All the animals seemed instinctively to recognize the coming danger, for with shrieks of terror the whole living creation ran wildly about seeking a shelter; and the most timid denizens of the wood fled not at our approach, for they dreaded not man in the presence of the greater enemy who was appearing.

"Forward! in the name of heaven, or we are all lost!" still sounded forth from time to time; and we stormed onwards heeding no hindrance, let it be what it might, that came in the way. Our horses exerted their whole strength, although

we used neither whip nor spur to impel them to increased speed.

The ejaculatory prayers of the Mexicans were issued forth without intermission; and great terror was depicted on every man's features. For a few moments the stillness of death seemed to reign in place of the hitherto tumult—an unnatural silence ruled over all around. To this followed a long drawn, indeterminate, plaintive sound, like a sigh proceeding from the bowels of the earth. It was an ominous warning: and our Mexicans understood it.

"Halt! halt!" cried we, to our leader; "we can go no further—we must seek a shelter from the storm."

"Onward! in the name of heaven, or we are all lost!" was the only answer.

"Thank heaven!" cried I, rejoiced, "the path is growing wider; we are coming to a hill, and are leaving the forest, where we are more likely to be killed by the falling trees than drowned by the rain. We are near the village."

"Briskly, briskly onward," shouted the Mexican. "Holy mother of God deliver us!"

And, in this fearful moment, well might he call on heaven for help. The threatening cloud, like some gigantic monster, shot forth fiery tongues of flame in all directions; and a peal of thunder followed that seemed to shake the whole earth to its foundations. Then ensued a pause—an awful silence—broken by no sound save the panting of our horses, as under the oppressive influence of the coming tornado, they toiled up the steep ascents over which our path

led. A second time the dark cloud opened, illumining all around with lurid light, to which the thunder succeeded as before. The rain poured down as if the flood gates of the heavens were opened; and the tornado began to rage in all its fearful fury. The trees were crashing and falling in all directions; and a cloud of dust and flying leaves prevented our seeing an inch before us.

"May heaven be gracious to us, Rowley!" cried I. "Where are you?"

No answer followed.

"What has become of you all?"

Another blast of the hurricane, more powerful than the first, ensued that prevented all further question or answer. By heaven, the earth under us is moving! The whole hill, whose side we are ascending, seems to tumble and slide. The air is filled by a suffocating vapour of sulphur and saltpetre; all around us is dark as midnight; and no sound is to be heard save the howling of the tempest and the crashing of the falling trees.

All at once the storm appeared to cease, and a deep and ominous silence reigned; but the sudden change was fearful and unnatural. Now followed an explosion like the report of a pistol; then a second, a third, then many thousands in quick succession. This is the flood—the shots are the rain drops—every one of which are as large as a hen's egg. They fell with the force of a shower of hail, blinding and bewildering us. But one moment more, and they are not to be distinguished the one from the other: it is a waterspout that is falling from the heavens.

The hill on which Rowley and myself found ourselves, now completely soaked with the rain, began to give way under our feet. It slid from its place, and in an instant we found ourselves in a narrow ravine under the precipice, which, filled with water, was changed into a rolling stream. My horse had vanished from under me. I looked around, and near me saw Rowley, who had also lost his horse, and was striving with the flood. We were breast high in the water, and the uprooted trees that the flood was hurling past us, threatened every moment to crush us to death. By every means in our power we struggled to escape the impending danger. We strove to climb the steep sides of the ravine, but all our efforts were in vain. We could not attain our object without help; but where, in such an extremity as this, was help to come from? Of our Mexican friends we saw and heard nothing. Without doubt the earth had opened and swallowed them up, or else they were lost in the wildly rolling torrent. We could hope no better for ourselves, for our strength was fast diminishing, and each moment the water rose higher and higher.

"Rowley!" cried I, "all is over. Let us die like men! God be merciful to our souls." My friend was standing on a spot a few steps higher up. He made me no answer, but gazed upon me with a quiet smile. It seemed one of calm submission. Then, as if all his former firmness had returned, he folded his arms over his breast, and looked around as though he was bidding the world farewell. The stream rose higher on his person; it rolled more wildly, as if at that

moment to tear him from me, when he suddenly shouted forth a loud "hurra," and exerted his strength anew to gain a firm footing.

"Hold on! hold on!" was screamed forth from many voices, so far above us that they seemed to come from the clouds. Something dangled from the height, and whirled past me, striking me in the face. With the instinct of a drowning man I seized the lasso they had thrown me; Rowley, who had been swept quite close to me, did the same; the strap was stoutly drawn, and by its help we reached the border of the ravine in safety. There many hands were stretched forth to aid our deliverance. One more powerful exertion on our own parts, and we stood on the firm earth. Completely exhausted we sank down on the ground in the midst of our friends and servants, who had found shelter from the storm in a cavern. At the same moment that the soft earth at the foot of the hill had given way beneath Rowley and myself, they had reached the summit, and thus secured their own safety; and as they missed us there, they hastened, as soon as the violence of the storm permitted, to our deliverance. One moment longer, and they would have been too late. The fury of the tempest was soon over, but the track of the tornado was plainly visible in the devastation it had left behind. After a short rest we resumed our march, and ere long reached the desired village.

The Slave Ship.

On the coast of Africa, nearly under the seventh degree of south latitude, and divided from the main land only by a channel a few miles wide, is found the little island of Zanzibar. The many ledges of rocks between it and the coast fashion a safe and accessible harbor, where ships can enter in safety, and ride secure from the storm and wind. Although the climate of the island is very unhealthy for Europeans, the soil is extremely fertile, and nowhere is provision to be found so good and cheap as here.

For many centuries Zanzibar has been the principal mart for the slave trade. The great profit arising from this scandalous traffic in human flesh has induced many from abroad to settle in the towns and villages of the island. Most, therefore, of this motley population are from Arabia; they go up the country annually for the purpose of catching negroes, and when threatened with danger find it an easy matter to retreat to this spot with their hapless captives. The inhabitants of Zanzibar, however, do not make war themselves, but have entered into contract with some of the subdued tribes of the interior, who are obliged to give up all the prisoners taken in battle to the government. Thus the slave trade has become so profitable to all who partake in

it, that the negroes themselves, recognizing no ties of kindred, will sell the members of their own families to the slave dealers; and also induce many tribes to engage in bloody warfare with each other for the sake of making prisoners, so that they may exchange them to their whiter, but not less savage brethren for rum, trinkets, knives, or other implements of destruction.

Not only did hereditary feuds furnish a pretext for carrying out their cruel plans for gain, but these inhuman allies of the inhabitants of Zanzibar made inroads annually into the up countries, where they made aggressive war on the more helpless tribes that inhabited that region. Numerous and well armed as they were, they never returned without bringing a considerable band of prisoners, and not unfrequently the supply exceeded the demand.

Since the English ships had begun to take the matter in hand, and yet more particularly since France had joined in league with England in the resolution to check, if unable to put an entire stop to the slave trade, great hindrance had been thrown in the way of the slave dealers by the cruisers that were constantly hovering off the coast, or traversing those southern seas. A more than usual degree of caution now became necessary to be observed by the slavers; and in proportion as the despicable trade grew dangerous to them, so it failed to bring in the former glittering receipts to the purveyors. In such circumstances it could not but follow that the prosperity brought by the money and articles of exchange of the Europeans, and which had found

their way even into the remote districts of Africa, must materially decrease. In Zanzibar, especially, the anxiety on this account was great; but greater still was the joy exhibited when one of the well-known slave ships, having escaped the cruisers, would show her trim spars and white sails above the distant horizon.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, on a clear November night, whose brightness, illumining both coast and bay, and shedding its mellow radiance far to seaward, making every object distinguishable as by the light of day, that the warder of the Zanzibar watch-tower, as he looked over the smooth waters of the now quiet ocean, discerned a sail in the distant offing. The French and English squadron had on that morning given chase to a suspicious looking craft, and driven her northward, but the ship now in view was looming from the south. Unquestionably she was a friend. The nearer she came, the more they were convinced; her trim build and high and slender masts were easily distinguished from the heavier cruizers. Soon all doubt was at an end; it was a craft well known in Zanzibar —the slave ship which its owner had aptly named "Satan." Of the purveyors, she was particularly the favorite of all the vessels that came into the harbor, for owing to the inventive genius of her supercargo, Gaitar, she was so skilfully built, that she could be made to hold more blacks between her decks, small as she looked, than any other of the East India ships. On this account, Gaitar, whose cruelty towards the slaves he purchased was become proverbial, was held in

especial regard by the people of Zanzibar. Never was he known to give less than the first price demanded for his human freight; and if satisfied in any measure with the appearance and number of his cargo, the sellers might reckon very securely on an additional present of brandy, powder, or cotton cloth. This being the case, each one did his utmost to serve him.

The news that the "Satan" had arrived was speedily spread all over the island, but this time there was some alarm mingled with the joy. Alas! as no tidings of the ship's coming had reached the mainland, the slaves who were to be sent had been entirely neglected. They had received no food for the last forty-eight hours, and their condition was in every respect most pitiable, and to the purveyors it was of the utmost importance they should look as well as possible. The bustle that now ensued was considerable—the same men who, but a few hours ago, turned a deaf ear to the entreaties or complaints of the unhappy blacks, or else answered them with strokes of the whip, now brought them food of the best quality, insisted that they should eat their fill, and attended with zeal to the cleansing of their bodies and the healing of their wounds.

But they would have spared themselves this trouble, had the news which arrived in the night been received some hours earlier, namely, that their confederates on the mainland had returned triumphant from an expedition into the interior, and brought four hundred prisoners, belonging to the strong and powerful race of the Bibis, with them. Most

of the negro tribes are of short stature, unshapely and insignificant in every sense of the word; the Bibis, however, are an exception, being remarkably tall and strongly built, with fine carriage and commanding presence. The fierce and terror-awakening expression of their features is increased by a line of small protuberances resembling warts, which, by some process like that of tattooing, they cause to grow on their visages; it extends from the roots of the hair to the end of the nose, rendering their countenances horrible and disgusting, and their long white teeth, filed off in a triangular form, are also a distinguishing mark of the race. Besides these peculiarities, they differ from all the other negro tribes in the custom of eating their meat without cooking. They are feared among those of their own color, and receive from all the reputation of great bravery and cruelty. They are only conquered by disproportionate force, yielding only to a number too great to compete with. Yet even as prisoners they are feared, and their transportation in the European ships is a matter requiring prudence, and involving no small danger.

If the ship seen in the distance was the "Satan," a probability of which there was little doubt, these prisoners had come in good time, and were in condition to command a good price, and although they arrived on the coast at midnight, long before sunrise the hapless Bibis had been shipped over to the island of Zanzibar.

On the following morning, the ship reached the little island without accident, and entering the creek, which was

hidden by high rocks on each side, came to anchor in this secure harbor, where she could ride safely, and without danger of being seen by the cruisers, even by daylight. The sails were reefed—the ropes hung idly from the masts—a long table covered with eatables, and numerous flasks of brandy, was spread upon the quarter-deck, and around it was seated the crew, numbering eighty rude men, on whose visages, hardship, dissipation, and the worst vices had set their respective seals. Through long exposure to blasts of sea winds and rays of tropical suns, they were burned so dark that they might have well been mistaken for natives of Madagascar. Their dress was of the cut peculiar to sailors, with the addition of a leathern girdle, in which was stuck two pistols and a long dirk. The greatest equality seemed to exist between officers and crew—they were celebrating, in this bacchanalian manner, the safe arrival of their goodly ship, and they sat beside and drank with each other on the most intimate terms of good fellowship. This familiarity between the superior grade and their hirelings, sufficiently explained the occupation followed by the Satan, had any doubt existed; a familiarity so totally different from that subordination enforced on board of other ships, proved that to pursue their abominable calling profitably the greatest harmony was necessary. Men on board a slaver have to battle with greater hardship and danger, and it is but policy on the part of their officers to treat them well, and keep them in good humor, for they have not only to contend with the constantly threatening danger of the

Southern seas, but also to be ready to aid in case of any rising on the part of the despairing negroes, to assist in keeping them in subjection, and be ever on guard against the English ships.

Of this preparation for war, the Satan carried evident proof. Whoever looked over her quarter deck, would have been aware of twenty cannon all in the best order; while the high bulwarks, whose openings were ever kept closed, forbade any ship, unless in close proximity, from discovering that they were ready to open their fiery throats, and vomit forth flames on the first aggressor that offered hostility. But when the matter became close, and resistance was necessary, the concealed battery was unmasked at once, and the skill with which the bullets were directed, and the rapidity with which they flew, showed it was managed by no inexperienced hands. The dexterity with which one portion of the crew managed the sails, drawing the ship out of the enemy's reach while the other defended, proved the perfect accordance of interest which they so well understood, and left no doubt that, to act thus in concert, they must have passed years together in this hateful traffic, involving so much danger and crime. Did they come to close quarters? —a circumstance they were careful to avoid—or did a storm threaten the safety of their beautiful vessel? as many men, ready for her rescue, showed themselves on her deck as upon that of an English frigate. In moments like these the strictest discipline was enforced; whoever did not obey instantly had a bullet sent through his head.

But of discipline, not a word was heard whilst they lay in the concealed harbour formed by the creek of Zanzibar. Here, where the ship lay so securely at her moorings, where they had a prospect of a long rest from the toils and danger of a stormy voyage, nothing was to be heard but the ringing of glasses, ribald songs, and rude jests. Officers and men gave themselves up to the enjoyment of wild mirth, in which all rank and distinction was swallowed up.

Their drunken revelry continued until far in the night. The circumspection so long necessarily observed, prevented their proceeding to too great excess; and every man submitted implicitly when the captain declared it was time their orgies were ended; and having made the proper dispositions for the general safety at his command, each one obeyed the bidding as coolly as though it had been a matter of choice. Only ten men remained on deck as guards; the rest went down below to sleep, prepared to relieve their comrades after the usual four hours' watch.

The tropical days and nights are of equal length. The morning and evening twilight is unknown—day passes into night without that darkening interval so favourable to meditation; night bursts into day without having to withdraw the gray veil with which, in our latitude, creation is shrouded. The sun leaps forth, as it were, on his fiery course; nature starts out at once from darkness, as if anxious to disclose the beauties and glories of heaven, earth and sea, almost blinding the eye with the magnificence that everywhere meets it, blazing forth with a splendor too gorgeous for

those who dwell in colder climes to imagine, imparting his own glory to the beams on which he shines. The wonders of Nature thus lavishly displayed so clearly, tell of the greatness of their Almighty Creator, that every feeling heart must acknowledge the Omnipótent power by which all are made, and burst forth in praise of the goodness by which all is upheld.

But for the crew of the Satan, the glories of creation had no charm—on such rude natures these grand phenomena made no impression. Officers and men, who held their watch on deck, cared little whether the sun rose in splendor or in clouds. With one only object in view, while darkness rested on the face of the deep, they peered anxiously round, and carefully noted all objects only interesting as being less or more suspicious. But notwithstanding their vigilance, and even as they listened, many little boats came near the ship unremarked; and shortly after, twenty dark forms had clambered up the ship's side, and were standing upon the quarter deck ere any one was aware of their neighborhood.

But the newly arrived guests came not as enemies; they were the slave purveyors; and the sailors knew them well, for they had seen them often. The captain was called from his hammock at once. He greeted them courteously and kindly. This duty discharged, he invited six, the leaders of the party, to his cabin, leaving the rest, who were Arabs, and formed their chief's retinue, with the sailors on deck. Having reached that spot, they were almost immediately joined by a little, thick-set old man, whose

large, copper-colored nose, and bronzed and puffed-out cheeks, showed their owner's acquaintance with passion and strong drink; while peering out from beneath his bristly gray hair, was seen his wild sparkling eyes, that rested on each object that met them with the expression of a demon. This was Gaitar, the supercargo, to whom, besides his office, the greatest share of the ship belonged. It seemed as if this man was well known to the party who came on board, for as soon as he made his appearance, they acknowledged his presence in the oriental fashion, bowing their head in token of deep reverence, and kissing their hands.

"Allah and his prophet be praised," said one, when at length this mute ceremony was ended, "that we see you once more, jewel of our land, with your ship and crew. You must have borne much from those inhuman wretches—those English and French who are watching our shores so closely. I know well that you belong to the last mentioned nation; but for me you are a Portuguese, a Brazilian, or of any other of those nations that encourage the slave trade."

"Great Bey," answered Gaitar, "your confidence and friendship make me proud. How I esteem you will be found when you see what stores I have brought—the best of rum, the handsomest blue stuffs, the most excellent guns for yourself and your friends. So let us to business, and talk over our concerns together."

Gaitar and the captain now inquired what number of slaves, and of what race, these Arabian purveyors had ready. The answer was, that twelve hundred could be delivered at

once; that two-thirds of the number had been in their possession for a long time; nevertheless they were in good condition; but that when they saw added to these the four hundred strong and robust Bibis, who had just been brought in, they could not fail of being pleased, since great profit was certain to accrue from the sale of such a cargo.

That the name "Bibis" made an unpleasant impression on Gaitar, was evident from the sudden change his countenance exhibited. Courage was not his element—it was his business and his aim to make good bargains without running into danger. Since the squadron pursued and handled the slave ships with such unrelenting severity, he had made up his mind to withdraw from the business. The present voyage should be the last; he was now a millionaire, and could afford to give up the dangerous trade. Under such circumstances, and in several points of view, the shipping of such a large number of those dangerous Bibis was a matter that required more mature deliberation than he liked at present to bestow.

The cautious captain was as little pleased with the purveyors' proposal as himself. But what was to be done? The lading must be completed, and the ship would certainly hold from a thousand to twelve hundred negroes; and as certainly one-fourth of the number would die during the voyage; and on this latter account it was necessary to ship the whole amount, so that a profitable speculation might be made out of the remaining three-fourths.

They did not conceal their scruples and their fears from

the purveyors, their brethren in iniquity, who were also of the opinion that great prudence was necessary; they thought they could propose a plan which should secure them from any danger arising from the indomitable spirit of those ferocious Bibi negroes. It was one often practised on refractory slaves, by the traders who carried them to America, and although the operation might seem a cruel one, still they made little account of that, as it was always found to succeed. The plan pursued was to wound them on their hands and feet, so that, while the body was left free, they could not take part in any confusion that might take place on board, and it would not be hard to manage so as to keep the wounds sore during the voyage.

As conscience and humanity had no place within the breasts of these wretched men, the proposed expedient, being one so extremely simple in its execution, was fully approved of by both the buyers; and now the bargaining went on swimmingly. For every black delivered, the seller was to receive in the lump two pounds of powder, two quarts of brandy, five ells of cotton cloth, and two Spanish piasters. In addition to this, the purveyors were to receive, as earnest money, one hundred guns, the same number of small looking-glasses, and fifty flasks of rum.

By the time the terms of sale were concluded, it was broad daylight, and the sun sent forth his flashing glance on earth and ocean; the one disclosed her treasures of wondrous beauty—the other reflected his glorious image on his mirror-like surface, and the little rivulets that broke

upon the shore, glittered like diamonds in the dancing rays. But now, upon that shore so clothed in natural beauty, lay the fettered captives, who were to be sold like beasts, or inanimate matter, to their fellow men—to the oppressor who knew not God, neither recognized his image, whether fashioned of "marble or ebony." An inspection of these was necessary. Without a glance at the glorious prospect we have mentioned—without one softened feeling called up by the impress of the Creative hand seen on all around, these hard hearted men—Gaitar and the captain—after giving the command of the ship to the first lieutenant, ordering the shallop to be manned with a sufficient crew, entered it, and followed by a train of little boats, filled with their iniquitous partners and their train, all shot across the unruffled waters as gaily as though they were speeding on an errand of mercy.

Bound hand and foot together, the unhappy negroes, numbering eight hundred, were lying on the dry grass by the bank of the creek. They were entirely naked, and placed in four rows, each one of which was guarded by some soldiers, invested with full power of life and death over the hapless captives. At the slightest suspicious movement, they were permitted to shoot the dusky culprit, without admitting any excuse, or at all deigning to inquire whether or not such punishment was really merited.

They were therefore forbidden to stir, and the dread of being shot, or beaten, kept the unhappy beings almost moveless throughout the whole day. The negro can be

made to suffer, during the execution of his sentence, in quiet endurance, through the fear induced by menaces of a greater; but neither threats nor apprehensions can force him to silence. When he is alone he utters his thoughts aloud; when with his dark brethren, he cannot be restrained from talking with them. He will rather die than be silent for one hour, and in consequence of this well-known characteristic, and to save an unnecessary waste of life, their white masters permit them to use their tongues. They do not see each other whilst they are conversing, for they lie flat on their backs, and cannot turn their heads either to the right or left. In such a condition, it could not be otherwise than that blindness should ensue, from the dazzling influence of the sun's rays thus poured down upon them, did they not constantly keep them closed, and their heads buried as deep as possible in the long grass. But they dare talk, and so the principal want of the poor creatures was satisfied.

The subject discussed was always one and the same; they bewailed the hard lot by which they were forced to leave their fatherland. It is scarcely possible to portray, by words, the agony the African endures when torn from his country and his home. The love of his native land, the image of his hut, and the friends he has left behind, are interwoven with every fibre of his heart—they are cherished there religiously with the superstitious belief taught him by his rude forefathers. The doctrine of a future state, revealed by natural religion to all men, is known to the negro; the hope of a better life beyond the grave, illumes

the desert of his soul with its own beautiful light, and illustrates its own power in his indifference to danger and death. But there is one great draw-back to the African in this belief, so soothing to all; its fulfilment is only supposed on the condition that they shall die on their native soil. So soon as his foot presses the white man's shore, the beautiful image which cheered his soul in the wastes and thickets of his torrid clime, is gone for ever—death will come to him there, but he resigns the hope of the glorious future. In a distant land he will go to the grave, but believes that beyond it no reunion with wife and children and friends will be for him. The unhappy consequences resulting from this superstition, are shown in the frequent occurrence of suicide among the negroes, before their embarkation. Rather than leave Africa, where hope of a future world alone sheds its light for them, they prefer death, and take their own lives either by strangling themselves with their chains, or by other means too shocking to relate.

The unhappy beings who, fettered hand and foot, now lay near each other in the long grass, gave free vent to their tears, and uttered complaints in tones of deep but not clamorous sorrow, for the soldiers who stood guard over them bade them beware how they hindered the progress of the work of embarkation, by too loud expressions of grief. Mother and daughter, father and son, friend and neighbor, wept with each other; and here and there many an old warrior was singing his death-song.

Gaitar and his companions had no sooner reached the

shore than his eyes rested on the swarthy forms so soon to pass into his possession; and well practised in this sort of scanning, one glance was sufficient to convince him of their miserable condition. That most of them had suffered from want was easy to be seen from the emaciated state of their bodies, their evident weakness, and from these causes the too great probability that they would not live to reach the West Indies. All this flashed upon his calculating mind with the speed of lightning. He saw he had made a bad speculation; most of those negroes would never be turned into gold. Yet the loss he must necessarily suffer from this quarter he was determined should be made up in another; the immense profit he was resolved to reap from the sale of the Bibis was to indemnify him for whatever damage he must sustain from this, the most worthless part of the bargain. And with this prospect in view, he superintended the sending off the first file of blacks by the boats brought from the vessel.

The unhappy beings soon found themselves on board the slave ship, where preparations for their reception were being actively made. Hundreds of fettering irons were brought from the hold, some to be repaired, others improved. Each one of these was made an instrument of torture. It was three inches in breadth, and composed of two limbs or parts which were secured into one another, and fastening with a bolt behind, was worn as a collar. Near to this bolt, on the right and left sides, were two chains, to which manacles for the wrists were fastened; and from the front of the col-

lar depended two others, differing only in length from those first described, and by these latter the feet were confined. The prisoners could therefore neither move their heads, hands or feet, but as they moved their bodies. The chains which bound the hands being so short that it only enabled them to reach their eyes or convey food to their mouths.

Thus painfully equipped, those wretched beings set out on their long voyage—a voyage that to them was to prove not only the severer of all the ties dearest to the heart of man, but an extinguisher of the hope that gilds the dark valley of the shadow of death, and brightens the deep veil that shrouds Eternity. There they sat moaning in their manacles, without being able to change their position; and the only indulgence ever allowed them, was permission to exercise on the deck for half an hour occasionally when the weather was fine and no sail, which might be supposed to belong to a pursuing ship, was in sight. And this privilege was only extended to those considered least dangerous. The indomitable Bibis were not only entirely excluded, but guarded with great watchfulness. Women, for the most part, were either left unchained, or fettered but lightly, and children could run about at their own pleasure.

The confined air they were obliged to breathe, the painfully constrained position in which they were forced to remain, is sufficient to explain the great mortality found on board the slave ships, without any aid from the greater cruelties practised upon them in the ship's hold. This room —if room it may be called—extended tho whole length and

breadth of the ship, the sides sloping gradually from above to the middle, which was filled up with stones and other heavy articles to serve as ballast. Over these were laid rough boards, thus forming several tier of lodging places, like the berths in a ship, none of them exceeding three or four feet in height. A space is left in the middle, which reaches from pillar to pillar, serving not only for a passage to and from the deck, but affords the necessary room for the guards to prosecute their vigilant survey. In these several apartments the negro men were packed closely, and in the order in which spoons are laid; and the more bodies there were thus placed in the several rows, the more advantage it was to the guard to whose charge the number of heads was committed; for each day after counting them over, he received a premium.

Seated in this torturing posture, and suffering the mental pain of being torn from home and country—to this was added the horrors of sea sickness and its consequences;—their skins became broken, foul wounds ensued, the oppressive heat, the want of fresh air, the impure atmosphere, filled with the effluvia arising from so many bodies crowded together, the bad food, and the brutal treatment received from the sailors,—what wonder that, under such circumstances, three or four hundred blacks should die in the course of every voyage made by the Satan.

The preparations for such accommodations as we have tried to describe were completed on board; as the boat conveying the first transport of negroes reached her side, but a

few moments elapsed before the unhappy men were chained and packed; and whilst they wept and groaned over their hard lot, and the cruelty of their fellow men, the bark shot gaily over the flashing waters, to bring a new load of misery from Zanzibar.

Whilst his men were busy in effecting the shipping of the first named eight hundred blacks, Gaitar was surveying the second division, namely, the Bibis; who, called forward by the purveyor, into whose hands they had fallen, came forth unresistingly and stood before him. The first glance at the fine proportions and strongly moulded limbs of these war-like figures, caused the captain and supercargo to forget all their previous anxiety on the subject of their indomitableness. Four hundred men of such a build as these, who now stood forth to meet his inspection, were worth more than a thousand like those already sent off. As he gazed on these Herculean specimens of manhood, an emotion of humanity trembled in the captain's heart,—awakened, indeed, by no noble feeling, for it owed its birth to avarice. Might it not be possible, by placing them under a stricter watch, and subjecting them to harder discipline, to spare these noble looking men the pain, and himself the scandal, of having those free limbs wounded in the manner proposed by the villanous purveyors? They would bring a far better price in the West India markets if seen in the unmaimed form bestowed on them by the great mother—Nature. He proposed the measure to Gaitar, who fully shared his opinion, at the same time declaring that if any restive or refractory spirit

was shown on board the ship, the "operation," as he termed it, could easily be performed there. But in order to be on the safe side, he commanded that the fetters which had been removed from their feet in order to enable them to walk forward for his inspection, should again be replaced before they entered the boat which was to convey them to the ship. To accomplish this work, it was necessary to form them in rows of one hundred men each. They were seated upon the grass which we said before was long and dry. After the first hundred men were fettered in the manner we have tried to describe, they were packed in the boat and sent off; Gaiter followed in his shallop to superintend the landing in person, leaving a portion of his boat's crew behind, to guard those that remained.

Until this time, the negroes had maintained their usual apathetic indifference to all that was going forward, carrying on the not interdicted conversation among themselves, and suffering quietly everything their persecutors chose to inflict. But in the moment of their brethren's departure for the ship, the remaining portion raised their heads above the long grass in which they lay, a gleam of wild ferocity shot athwart their hitherto sad countenances as they looked after their departing friends—they raised a loud cry, the deep and melancholy cadence of which seemed worthy to have been issued from the caverns of despair, and was answered by the departing with one of equal sadness. The curlew in alarm repeated the cry, as the sounds of agony floated o'er the bosom of the ocean. Did it cleave its

depths?—did its echo reach to heaven?—was it registered there?

The rude soldiers who guarded these captives were frightened. Their first impulse was to chastise, but who? The whole three hundred were equally guilty—to punish all would be a work that required some time, and besides, they were no longer the property of the purveyors, but of the Europeans. In view of this, they contented themselves by placing the prisoners in a circle, in the midst of which the soldiers and purveyors, armed with swords and lances, stationed themselves, ready to punish the first man who showed a disposition to disturb the public peace. But no movement showed that any such thing was intended—quiet once more reigned around—the guards relaxed their vigilance, and looking out toward the sea, amused themselves by watching the boat, which had by this time reached the ship, and was discharging her cargo on board.

This task performed, the boat once more turned her head towards the shore—she skimmed like a bird across the waters, and the soldiers, as they watched the light and arrowy course, forgot their necessary surveillance and their prisoners. She came forth gaily for her living freight, the strokes of the oars were distinctly heard, the soldiers and sailors were exchanging question and answer, each so taken up with the other that they had no attention to bestow elsewhere, when all at once a sea of fire burst forth, and spread with fearful rapidity on all sides. Behind—before—to their

very feet, it advanced in its devouring fury—pouring forth its sheets of flame.

One of the Bibis having been able to free his hands from his chains, had succeeded in igniting two pieces of dry wood by rubbing them together behind his back, and throwing them into the dry grass with which the earth was covered, a fire was soon kindled, whose frightful progress was appalling to behold. It rolled its fiery waves, like those of the sea, over all that lay in its way, leaping forth on all sides, and enveloping all in its blazing shroud—and it seemed that scarce a moment passed from the time of the first alarm until it rolled from the shore until far in the island, only stopping when there was nothing left to devour. It rolled to the spot occupied by the manacled slaves and the free limbed soldiers, but it spared neither the one nor the other; and the triumphal war cry of the Bibis rose above the crackling and rolling flames, ascending even to the clouds, mingling with the shrieks of anguish uttered by the purveyors and their soldiers, who found their death with the three hundred negroes whose oppressors they were.

Horror seized upon all who witnessed the sight, but no one was so much affected as Gaitar. A fearful impression was made upon him, less on account of the loss he had sustained, than from a superstitious belief that such a disastrous beginning could forebode nothing but an unfortunate ending. He resolved, therefore, to lift his anchor at once, and without caring for the neighborhood of the English cruisers, he left the coast of Zanzibar, and had reached the

broad ocean ere the daylight had faded. This bold stroke succeeded better than they had dared to hope for. No enemy met him on the high seas, no storm dismantled his beautiful vessel, and fourteen days after this terrible scene, calmly and quietly as though her voyage was not one to tempt the anger of Him who commands the winds and the waves, he sailed into harbor at the Isle of Bourbon.

It was in the middle of December, the second month of the tropical winter, and just at the time when the storm and tempest unite to form the desolating hurricane, and however frightful in their devastating power on land, they are much more so on sea. The rain pours down in torrents, the little brooks swell into mighty rivers, whole districts in the low lands are submerged in water with a rapidity hardly to be imagined, and the waves that dash upon the shore, usually from four to five feet high, now rise to sixty or an hundred. The air is sultry and oppressive, the heavens are clothed with dull copper-colored clouds, the wind sighs and wails as though piping the world's elegy, or mourning the arrival of the day of doom; nothing can resist it in its unbridled course, men, animals, trees, and houses are overturned, and its track is to be distinguished for miles, for all has been swept as with the besom of destruction.

It was a hurricane like this, that in the year 1829 drove a large ship out of the harbor at the Isle of Mauritius, and carrying her up to the custom-house, left her on dry land, and by the same tornado, the long pier at the haven of the Isle of Bourbon was entirely torn away. Terrible, and

greatly to be dreaded, as these storms are by the inhabitants of those countries subject to their sway, as we have already mentioned, to the sailor they come yet more fraught with disaster. No creek can secure a ship from its fury, no haven afford a place where she can safely ride during its progress. As soon as the clouds threaten the approach of this terrific visitant, in flight is the only medium of safety; it is necessary to secure a good offing at once to save ship, and goods, and life; and the sailor must crowd sail to reach the open sea, without care as to what direction the wind may drive him, so it only bears him and his craft to the broad ocean. Groaning and creaking in the blast, the vessel flies through wave and tempest at random—at one moment, mounted upon the heaving billow—the next, she is in the deep hollow formed by the angry waters. Woe to the improvident sailor whose ship is not fully prepared for such a strife as this! Woe to the fool-hardy mariner who, because he has often ventured his life on the uncertain sea, now tempts its fury in an unsafe boat! Is the vessel new and perfectly seaworthy? is the crew sufficient and fearless? is the captain experienced, calm and collected in this hour of danger, she may come off conqueror in this tremendous battle with the raging elements. After a long suspense of alternate hope and fear—of life and death—he returns to the haven he had left with his ship, but not as she went forth, but with the goodly vessel sadly dismantled, for masts and sails have been yielded trophies to the tornado's power.

But he can only hope to reach a secure haven if, as he

dashes on his dangerous path, he is met by no whirlwind or waterspout. For in these latitudes it is no uncommon thing for a ship thus flying to be suddenly arrested by a whirlwind, caught up for a moment, and, ere the affrighted mariners have time to think, buried forever in the depths of the sea. Nor is there less danger from the waterspout. Rising dark and threatening from the moaning ocean, the watery pillar moves slowly onward; and, unless able to get out of its way, it bursts over the hapless vessel, and she is crushed by its weight, even to the caverns of the deep.

The captain of the Satan stood upon the quarter deck looking through his glass, when, after long observation, he became aware of two dark spots on the edge of the distant horizon; one was in the cloud that seemed to rest upon the face of the waters—the other on the ocean below. Both seemed equally to claim his attention. He spoke not, but continued to look with strained and fixed attention, until at length, as if satisfied with the scrutiny, he removed the glass from his eye, and turning to Gaitar, exclaimed in a voice sufficietly indicative of alarm—

"Look, there is the enemy and the storm."

He was not wrong in his conjecture. Two ships of war, one a French frigate, the other an English corvette, came looming forth from the distance, and bearing sail directly towards the Satan, showing by their manœuvres that they knew her character, and plainly intimated what were their own intentions.

The swiftness with which one ship overtakes or avoids

another, depends entirely upon what position she occupies with regard to the wind. In this respect the Satan was greatly at disadvantage, and it was manifest. They on board knew it, for they tacked instantly, and bore up with a side wind, still endeavouring to maintain their course owards the Isle of Bourbon. The captain had commanded this alteration to be made, and trusting to the lightness of his vessel, hoped to be able to escape his enemy by outsailing him. By some untoward circumstance, the changing of sails occupied more time than was usually the case, and the delay was productive of loss to the Satan. The ship, while this manœuvre was performing, of course made no headway, and consequently lost an advantage which her antagonist gained. The fugitive, therefore, could only hope to distance her enemy by more vigorous sailing when once head up upon the new tack they were about to take. The captain took new measures and issued his orders accordingly. But, alas! he found his pursuer a swifter sailer than he imagined so large a vessel could be; for indeed at times so rapidly did the frigate gain upon the fugitive, it seemed that she outstripped the far-famed Satan in point of speed.

Two hours had elapsed from the commencement of this doubtful race, when a cannon thundered from the frigate, and sent forth a sheet of flame and smoke over that dusky sea. A ball struck the main sail of the Satan, but without doing much injury. The battery on board the slave ship was in perfect readiness to return the salute had the captain deemed it the more prudent course; but at present no an-

swer was given to the question so boisterously asked—for on this occasion "discretion was held to be the better part of valor," and it was best to seek safety in flight. Besides, under ordinary circumstances, the frigate was more heavily armed and better manned than the light sailing slaver; and how much greater must her advantage in those respects be since the latter had lost so many of her people by the fire kindled by the Bibis on the shore of Zanzibar.

The captain's situation became more critical every moment. The frigate and corvette gained on him until scarce an English mile lay between them and the Satan. The cannons once more thundered forth their fiery demands; but this time two balls reached the deck of the slaver, bringing damage if not death with them. In great consternation the captain and supercargo consulted with each other what was best to be done; but they could not come to any conclusion. Their fears, their despair, increased with every moment. They spoke of surrender on assurance that their lives should be spared; but the crew were not agreed as to the expediency of this measure.

At this critical moment, as if to favor the Satan, an ally unasked, unprayed for, but yet welcome, appeared and lifted his dark and threatening shadow over the contending vessels. The little black cloud that rested on the edge of the horizon, at first no larger than a human hand, had grown into gigantic dimensions, and now covered the greater portion of the heavens with its fearful pall. From time to time fierce gusts of wind swept over the sea and rent the clouds,

dividing their dark array for a moment, and driving them along the rack; but almost in the same moment others deeper, darker, and more threatening were piled up in their places, pregnant with tempest and fearful to behold. So dense, so heavy these became at last, that the wind had no longer power to sway them; but moaning, wailing or raging it continued to sweep over the broad surface of the sea, and its mighty rule was soon manifest then. The waves swelled to a fearful height; and rising one above the other, each one higher than the last, they interposed their towering masses between the pursuer and pursued, and by irresistible violence separated them from each other. The thunder of the cannon was no longer heard—it was drowned by the voice of many waters, whose mighty echoes were mingled with the roaring of the tempest; the rain poured down in torrents, and veiled the heavens in almost impenetrable darkness.

After the lapse of an hour or two, the rage of the storm was diminished; but the cruisers and the slaver troubled themselves no further with each other—they had enough to do to battle with the still rolling sea. They scudded before the gale almost under bare poles—all the canvass having been taken in except the fore sail and small jib.

In order to render the assistance necessary on the deck of the Satan, whilst the hurricane was in its greatest fury, the men appointed to guard the negroes in the hold were withdrawn, and one single sailor occupied the post of danger which, a few hours before, it was deemed requisite that numbers should fill. The storm continued to rage fiercely

throughout the whole day, and in the anxiety to save their lives and ship, the slaves were unthought of, and so uncared for. The craven sailor, sent to keep guard, was afraid to venture too near the unhappy blacks; they were, therefore, left without food or drink, while in the meantime, to render himself deaf to their complainings, he cheered his lonely watch with a flask of rum.

When at last released from the sterner duties imposed by the threatened danger, the guards returned to their post below, they found many of the negroes dead, and the rest greatly exhausted. But they could not yet be spared to remain. Yet although the negro traders, Gaitar and the Captain, knew that the battle with the elements for life or death was far from being ended, the demon of avarice was not subdued;—in those moments of horror they yet found time to calculate the probable loss on the profits of the cargo, from which they had hoped to derive so much. They therefore resolved to bestow, in spite of the menacing deaths which surrounded them, all possible attention on the slaves that remained, and to the last minute. The boatswain, who was an old and experienced sailor, and whose many years' acquaintance with the sea forbade his giving up hope even in dangers like the present, now showed himself particularly active. He ordered the corpses to be thrown overboard, and had the fresh air admitted as far as was possible, and portioned good and strengthening food to the exhausted sufferers. At the same time, he declared himself willing to remain below with one or two others to whom he had spoken, and keep watch over the negroes.

The storm continued to rage for four days, with little abatement, after the hurricane was over, until on the fourth, when it rather increased, and they were threatened with a new danger. The frigate and the slaver had been widely separated, but the wind and the waves had brought them once more into dangerous proximity. The high and mounting billows had often hidden the one from the eyes of the other; but at the moment of which we are speaking, one was seen rising on the top of a huge wave, the other directly in the hollow below, so that they could closely scan each other, as well as calculate the probability—nay, almost certainty—of their running into each other. The royal ship had lost all her masts—to keep her afloat, they had thrown all the guns overboard, and as a last misfortune, a heavy sea striking her rudder, carried it away. The Satan was less injured. The masts with their tackle were still standing, and they had not lost their rudder, but from the want of sails, which had been blown away, it was impossible to guide the ship. Yet, under these circumstances, the negro trader did not consider himself in any better condition than his enemy, nor did the dismantled state of the latter remove the danger of his near neighborhood—for although there was nothing now to be dreaded from his guns, pitched and tossed as both vessels were by the unruly sea, there was every reason to fear that the Satan would be crushed by the frigate, or the latter be run into by the Satan. Thus the Captain of the slaver looked out upon the threatening peril without hope of deliverance, except from one source—

his guns were yet in order, and they must be used now, less as means of aggression, than as instruments for the preservation of their own lives. Had the frigate possessed the same advantages, the probability—nay, without doubt—she would have used them as unscrupulously as did the Satan.

Vainly, for a long time, the captain of the negro ship endeavored to pierce the body of the hostile vessel with bullets, so as to sink her ere she came closer—in vain cannon after cannon boomed heavily over the rolling sea, and struck the hapless frigate, now without means of defence—the shot rattled on her sides, or swept over her dismasted hull—but though sustaining some injury, she still rode proudly on the swelling waves, as if, though powerless, she was yet defiant. Yet still the waves on which she mounted brought her nearer and more near each moment—the distance between the ships was rapidly lessening—the decisive instant had nearly arrived. One more surge of the billows, and one or both of the ships must go down. But this moment did decide the contest forever; the slaver poured forth a whole volley of cannon shot from a side battery, the concussion caused his ship to recoil from the death-threatening embrace, but the frigate met it and was lost. The noble vessel sank at once, and whilst she, with her gallant crew of an hundred men acting in a cause approved of by all lovers of humanity, went down to rest in the deep caves of the ocean, the criminal slavers held on their iniquitous way, rejoicing at such a scarce hoped for deliverance.

On the same evening, the moon showed her bright crescent in the heavens—it was her first quarter, and clear weather might now be expected. The storm ceased, the waves sunk to their usual calm, and the Satan rode quietly and without fear. The dark grey hue of the sea was changed into the usual tint of blue green, and the leaden clouds that for one whole week had veiled the heavens were withdrawn.

All danger for the present being over, the Captain gave orders for the necessary refitting of the ship. The sails had either been blown away, or reduced to shreds by the hurricane, and to supply their want, the sailors' hammock cloths were stitched together, and answered the temporary purpose well. They were fitted to the yards, and it being now possible to guide the ship in a desired course, and the wind being favorable, in the course of a week, the bleak outline of the hills on the Isle of Bourbon were distinctly visible above the horizon.

The landing of the cargo on this island was a work of much greater difficulty than the business of lading at Zanzibar. A number of French cruisers hovered around this coast as well as on that of Africa, and it was much easier to discharge their duty successfully here than there. A long line of coast, with various creeks and bays, affording only too many facilities for the carrying on of the nefarious trade it was their duty to prevent, made the task of watching rather an arduous one, but here they moved in a kind of circle, from which no point of survey was lost. Thus it re-

quired great caution for the slaver to approach the island so as to elude their vigilance, and to do this, it was necessary to have co-operation with friends on the shore. In order, therefore, not to fall into the hands of the cruisers, each slaver had some trusty accomplice, who let him know by signals when the coast was clear. By day a flag displayed upon the heights, by night a fiery telegraph gave intelligence of the number and position of the ships, and directed the slavers when and where they might land without danger. Enclosed by high and steep rocks that environ it like a wall, the Isle of Bourbon possesses no haven, but only here and there a few roadsteads where ships can anchor. But of these, insecure as they are, the slaver cannot avail himself, he dare only seek a landing place in spots which the honorable mariner would shun as too perilous to attempt.

With great joy the captain and his companion beheld the distant hills. The sea was calm, and the vessel, notwithstanding her dismantled condition, held boldly on her way. The heavens were cloudless, and every point of the shore being well-known to the crew, they kept off until night, when their landing could be effected more safely than by day. The watchers on the heights had already made their signals as to what point they should steer, and they had answered by turning the ship's head in the given direction. The desired time had nearly arrived, and they now gave themselves confidently to hope that the business on which they were bound would end profitably and well, when the boatswain, whom we have mentioned was keeping watch

below, rushed into the cabin, where the captain and supercargo sat congratulating each other on the probable success of the expedition.

"Captain!" he cried in wild alarm, "the ship has sprung aleak! Water in the lowest hold! and it is increasing every minute!"

"You mistake, boatswain," answered the captain, laughing, "my ship is too young and life-loving for this to be possible. If she were not the noblest boat that ever was built, how could she have resisted and outlived the fiercest tornado ever known in the memory of man? Even though her copper sheathing were torn away, her oaken planking is of the best and soundest, as you well know, since it is not long since you examined it yourself. It is most likely that in our late pitching and tossing, in that infernal storm, one of the water casks has been upset, and spilled its contents over the hold. Go down below and look more carefully, and you will see that I am right."

These words had scarcely passed his lips, ere a great bustle was heard—sounds that reminded one of the clashing of arms when contending armies meet. It was like the beating of waves, the shock of weapons, the rush of men and horses, and, from time to time, reports like those caused by the firing from a battery.

They listened for a moment, and with visible alarm painted on every feature.

Now, captain, do you doubt any longer?" inquired the boatswain, pale with terror, "the copper is loosened from

the keel, and I fear the emperor's sword has already bored through the oak, stout as it is."

The emperor, or sword-fish, the tyrant of the Indian Ocean, is from twenty to thirty feet in length, and in thickness four or five. His mouth, armed with many hundred sharp teeth, is six feet long and an half foot broad, resembles a two-edged sword, and is as hard as iron. With this fearful weapon he is the most dangerous inhabitant of this southern sea; and from his seeming unlimited sway, and because no dweller in that same ocean, not even the ravenous shark dare venture to resist him, the sailors have given him the name of the emperor. Unlike the other finny monsters of the deep, who always pursue their course alone, the sword-fish is never found without company,—his female and his young are useful assistants, and with the same avidity with which hounds pursue the hare, they follow his lead in quest of prey, of which the whale is the principal object.

The emperor is not contented only to destroy whatever living thing comes in his way, but every object, planks, bits of wreck—anything, in short, that is seen floating on the surface of the water, is sure to awaken his wrath. Therefore, ships are not spared when they come in his way, and he never fails to try his strength on her sides. If her copper sheathing is not fast and firm enough to resist his furious strokes, her destruction is certain, for the strongest oak presents no impediment to the fearful weapon provided for him by nature. Inserting its serrated point between the smallest seam found in the copper fastening, he bores his way

through to the wood with all the skill of a mechanic, and works with untiring industry until his saw is fully introduced. His companions aid him, and in a short time a number of small holes are made close beside the seam where he commenced his operations, and they do not leave off their work until, out of many, one large opening is made, forming a leak through which the water pours with a force too formidable to contend with. Those on board are seldom aware of the operations of this enemy until the mischief is completed; the rushing of the waves, the piping of the winds, the creaking of the ship's tackling, and the sounds of human voices, as the various orders are given or received, mingling with all, prevent those destructive efforts at first from being heard. The chafing and thumping of the monsters, as they beat the water or thrust against the ship's sides, is the first intimation they have of the fatal disaster, for the noise is ever comparatively slight, until the sword is fairly through.

The captain knew well what the sound meant, and no longer doubted that the boatswain was not deceived.

"You are right, old boy," said he, "the ship must have sprung a considerable leak. The quickest aid is necessary. It is well for us that we shall soon see our friends' boats putting off from the shore, for the day is now breaking. Until then, it is no difficult matter to know what is to be done. Let the pumps be set going—pipe up all the sailors and set them to work at once. In the meantime I will go below with the carpenter, and examine the leak—we can

stop it, so as to prevent too much water from entering; it is well we are so near the shore."

The old salt's shrill whistle called the men together,—the captain gave orders that they should repair to the pumps. In presence of this new danger they complied readily, and, under the boatswain's direction, in less than a minute the pumps were in full flow. But the water still streamed in from an unconquerable source; the men worked as for life and death, but the ship was not lightened,—it was evident that at each moment she sank deeper.

After an half hour passed in the most strenuous exertions, the captain saw that, in spite of every effort, the ship must go down. He looked upon the beautiful vessel which for so long had been his home—he thought of the living freight, from the sale of which he calculated to derive so much profit,—but what was all that in comparison with life. In the anguish of his heart, he resolved to throw himself, together with the supercargo, the boatswain, and two sailors, into the shallop, and, unseen by the rest, privately make for the shore, leaving the crew, who were working below, and the hapless slaves to their fate. While they were letting down the boat, he was standing with his companion by the gangway which led to the hold, and by which the boatswain must necessarily pass in going to and fro as he issued his orders respecting the pumps.

As the old man came near, the captain called him, and in a whisper informed him of his intention.

"The leak is so large," said he, "that the ship cannot

hold out ten minutes more. Give order upon order,—swear, threaten,—command until you get the men in confusion. I will take advantage of the distraction, and while it is yet dark, to get ashore with my friends here. Take good care and save your life as we are saving ours. As soon as we have the shallop launched, throw yourself in after us. Then Satan, my goodly ship, farewell."

Two minutes later and the five men pushed off in the shallop from the fated vessel. But long before they reached the shore, the sea had closed over the Satan—ship, crew, and slaves were hidden in her insatiate bosom. A few circling eddies for a short time ruffled the place of their disappearing, and then gradually subsiding, the sun poured his first beams on the mirror-like surface which now glared as calmly and brightly in those early rays as if that vessel had never been.

The Lion.

The lion differs from all beasts of prey belonging to the cat kind in one respect: he never wantonly murders, but only seizes upon men and beast when provoked or excited by hunger. A proof of this is furnished by an account of a Dutch Missionary, who, having visited a friend, returned by the way of a large pond, on the edge of which he hoped to be able to shoot an antelope. By the time he reached it the sun was tolerably high, and as no animal nor living thing was seen on its margin or elsewhere, he rested his gun against a rock, at whose foot a small spring bubbled forth, the whole overshadowed by a thicket which rose from behind it. He went down to the water, and having refreshed himself with a draught, he returned to the rock where he had left his gun, and being wearied with his travel, laid down on the grass in the cool shadow, and in a few moments was fast asleep.

After awhile he awoke with a sensation of oppressive heat. He opened his eyes, and they fell on a huge lion that but a step or two distant was lying beside him, and bending over, surveying him with sparkling eyes. The fright nearly robbed him of recollection, for the waiting animal stood over him with open jaws. And as he looked upon the sharp teeth,

and into the very throat, he believed his destruction certain, and he closed his eyes from the fearful sight. His presence of mind at last returned. He looked toward his gun and slowly stretched forth his hand to take it up. But at the same moment the lion, who probably knew by experience the power of a gun, raised his head and began to roar most fearfully. This induced the missionary to withdraw his hand. At this moment the animal, seemingly satisfied and crouching down, lay as before with his head between his fore paws. Believing his watchfulness for the present suspended, the missionary made a second effort to grasp his weapon; but the crafty enemy was not so sound asleep as he seemed,—he raised his head as before and began to growl; and when a third and fourth attempt was made, it was attended with the same issue.

The sun beat with unrelenting rigor upon the naked rock, which reflected his rays with equal severity, so that the poor man, nearly fainting, was obliged to change his position from time to time. His naked feet were scorched almost to blistering; and the only relief he could know in his painful position, was by laying the one over the other, and changing them from time to time. The day faded into night—the night dawned into day, and the lion had not moved from the spot. The sun rose once more and poured down his rays most fiercely,—and by midday the heat was so intense that the half-roasted feet of the poor man had lost all feeling. By noon the lion raised himself from his recumbent position and went towards the pool, turning

back at every step or two to see if the man had moved. The latter made another effort to grasp his gun; but the lion noticed the movement, for, with gleaming eyes, he turned towards him, and placed himself in an attitude to spring. The poor prisoner again drew back his hand, and the beast once more relaxed his watchfulness, and, as if satisfied that no further effort would be made, went to the pool and drank. Having quenched his thirst, he went back and lay down in the spot he had at first occupied—namely, within a few steps of the missionary's feet. Once more the night passed away, and the lion still maintained his post. At noon he went as before down into the water to drink; but as he stood there, a loud noise heard in another direction, made him turn his head to listen. This was favorable for our missionary. He was now forgotten, for the animal springing into the thicket which lay behind the rocks, was hidden in a moment by the dense foliage.

As the missionary remarked this, he resolved to make the best use of his time ere his enemy should return. He therefore, mustered up all his strength to reach his gun; but he found himself unable to stand—his feet were too painful, and his strength was exhausted. With the trusty weapon in his hand, he crawled towards the pool and drank; but as he examined his feet, which were sorely blistered, he found his toes burnt as though they had been in the fire; and the skin had all peeled off them as he crept through the grass. Unable to proceed, he seated himself beside the pool, and determined to let the lion, whose coming he every

moment expected, have the contents of his gun in his head. But as hours passed, and the animal did not reappear, he tied the weapon upon his back, and crept along his way on all fours as well as he could; but entirely exhausted, was at last obliged to lie down, and would never have reached home but for the timely assistance rendered him by a traveller. He suffered for a long time from the consequences of this adventure, but ultimately recovered—still, however, remaining a cripple, for the loss of his toes made him lame for life.

Another not less striking peculiarity belonging to these "kings of the beasts," is the respect shown by the younger lions for the old of their race. When a number meet together to hunt for prey, one of the oldest is always chosen as leader, and the others yield that preference most willingly to him. When the prey comes in sight, the others crouch down in the grass, leaving to him the honor of approaching and seizing it. When the old leader has killed the animal, for, as we have said before, they never destroy more than they want for food, he retires from his victim and lies down for a short time to rest. In the meantime, the others keep at a respectful distance without showing impatience, or making any attempt to approach the animal killed by the old lion. When the latter has sufficiently rested, he returns to his prey, seizes upon the breast and other tender parts, and makes a good meal without any disturbance from the rest. Having eaten a tolerable portion, he once more betakes himself to rest, and the others still lie quietly repos-

ing in the grass. After a short time he returns to make a second meal, lying down after it as before. The other lions are carefully watching this last movement, and as soon as the old one has retired, they are up, and seizing upon what he has left, the carcase is soon demolished.

An English traveller, who was out collecting plants, tells of a circumstance of which he was an eye witness. As he sat upon an elevated rock, he saw a young lion start forth from the thicket below, and seize upon an antelope that stood unsuspiciously grazing on the edge of a brook. He had already began to tear the animal with his claws, when an old lion came up. No sooner had he approached the prey, than the younger withdrew, and waited until his senior had finished his repast, after which he returned and satisfied his hunger with what was left.

Dangerous an enemy as the lion is considered to man, there are some of the wild negro tribes who make his services conducive to their comfort. Therefore the bushmen not unfrequently make him their purveyor, and serve themselves of his spoils to increase their own means of subsistence. A traveller who once asked a bushman how he lived throughout the year, seeing he had no fields nor flocks to yield him anything, was answered—

"I live off the lions."

On being asked how this was, he replied—

"I will tell you what I do. I watch the lion and let him run down and seize his prey; then he kills it and eats until he is satisfied. I go up to the place where he is sitting by

the carcase—I go up quite close, for I am not afraid of him when he is full—and then I scream out, 'What are you doing there? Cannot you leave something for me? Go away and let me share in your feast—I want meat as well as you!' Then I begin to dance; I jump and spring about and shake my clothes. This disturbs him; but he turns about and goes off. True, he growls and is in a bad humour; but he has eaten enough and does not want me, and so he goes away and gives me time enough to eat my fill and carry off the meat he has left. I take it to my hut, and then we have plenty of provision for a while."

This is not only another proof that the lion does not delight in carnage, nor attack men unless hungry, but that he loves quiet above everything. The latter is plainly exhibited in the last mentioned circumstance; sooner than be disturbed by the noise and mock play of his more rational adversary, the dignified animal withdraws to another spot, and leaves his enemy to feast on his spoils. But this sport may be carried too far. Like the most forbearing among the human race, whose anger, when roused, is always the most fearful, so after many provocations which passed unheeded, a slight one may awaken the wrath so fearful in its display. The same traveller tells us that the same bushman had played his ingenious game once too often; for on one occasion that he had followed a lioness, and sought in this manner to drive her away from the carcase of a horse she had killed and was devouring, he met a fate he little anticipated. He had not remarked that she was attended by her

young, and whilst he was screaming and capering round the dam, they sprang upon and tore him to pieces.

This account given by the bushmen, differs entirely from the assertion of the Hottentots, who say that the lion, having once tasted human flesh, prefers it to all other, and in that case all their attributed consideration for the lords of creation is forgotten, and he will make war on man singly, even when the latter are in numbers.

A Caffre chief went out to hunt, accompanied by a troop of his tribe, all well armed with bows and arrows. On the first day, as they were following an elephant, they were met by a huge lion, by whom they were at once attacked. To save their own lives they were obliged to sacrifice one of their horses, which the animal devoured immediately, and whilst thus engaged, the hunters sought a hiding place in the thicket, and beside a pool where they knew elephants and herds of rhinoceros came to drink.

They were not disappointed; numbers of the animals we have mentioned came there, but as they were in the act of firing on a rhinoceros, a lion sprang out from among the bushes, seized one of the men, and carried him off. They sought to rescue their unfortunate companion, but were unable. On the next day they found a few of the bones of the feet, but the body had been devoured at once. On the next night as they sat round the fire they had kindled at the edge of the wood, a lion came out of the thicket, seized one of the party, dragged him through the fire, and tore a piece of flesh out of his back. One of the men fired upon him, but

the shot missed; the animal dropped his dying victim, and turning towards the men, roared so furiously, that not one ventured to fire off his piece. He then very leisurely took up his booty, and retired with it into the forest.

Frightened by these dreadful occurrences, and dreading a repetition of them, the troop now formed a barricade of trees, within which they retired; but in the evening they sent one of the servants to the pool, which was but a few paces distant, for water. The poor man had scarcely reached it, ere he found himself within the grasp of a lion. His cry for help was in vain—in a moment he was dragged through the wood, and on the next day his skull was found licked perfectly clean by the rough tongue of his ravenous destroyer.

As thus, in the course of three days, the chief had lost three of his men, he determined to augment his party, and instead of pursuing the other animals, as was his first intention, hunt only the lion. They followed the track of the one by whom the slave had been carried off, and soon found two, and fired upon them; but only succeeded in killing one, and that the least. Having refreshed themselves with some food, they once more set out to hunt the larger, which had escaped into the thicket; it was not long before they came up with, and knew him to be, the same that had carried off the slave.

They pursued him to a spot thickly overgrown with sedges, where he had retreated to his lair, threw burning matches into the dry grass, kindled it into a flame, and soon

succeeded in driving out the lion. The guns were fired, and the bullets having this time taken effect, the wounded animal retreated for a moment, when suddely turning, he uttered a roar so fearful that the forest trembled, and dashed through the burning sedges towards his assailants. The enraged animal broke in among the hunters, in no wise daunted by the numbers, and before they had time to think, had snatched a victim,—it was the chief's brother,—and in an instant the breast of the unhappy man was torn open, and the blood streaming forth from his lacerated lungs. The chieftain hastened to the rescue of his dying brother; he levelled his gun, but the faithless weapon flashed in the pan. He threw it away, and in his despair seized the lion by his tail.

Enraged and roaring, the fearful beast left his first prey and dashed towards the new assailant, and striking him with his fore paw, tore a large piece of flesh out of his arm; with a second stroke he laid him on the earth. The chief, however, recovered his footing in a moment, but the lion now caught him by the knee once more, threw him down, and tore his left arm, nearly stripping the flesh from the bone. Thus maimed and bleeding, the chief, with all the voice his weakness allowed him, called out to his people to shoot the animal; many shots followed the command, and a bullet lodged in the brain of their furious adversary, settling him forever. This unlucky hunt, which had cost a life each day of its continuance, was now given up, and the hunters, after burying the corpse of their mangled comrade, turned

sorrowfully homeward, bearing their wounded chief by turns.

Yet courageous and fierce as this king of the beasts is in general, there are times when he is seized with panic, and runs away from the danger he is too cowardly to meet. A bushman once followed a heard of zebras, and had succeeded in wounding one with an arrow, when he made the discovery that a lion was hunting the same. The latter seemed displeased at this intrusion on his forest rights, and was evidently disposed to chastise the bushman for poaching; but as he approached for that purpose, ere he had time to execute it, the poor fellow had reached a tree and climbed up into the thick branches. Leaving the zebras to go where they pleased, this lord of the forest seemed to care for nothing but to punish this infringement of his rights; he followed the culprit to the tree, roared until he shook the forest, and looked with angry eyes up into the branches where the bushman was seated.

At last he lay down, as if prepared to keep watch throughout the whole night; nor was the poor man in the tree less vigilant; he looked down from his leafy covert, but his enemy was still there. But at last overcome by weariness he fell asleep and began to dream, and the apprehensions which had filled his soul whilst waking, left their painful shadows on it whilst sleeping. He thought that the tree on which he sat was torn up by the roots, and that by its fall he was thrown directly into the lion's mouth. Affrighted by this vision, he started and lost the hold he had hitherto

maintained; he fell from the branch and came down with his full weight on the lion's back. The animal sprang up at this unexpected greeting, shook off the burden that had so unceremoniously lighted upo ı him, and uttering terrific roars, ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. The bushman lay for one moment completely bewildered, but recollection soon returned, and gathering himself up as quickly as possible, took his flight in the contrary direction.

How forgetful of their natural ferocity, and friendly these animals are with men when they need their help, may be learned from the following fact. An English ship, sailing on the coast of Malabar, sent a boat's crew on shore for wood and water. One of the sailors having proceeded so far in the forest as to lose sight of his companions, saw, to his great alarm, a lioness within a few steps of him; nor was it at all diminished when she approached him at a quick pace. But fear gave place to astonishment when the creature stretched herself at his feet, looked up into his eyes, as if entreatingly, and then turning her head, looked up into a tree that stood a short distance behind her. She repeated this many times, until at length rising, she went to the same tree, and appeared by her looks to invite the sailor to follow her. He did so, and there sitting among the very topmost branches he saw a great baboon, holding two little animals in his arms, which he knew at once were the cubs of his dangerous petitioner. It would have been no very hard matter for him to climb the tree, and drive

the baboon from his place, and so rescue the little prisoners, but he did not care to encounter this wily adversary too closely, for he had heard too many tales of his muscular strength to wish for an embrace, and did not care to be able to tell from his own experience how dreadful his bite was; but he was provided with an axe, and thus he was enabled to gratify the appeal of his mute friend, as well as serve himself, by cutting down the tree. He began the work at once, the lioness in the meantime watched him and the robber of her young alternately, looking straight into the eyes of each. A few powerful strokes, and the tree began to totter—a few more, and it fell to the earth, bringing the baboon with it. Scarcely had the latter reached the ground, until the watching lioness, making a powerful spring, had caught and torn him to pieces, then having first licked her recovered young, she went up to the sailor, and began to caress him in the same manner as do cats. She rubbed her head on his feet and knees for some time, looking up in his face as if to thank him for what he had done, then taking up one of her cubs, she carried it into the thicket, from whence she returned quickly for the other. The sailor was so confused by this uncommon scene, that when he returned to the spot where his comrades awaited him, he was unable to utter a word, and it was some time before he could tell them what had happened.

It is a well known fact, that few of the ravenous animals can be tamed as completely as the lion. The celebrated Martin has succeeded in making them docile as dogs, teach-

ing the largest and strongest of them to play all kind of tricks, and training them to such obedience that he could take the food, given them when very hungry, away from their mouths, without their exhibiting any resentment. Yet examples are not wanting in which the best tamed animals, forgetful of the love they have for their keeper, have killed him in a fit of their natural ferocity.

Such an instance occurred in the beginning of the present century in Dresden, to the keeper of a lion, whom he fed daily, and was in the habit of playing with. This intercourse between the keeper and his charge continued for a long time, during which the lion exhibited every mark of attachment for his master, who went in and out of his den without fear—in short, the most friendly intercourse subsisted between them. When the animal was to be fed, he always received his food from the same hand, namely, that of his master, and on these occasions his dress was always the same—a green jacket was constantly worn. But on the evening of one holiday, when rather late for the feeding time, he made his appearance in the dress he had worn throughout the day instead of the well known jerkin. The anger of the lion was aroused; he did not recognise his benefactor in the strange black coat, but springing suddenly upon him, buried his claws in the unhappy man's shoulder; the latter spoke to him kindly, and the well known voice seemed to recall the lion to himself, yet he could not be brought to submission at once—that strange dress still made him suspicious, and he would not release him from his grasp. In

the meantime the alarm had been given, and the wife and children of the keeper screaming loudly, hastened to the spot. Their cries awakened the attention of the soldiers who kept guard before the castle; they were soon ready to shoot the furious creature, but the keeper still hoping to mollify him, begged them to retain their fire, whilst he still attempted to soothe. All was in vain—the lion continued to shake his mane, and lash with his tail, still holding his unhappy victim in his grasp, and gazing on him with wild and angry eyes. Not able to bear the weight of his powerful adversary any longer, the wretched man at length called out to the soldiers to fire. They did so, and killed the animal on the spot; but in the death-struggle, he pressed his fearful paws so closely round the keeper's body, that spine and breast were crushed together, and the poor man breathed out his spirit at the same moment his enemy ceased to exist.

A Battle with a Tiger.

A Battle with a Tiger.

One evening, after a fatiguing chase, a company of hunters were assembled round a well spread table in the castle belonging to one of the party, where, as they enjoyed the viands and circulated the bottle, they cheated the hour with merry tales and jests. They passed through all the grades of hunting life—from narratives of hare, and hound, and bird, to the more exciting themes of the chamois chase or bear hunt, and as they proceeded, the interest grew more and more absorbing, as the tales were those of adventure and danger. Among those jolly sportsmen was one named Robert, who, seemingly devoted to the good fare he was enjoying, had until now sat silent, listening with stoical indifference to the wonderful relations of perils and hair-breadth escapes told by his companions. He was an old man, perhaps of sixty years—his life was one which must have afforded opportunity for scenes of strange adventure, but he was rather an apathetic person, and could but seldom be induced to speak of scenes through which he had passed.

"What now, Master Robert?" said one of the boon companions, when the lively conversation they were carrying on

had come to a few moment's pause; "have you nothing to add to the general stock? Methinks such a life as yours has been, ought to afford material enough for many a strange tale, with which you might cheat the time on such an occasion as this."

"I do not know anything worth telling," said the old man. But scarcely had he uttered the words, when a change was observed to pass over his face, he raised his head as if struck by some sudden remembrance, and his features indicated that the recollection was one of horror.

"It is nothing, my friends, it is nothing," he answered to their inquiries if he was ill; "it is only from the remembrance—and it always brings on a chill—of something that happened to me thirty years ago. When you hear it, your blood will not flow more warmly than my own; the very thought of the circumstance, which I will relate to you, makes the little hair belonging to my old head, even now rise up on end. My comrade, he who played the first part in this strange drama, was an Englishman; I made his acquaintance in eighteen hundred and fourteen, in Bengal, where the regiment in which he was a captain was stationed. He was no common man, although at the time I speak of, he was but the shadow of his former self, yet he still possessed great strength, and bore the traces of having had the muscular power of an Athlete. And even now, though greatly diminished by the toil and hardship of years, he was able to perform feats of uncommon activity, and exhibit great strength of body when occasion demanded, and his reputa-

tion for bravery in battle and skill in the chase, was unequalled by that of any other.

"The captain and myself were passengers in the same ship, from Calcutta to Batavia. After a tedious voyage, and long before we reached our place of destination, owing to want of a fair wind, or some other cause—at this distance of time I cannot remember—we were obliged to cast anchor on the coast. The large boat was manned, and ordered to row to the shore to procure a supply of fresh water, of which we were in need; the captain and myself resolved to accompany the sailors; and accordingly, after the empty water casks had been placed aboard, and we had plentifully supplied ourselves with every requisite for a good meal, we took our places with the rowers, and speedily reached the land. By some accident or carelessness in landing, the bottom came out of one of the empty tuns, and the sailors had left it on the shore whilst they went further up in quest of springs from which the remaining casks should be filled. We wandered about at full liberty, until weariness reminded us of its presence, and hunger forced us to think of meal time; and with two such urgent admonishers to drive us to what was by no means distasteful, we began to look around for a convenient place where we might breakfast. But this was not so easy a matter as might be supposed. Not a tree was there to protect us with its shadow, and the sun was fiercely hot. At last the captain, who was never at a loss for an expedient, pointed to the empty tun, and we rolled it to the spot that seemed most convenient. It answered the

purpose for which we had brought it admirably, serving at the same time for screen and divan; and so, nicely protected, we went to work at once on our provision. The cold fowl had suffered considerably from the inroads made upon it, the ham diminished visibly under the vigorous application of our knives, and as all this was washed down with a tolerable modicum of good wine, the invigorating odor of which inspired us, when the feast was ended, to continue our enjoyment by drinking toasts. They were eloquent of our feelings indeed; and after we had exhausted the list of our relatives and friends, we began to cast about in our memories for some other, but most remote objects of homage; the captain at length remembered a grand-nephew or cousin, who lived in far distant Scotland, and on whom he had never before thought since he left his home. We were glad to have remembered him, for we wanted to drink the toasts, and we did so. We pledged each other to the health of this far off cousin, when——permit me, gentlemen, here to make a short pause. It is now thirty years since I heard that terrible cry, the herald of the adventure I now relate to you; yet still it rings in my ear, that fearful shriek; there is no human tone to which it can at all be likened.

"The captain conquered his visible consternation so far as to call out, 'Take care of yourself, Robert!' With that he made a spring, the activity of which would have done honor to some mountain goat, or spirit out of some English romance,—where the latter are made to come and go like rays of light,—and stood on his feet behind the empty tun.

By good luck I had sufficient time to jump up too, and take my place by the side of my friend, before the frightful cause of our sudden and prudent manœuvre presented itself, which it did in close neighborhood, and in the form of a royal tiger.

"And now the frightful contest was to begin. Neither of us, the captain, the tiger, or myself, had ever before found ourselves in a similar condition. The waste was our battle-field, an empty water cask our rampart, our only weapons our dexterity, which we managed in manœuvring round our tun, in a manner I will not attempt to describe. A faint hope sprung up within us, and made us believe that the tiger would fall upon the meal we had left, and so satisfy his appetite as to disdain the ruder fare of human flesh. Two minutes delay beside the stores from which we had so unceremoniously risen, would perhaps have given us time to collect our thoughts, and plan some movement of defence. Vain hope! His savage glance pierced through our very souls; we were the only booty after which he longed.

"A considerable time passed, during which we continued our evolutions round the tun, our only wall of defence. But such exertions soon exhausted the sum of human strength; a few moments more, and the captain and myself must yield to the enemy, with whom we no longer had the force to contend. By good luck, the animal had less patience than ourselves, and his irritable nature began to show itself. It was plain he was tired of these useless gambols. In one moment he stood motionless, as though he

was meditating on some important movement. Mustering all his strength for an onset, he made a sudden spring, as if determined to overcome every hindrance that opposed his reaching us. I had but one thought, the certainty of death, and I fell upon my knees. One moment later, astonished to find that I was still in this breathing world, I heard the voice of my friend calling out, 'Robert, jump up here—quick.' Our good star was in the ascendant, and had so disposed it, that the tun was standing with the bottom on the ground, and the opening left by the broken head upwards. As the tiger sprang against it, it rolled, and my resolute and courageous friend, who had not lost his presence of mind for a moment, now gave the tottering cask such a direction that it turned directly over our savage enemy. The tiger now found himself in a narrow cage, and dark, except for the light that came through the bunghole. But how to keep him there? My friend did not take much time to consider, but with the same quickness that characterized all his movements, he sprung up on the top of his fortress, whither I climbed also as soon as I fairly recovered my recollection; and there we both stood, hoping by our united weight to keep it down, and our terrible enemy a prisoner, More mature consideration showed us that we had not improved our condition; we had no means of communicating with the sailors, who had gone further up the coast, and it was impossible that we could long remain on top of this wooden citadel, under which growled an

enemy who was sure to become our master the moment we left it.

"The sun was declining, and as he gradually sunk towards the west, so did our hopes of rescue. Although the small space in which our enemy found himself enclosed afforded no room for exercising his muscular strength, the dull roaring and grumbling we heard from beneath our feet reminded us of a volcano ready for an eruption. We stood upon our tun as over a mine which might burst in a moment. The resolute expression of the captain's features was changed to one of uncertainty, which he vainly tried to conceal. But all at once his countenance altered, a smile lighted up his pale face, and he laid his forefinger on his lip as if to caution me to silence. He bent his knee, and stretched forth his arm as cautiously as though he were fishing for trout in *some American lake*, and before I could question him what he meant by the movement, he was again standing upright, and I saw the monster's tail in his hand; he had pulled it through the bung hole, just as he would have handled a ship's rope, and now dragged at it with all the strength he could master. I assisted him in this manœuvre as well as I could. It was true that while we had the wooden wall between ourselves and the tiger, he would not be able to harm us. And now we really began to count on him as a treasure, if we could only succeed in dragging him to the place where we knew we might expect help from the sailors we had left; we thought it possible to secure him alive, and place him in 'Le Jardin des Plantes,' in Paris, or the

'Zoological Garden' in London, with the usual inscription above his cage: 'Royal Tiger, presented by Capt. M. and Mr. Robert.' That our thoughts were precisely the same, I have little doubt, but we did not express them to each other; the impression was too momentary,—we had enough to do in thinking of the possibility of our deliverance.

"With great caution we dismounted from our tun; but we soon found we had reckoned without our host, and overrated our own strength. For, although by pulling its tail to its very root through the bung hole, we had deprived the tiger of the use of his hind legs, instead of our regulating his movement in the direction we wished, he dragged us after him according to his pleasure. All our efforts to keep him in one place, or draw him towards the shore, were unavailing; he took his course for the interior, and we were obliged to follow. In this way we had gone a mile from the spot where our meal had been so unceremoniously disturbed, the captain still holding the tail between his clenched hands, and I clinging closely round the body of my friend, and pulling with all my might and main. And now, gentlemen, at this point in my story, truth obliges me to make a confession, and I blush while I do so. I can show you through the same, what miserable beings we men are when the question of life and our own interest comes in competition with the claims of friendship or justice. Yes, I must confess to you the devilish thought that flashed upon my soul: I felt myself tempted to fly and leave my companion, to whom I was indebted for being at that moment still in

life, to the fate that was certain to await him on my defection. I have no other excuse to make for my own justification than to say, that if I had had the tiger's tail in my hand, and my comrade behind me clinging to my coat, with all the chances of life in his favor, he would most likely have had the same thought as that which tempted me.

Some inequalities of the ground, and many hindrances from the roots of trees, very much diminished the speed of our journey, and without doubt the delay thus caused enabled my prudent friend to seize upon an idea which never could have entered into the mind of any one less active than himself. The plan which he hit upon, and originated solely with himself, I would recommend to every one who, in travelling, finds himself in such critical circumstances as we were at that time. I recommend also the following means of deliverance. If any man in a desert place, and followed by a tiger, is so successful as to imprison the wild beast under a tun—the upper end of which is closed—hath that same man found means to pull the tail of that aforesaid beast, like a rope, through the bung hole, thus holding him fast as with a cramping iron, at the same time keeping the tun between his enemy and himself. If hereupon it be observed that the animal, stronger than the man himself, is dragging the whole concern his own way, and the man has no idea when he may halt, for the reason that he has no idea of what the aforesaid beast may choose, the best thing he can do is to tie a knot in the above mentioned tail, so large that he cannot slip it through the bung hole when the

man relinquishes his hold. If this is properly done, the animal will still proceed, dragging his prison after him, and not knowing that the man, who has thus an opportunity to escape, has fled.

"This bold expedient was adopted by the captain, and truly with distinguished success. Scarcely had the knot been made in the tail of the tiger, ere my friend commanded me to yell in the most frightful manner; and never did a troop of savages utter a concert of more inharmonious sounds than those we now sent forth from full throats. For want of other instruments to add to the discordance, I shattered two flasks of rum I had in my pocket against the tun; and then releasing our hold on the tail, we had the happiness to see our plan succeed, and our enemy dash on, pursued by as great terror as his presence inflicted on ourselves. Our cries increased or diminished in proportion to the swiftness of his flight,—and it was so rapid that it was not long until we lost sight of him altogether.

"With what joy we found ourselves once more on the beach with our companions. The sailors had sought us everywhere; and as night was coming on, and all their efforts to find us had proved vain, they began to fear some disaster had befallen us. As they saw the traces of the tiger's feet on the sand, and the *debris* of our disturbed meal strewed around, they concluded we had fallen a prey to the savage beast, and so were about to put off for the ship.

"As soon as we were all on board, the captain and crew

collected round us, and we told them of our adventure, and showed them the hair of the tiger, which was yet adhering to our hands. My friend was lauded for ingenuity, and overwhelmed with compliments of the most flattering kind. As for myself, in consequence of the great fright I had suffered, I fell into a dangerous sickness—a brain fever, I suppose—for a time I was completely out of my senses. Whilst in this state—and it was a long time—the attendants could not keep me quiet in any other way than by tying a thick rope by one end to the foot of the bed, and giving me the other to hold in my hand. I passed many hours thus, as though determined fully to pursue the captain's experiment. But as I approached to convalescence, my physician ordered that a smaller cord should take the place of the rope; and I amused myself for a long time by tying knots in this. At last I recovered; but my return to health was very slow, and since then an apathetic indifference, for which you gentlemen have often reproached me, has taken the place of my former reckless gaiety. You can now comprehend why I lend such a listless ear to tales of common hunting exploits, and why I make so little account of what relates to the taking of rabbits and hares."

Mr. Robert had finished his story, and nothing more was related of common sports at the hunter's feast that day. His adventure had thrown all the rest into deep shade.

A Hunting Adventure in the East Indies.

I HAD had many adventures in the forests of the East Indies, where I lived for many years, but nothing that befel me savoured half as much of romance as that which occurred to my friend Holm. We had arrived in Madras about the same time, and after having lived together for many years, were only separated by his being ordered to Darwar, and myself to Bangalore. Having received a furlough, after an absence of two years, to visit Bangalore, I met him once more, and it was on this occasion he related the following adventure, which, however seemingly improbable, he declared to be true.

He had once—so he said—pitched his tent at the foot of the rocky and sterile hill that rises above the ancient fortress of Drug. After spending the early part of the day in surveying this fastness, the dwelling-place of the Rajah of Mysore, and one of the strongest forts in all India, he determined to devote the long afternoon that was before him to the chase, for he was a clever sportsman, and the best shot in his regiment. At that time there was no garrison in the place, for although the situation was beautiful, and the landscape around singularly romantic and picturesque, it was looked upon as a spot particularly unhealthy. Water is not

to be had in sufficient quantity, and what there is of bad quality, and the plain which stretches ten English miles from north to south, consists of a black, soft, spongy soil, which the natives call "cotton earth," and insist that it is prolific in engendering pestilence and plague. According to the ancient custom of Asiatic fortification, this stronghold is encompassed by many walls, each one enclosing the other, so that the outer may be taken by stratagem or force, without the dwellers inside the castle ever dreaming of danger.

On the sultry afternoon of the day already spoken of, Holm directed his steps towards a thicket that lay on the eastern side of the plain. He had instructed his servants not to expect him before dark, but, during his absence, to get everything in readiness for decampment at the early dawn.

"I had," continued my friend, in his further relation, "taken a young native lad with me, and was a little astonished when the fellow utterly refused to follow me in a certain direction—he insisted that tigers and panthers harbored thickly in that place. Notwithstanding this obstinacy, the boy rendered me good service, and my hunting succeeded so well, that before five o'clock I had killed several bustards, a brace of hares, and another large bird with a most singular name and beautiful plumage. I gave the latter to my dark hued companion, and great was his joy at becoming its possessor—the rest I stuffed into my game bag, and as I did not wish to return to the tent at this early hour, I sent

the boy, after he had directed me what course to take, to carry the spoils to my servants, that they might prepare them before my return.

As soon as he left me I threw myself down on the grass to rest, among which thousands of bright hued flowers breathed forth their fragrant odors. Here, beneath the blue sky of India, refreshed by those soft perfumes, and fanned by the cool breeze of the advancing evening, I should have lain, indulging in sweet waking dreams, and building castles in the air, until it was time to return to my tent, had not the discordant scream of a peacock just behind me disturbed the bright visions that were floating over my soul. I raised myself up to look at this bird of Juna—the glorious creature raised itself for flight, and although it swung with unsteady vibration scarcely two feet above the earth, it continued to do so until it had nearly reached the wood.

"Shall I seek after the vein of gold," thought I, "or shall I pursue the wise bird that, unlike man, avoids it?" for at that moment I remembered a popular superstition among the Hindoos, namely, that the peacock has such an abhorrence of gold, that in spite of its reluctance to fly, and notwithstanding its unwieldy and difficult movements when attempting the same, it yet never passes over the spot where gold is buried, otherwise than by flight; it never touches with its feet the earth where the dangerous ore, for which man often pollutes his hands and perils his soul, is hidden. I thought, too, of the common belief, the truth of which was attested by every day's experience, that where "peacocks sojourn, there tigers dwell."

But then I had never shot a peacock, and the love of the chase predominating over prudence, I dismissed my pleasant visions, and gathering myself up, I left my delightful resting place, and was deeply buried in the recesses of the wood before I remembered that it was the very spot to which my Indian boy had refused to guide me.

Twice I had started the beautiful bird—twice I had him within range of my bullet; and now, certain of succeeding, I stepped across a deep gulley, through which a small rivulet trickled, and over which he had gone, when my attention was attracted by some foot-marks on the soft sand. My eye was frozen to the spot—these traces were the unmistakable impressions made by the tread of a panther. As I knew that in spots like this—deep dells, where cool shadows and rivulets invited even man to repose—it was that the leopard and wild cat chooses to fix his lair, I had no mind to intrude, so I gave up the chase after the peacock, and resolved to retrace my steps as rapidly as possible. I had not measured forty paces on my backward path, when a loud roaring plainly heralded that danger was near. And it was close by; in the very direction in which I was proceeding, I saw a pair of fiery balls glaring upon me from between the flower laden branches of an acacia. They were the eyes of a crouching panther, that, meditating a leap upon me, was beating, in token of his hostile intention, upon the earth with his tail.

As nearly as I could calculate, the animal was at the distance of two leaps off. My fowling piece was loaded, but

not with ball; on my right hand was an open space, that ended in a dense pine thicket that had every appearance of having been lately overflowed; for as far as I could see, from this spot as well as between the trees, the grass had been washed away, and the branches and twigs with which the ground was plentifully strewed, showed that they had been made acquainted with the mud of the brook. One glance was sufficient to convince me that the trunk of the nearest tree must be my place of refuge; yet, at the same time that I almost despaired of reaching it before the panther made his assault upon me, instead of proceeding in the direction from whence I came, I made a sudden spring to the right, and in the next moment I had reached the desired spot. In doing so, however, I met with a new and unexpected danger;—for as I rested one moment on the ground that lay between me and the tree, I found that the leaf strewn soil on which I stood was giving way, and gradually caving in. I found myself half buried in a pit-fall. At the next moment the pursuing panther was following in the path I had left but one moment before; and in another, he stepped on the insecure foundation which had proved so faithless to me. He made a leap, the huge beast, and alighted one foot beyond the border of the pitfall where I lay; but scarcely had his feet touched the treacherous superstructure, ere it gave way. He fell backwards; but still held fast to the edge of the ditch—if so it may be called—by his fore paws, while he turned his head towards me, and blew his hot and offensive breath full into my face.

As if bound by some frightful spell of enchantment, in my first amazement I gazed upon the fearful animal, and the blood froze within my veins; the huge and fearful frame, as it hung over the side of the pit, the red eyes that glared upon me with blood-thirsty fury, the foam covered jaws that wide open disclosed a throat ready to devour, and from which issued a low savage growl that sounded like a threat of vengeance, filled me with horror, and well nigh deprived me of the power of thought. At last he succeeded in rising out of the cavity in which he had fallen. I knew that when he was once free, my last hour had come. I mustered up what strength I could, and raising my fowling-piece, which was ready loaded, and I had not parted from, I aimed it between those glaring eyes that still rested on me, and fired. With a frightful yell the panther fell back into the hollow; and exhausted with terror and the efforts I had made, I sunk upon my knees and uttered a prayer of sincerest gratitude to heaven for my wonderful escape.

But there was no time for delay, for the evening was coming on, and the shadows cast by the tall trees had increased to almost gigantic length. In my chase after the peacock I had wandered so far into the wood that I had completely lost my way. Yet I went forward until I found I was getting more and more astray; path nor footmark was nowhere to be seen. I stood still to consider what was to be done. The sun was setting, and his golden rays, like a troop of radiant spirits flitting between the lofty trees, and playing among the dark green foliage, reminded me

that I had come from west to east, and that I must turn my face towards the sunset horizon, above which Night's dusky brow was now plainly visible. But the thicket became more dense, the trees stood closer; and as I held on my way, I found it full of innumerable clefts and pitholds, which, covered with dry branches, swept over them by tempest and tornado, and strewn with leaves, made procedure extremely dangerous. I felt myself to be in a situation not only very uncomfortable but highly perilous. I wandered onward, until I found myself at the entrance of a kind of cavern, but dreading it might be the lair of a panther, or some other ferocious animal, I turned away and began to ascend a little hillock that, covered with soft moss and creeping vines, I judged might form the roof of the cave, if such the hollow space below might be called. The acclivity, although not high, was steep; and as I clambered up it on my hands and knees, for it was too soft and slippery to afford a firm footing, I thought I heard the hum of human voices below. I stood still to listen, but my upright position was productive of bad consequence; the earth all at once gave way, and I found myself in a like predicament with my late enemy; for I fell, and I knew not how or where I was going to stop. Once more I was bewildered; but soon found I was not hurt, although I must confess I was a little frightened to find I had alighted among a company even yet more alarmed than myself. Screams, shouts and bitterest cursings met my ears on all sides.

"A tiger—a tiger!" shrieked one of the party, as, starting up, he tumbled over the rest.

"A goblin—a ghost—the devil!" shouted the others, as they huddled into a nook.

By this time I had somewhat recovered my senses, and as I gathered up my unhurt limbs, and my trusty gun, I found myself in a subterranean hut, the occupants of which were an old man, a woman, and a boy. All three had been busy about a large fire, around which a number of the utensils used by the natives in the distillation of arrach, lay scattered. I did not know whether to congratulate myself or not, on the companionship into which my sudden fall had brought me; for without doubt I was in the hiding-place of an illicit distiller of ardent spirits. Determining, however, to make the best of it, I related my adventure with the panther, and promised a reward to any one of them that would guide me on my way. They were an innocent and harmless kind of people, and expressed great joy on hearing I had killed the panther; he was particularly ferocious they said, and a great terror to that part of the forest; that he had often been pursued by the hunters, and that his female had been killed a few weeks before. They begged me not to disclose the secret of their hiding-place, and directed the boy to place me on a path which led straight in the way to the tent I was so desirous of reaching.

My young friend was soon ready, and we left the cavern; but the adventures and terrors of the night were not yet over. It had now become perfectly dark. The short twilight, peculiar to this Indian climate, had come and gone whilst I lingered in that subterranean dwelling, which I

found was situated on the border of the plain, the hillock that formed its roof being hidden by the last thicket which fringed the forest. We had not passed over one of the six miles which the old man told me lay between his hut and the tent I wished to reach, when my little guide stumbled over something that lay in the narrow and uneven path; he fell, and in so doing struck his knee against a sharp rock that rose on one side. The wound bled considerably at first, but I had a supply of adhesive plaster with me, and I succeeded in binding it up so that he could walk; but the poor boy seemed to suffer so greatly from weariness and pain, and longed so much to be at home, that, having been placed in the right path myself, and after giving him a few rupees, I dismissed him and proceeded alone.

He bade me keep on, but be very careful to observe a perfectly straight course, if I wished to reach the spot where we had encamped in safety; but I deemed such strict injunction useless, for it seemed to me utterly impossible that I could stray from the single path, that was so plainly discernible from the rugged and uneven ground that bordered it. The moon was not yet arisen, but light enough remained in the heavens to show the character of the place over which I travelled.

The open plain was broken up by sand pits or deep gulleys, now dry, but in the rainy season served as beds for the mountain streams that, at the time of the monsoon, swell into torrents and inundate the lowlands, while here and there a group of trees or thicket of shrubbery relieved the monot-

ony that otherwise had been so painful to the eye. Behind me I could yet distinguish the dark outline of hill and forest, but before me was only the wide and sterile plain, with darkness resting upon it, save where, in the far distance, the watchfire of some pilgrim served as a way-mark, or the twinkling light of a taper that, burning in some low cottage, or haply showing the sanctuary of the solitary fakir, cheered the heart of the wanderer, and by its exhibition proclaimed that life was there. These were the beacons that guided me on my lonely way, and as long as I kept them in sight I did very well, but as I left the plain behind me they vanished, and I saw them no more.

I sauntered along slowly, enjoying all the beauties of an Asiatic night, which were plentifully grouped around me. The air was delightfully cool; myriads of insects, born only of the night, floated in the light atmosphere; but as the hours wore on, the beauty was lost sight of in the annoyances that accompanied them. The offensive green bugs, peculiar to an Indian climate, fastened themselves in my hair; hungry musquitoes were humming their threatening songs about my ears, and large white winged moths dashed into my face, obstinately insolent, and as though determined to banquet on my eyes. Crickets and locusts filled the air with their chirpings; occasionally an owl would sweep across the plain, and as if offended at the human being who dared to invade his solitude, flapped her large wings in my face, in testimony of her displeasure; and, as I crossed a little brook, a troop of white herons, that generally harbor

in the damp low rice fields, rose up like a cloud from beside the water, and flew screaming to their retreat.

To all this was added the cry of the bittern, that dwelt among the rushes by the brook, and the croaking of innumerable frogs, while thousands of fire-flies made the firmament luminous. Those beautiful insects danced and sparkled round me like flying diamonds; they covered the trees of the forest, that now lay in my way, until every twig seemed studded with fairy lamps—every leaf bedewed with brilliants more dazzling than rubies or emeralds; and I stood still to survey and admire the temple of nature thus brilliantly illuminated, with which no enchanter's palace could compare. It was wonderful—suddenly, as they blazed forth in glancing brightness, as suddenly were they extinguished,—one moment the branches, twigs and leaves were all visible; the next all was once more veiled in deep night.

The darkness had by this time increased so much, that it was with great difficulty I could discern the path; I knew that the moon would make her appearance ere long, and as I could not stray whilst standing still, I resolved to remain in a position that promised at least security until her friendly light should enable me to proceed. I had clambered up the side of a rugged knoll, at the farthest side of which a small rill, scarce two steps wide, wound its way through a deep chasm formed by some mountain torrent, and lay down on the bank to rest. The refreshing coolness of the breeze, as it swept lightly through the narrow chasm, the rich odors it bore on its wings from the

flowers that bloomed in the neighboring thicket, the absence of those tormenting insects which swarmed on the plain, and a very considerable feeling of weariness, combined to make me drowsy. Careless of danger, I yielded to the irresistible demand of the leaden god. I slept soundly, when suddenly my slumber was broken by something that rushed past me ; a rattling noise was heard, and I felt some sharp instrument pierce my leg. Again a clattering noise, as if a bundle of canes had been hastily thrown together, was heard, and then silence as deep as though it had never been interrupted, once more resumed her reign.

Not a little alarmed, I felt my leg with my hand in order to ascertain if possible what had wounded me,—something like a pointed weapon had penetrated my trowsers, and blood was flowing from my limb. I could not see what it was, so thick was the darkness, but I pulled it out and threw it on the earth. Had I a concealed enemy? Was it an arrow? No, it was only a quill which an offended porcupine had shot at me. This shy and retiring animal, so chary ever of being seen, had come to the brook to drink, and alarmed by the involuntary movement I made in sleep, mistaking me for an enemy, had been robbed of one of his beautiful spotted quills, from which the natives of India manufacture so many ingenious articles of basket work.

The moon still delayed her coming, and it was yet dark, but the pitchy blackness which a short time before had veiled the horizon was vanished. I thought it was perhaps the safer plan to get out of the neighborhood of the water. I,

therefore, clambered up the steep and rugged side of the rivulet, and returned to the plain, where I threw myself on the rough prickly grass, determined to keep watch until the moon should rise. But before I was aware, and even as I watched the horizon where her first faint beam was becoming visible, the god of sleep, too mighty for me to resist, overpowered me, and I submitted to him. It was certainly so; I slept soundly and sweetly. Never had my slumbers in the open air been so soft and pleasant as in that night; but their awaking was accompanied with unspeakable horror. Before I was fully awake I had a singular presentiment; and this same foreboding fettered me to the earth, and warned me against making the slightest movement. I knew that some shadow was passing over me, and that it was most prudent to remain perfectly motionless, as though I were something inanimate. I felt that my feet were confined by a weight like that of a living charm; but the benevolent drowsiness by which my senses were partially benumbed prevented any desire to move; and it was not until consciousness fully returned that I was aware of the presence of a huge serpent that lay coiled up on my legs, reaching even to my knees.

"Heavenly Father, I am lost!" I exclaimed to myself, whilst every drop of blood in my veins seemed congealed to ice. I shook like an aspen leaf, until the fear that the trembling might awake my venomous neighbor checked my agitation, and once more I resigned myself to lie quietly. The snake appeared to be asleep, at least he remained with-

out making the smallest movement. I know not how long I remained in this condition, for to those enduring such anguish as I did at that time, the shortest space of subdivided time is an eternity.

All at once the moon stepped forth from behind a cloud, illumined the heavens, and flooded the plain with her silver light, so that I could see everything as plainly as by day. I lay still stretched out on my side as I had done whilst sleeping, with one hand under my head, from whence I dared not remove it; neither dared I look towards my frightful sleeping companion, whom my evil genius had certainly sent to meet me. To add to my terror, some new danger was approaching, for I heard a peculiar humming or purring like that made by a cat, which was followed by a few quick and firm steps close beside me. The snake heard the noise too; he roused himself instantly, and I felt him move. He crawled upwards towards my breast. In this same moment, when I had almost lost my senses from the overpowering anxiety I suffered, believing that death in one of its most horrible forms was ready to strike me, some living thing jumped first upon my shoulder, and after resting there for a moment, sprang upon the snake. This new assailant uttered a piercing cry as he commenced his assault upon his huge enemy, who prepared to meet the onset with a loud and far-sounding hiss. For one moment I felt them racing over my body—in the next they were near me on the grass; then I saw them a few paces distant battling vigorously with each other—it was an Ichneumon and a Cobra di Capella, or hooded snake.

Relieved from my worst fears, I sprang up to witness this singular battle, for the moon was now high in the heavens, and it was clear as day. The venomous fascination believed to exist in the glance of the serpent, proved itself powerless before the sharp eye of its little antagonist. I saw the ichneumon, when bitten by his enemy, dart to one side to seek the plant whose juice is the antidote to the poison ejected from the fangs of this snake; and I wondered at the power of instinct and wonders of nature when I saw him return to renew the combat with fresh vigour, and how the reptile resisted the attacks of his little antagonist, until disabled from head to tail, he sunk from his half upright position, and, with a faint hiss, fell lifeless on the ground.

Kind, benevolent little animal! Since that time I have always kept an ichneumon, and have learned to treasure him as I would a faithful dog, having found him not less attached and equally playful.

The adventures of the night, now pretty well advanced, were ended with the defeat of the cobra. I set forward, guided by the benevolent light of the moon, and had no further difficulty in finding the way to my tent, where I found my servants in no small anxiety concerning my protracted absence. I had no need to admonish them that, after the fatigues of such a day, a good supper would relish well. They had a meal which an epicure would praise ready, and to which I did ample justice. After which I betook myself to rest, and my slumber was too sound to be disturbed by any shadow which the remembrance of my dangerous adventures had left on my waking soul.

The Panther's Den.

I HAD left the hunting party for something more than an hour, and was sauntering slowly along by myself, without having found any game to enrich my bag or furnish a subject to boast of, when I came upon the path of my old friend Konwell, who was with his dogs on the bloody trail of a panther. The animal must have had one of his legs broken; this was indicated by the marks on the soft ground, and it was plain that the tracks were made by three feet instead of four, and accompanied by blood at every leap. I determined to follow, and therefore as quickly as my feet would carry me, and after a tramp of nearly an hour I overtook my friend at the entrance of a cavern where he stood waiting for me, for he knew that I must come upon the path taken by himself, and that as soon as I had seen the trail of the panther, would be sure to follow him.

The wounded animal had taken refuge in this cave, leaving us to do whatever we thought best. He supposed, poor beast, that within that murky recess he was safe from pursuit, but he was mistaken. Konwell informed me that he had hidden a bundle of pine splinters in a gulley about half a mile distant, and that if I would keep guard over the mouth of the cave, he would go and bring it.

I agreed to this measure at once; and with ready gun and drawn knife, prepared for any attack that might be made, I lay down at the entrance of the panther's cave. I found lying on the hard rock anything but pleasant; and right glad was I when my friend returned, which he did sooner than I expected, bringing the pine as he had promised. His next movement was to kindle a large fire at the mouth of the cave at which we lighted the torches; and having taken the flambeau in our left hand, whilst we carried our gun in the right, we cautiously entered the cave. I crept on before, but the space within soon became so high and roomy, that we could stand upright, and keep close to each other.

Bending towards the left, the cavity extended a considerable distance within the hill. After we had advanced perhaps two hundred steps, we saw the glaring eyes of the wounded beast, as he closed them from time to time; and then again opening them, they glared forth like two fiery balls, reflecting most luridly the light of our torches.

The old man now took my flambeau and stepped behind me. I levelled my gun in the direction of those flaming eyes and fired; and after the report we heard a bustle, but could not exactly make out what it meant. I reloaded my piece, resumed my torch, and the old man now took his place in front. But as those flaming eyes were no more to be seen, we felt ourselves obliged to go farther. Our guns ready loaded, lay on our left forearm; so we believed ourselves prepared for everything. We proceeded carefully, and as

men are likely to do when suspecting danger, when all at once the panther started up from a hollow in which he was lying quite close to our feet. It was a fearfully beautiful sight to look upon him as he stood with ears laid back, his white teeth set together as if in intense anger, and those wide open eyes glowing and sparkling as they rested upon us his assailants. I can never forget his appearance. In a moment the guns were discharged,—the cave returned the thundering echo. We had both fired so precisely at the same moment, that neither of us could believe the other had shot. We were certain that our enemy had been struck, but we knew not whether killed or only disabled; so, with the speed of lightning, we dropped our guns and drew our knives from the sheath. And haste was necessary, for the echo had not relapsed into silence before we felt the weight of the panther against us; and we began cutting at him with our knives, and at the same moment, in consequence of our hurried movements, we saw our torches die out—we were left in utter darkness. Deafened by the noise, and utterly bewildered, I turned mechanically to fly from the now raging enemy, and only became perfectly aware of what I was doing when I found myself standing beside the old man outside the cave in the open air. I only know now, that enveloped in thick darkness, and almost suffocated with the smoke of gunpowder, I groped about not knowing what I wished or intended, and that Konwell at last drew me forcibly to the mouth of the cave. There we stood, each one brandishing his hunting-knife in his right hand, and holding the extin-

guished torch in the left; and as we looked on each other, we scarcely knew whether to laugh or be frightened at the strange figures we made. We were black as Cyclops' with powder smoke, covered with sweat and blood, and our clothing torn to rags exposed our naked limbs.

The old man complained of pain in his breast. I opened the bosom of his shirt and found two deep gashes made by the panther's claws, extending from the left shoulder to the pit of the stomach. I had also received a few scratches, but our stout hunting-shirts were torn into ribbons. Until this moment neither of us had felt that we were wounded; and even now, before we began to think of dressing those wounds, we made up a large fire at the mouth of the cavern, in order to prevent the panther from coming forth. This done, we sat down beside the genial blaze to wash and bind up our scratches, and consult on what plan it was now best to proceed.

That the panther was still in the cave we were certain, but whether living or dead we did not know; at all events he was wounded, for our hunting knives were covered with blood quite up to the hilt. But we had no choice left—we must return, for our guns and Konwell's powder flask, which the animal had dragged off with him, still lay within the hollow. To kill him by making a fire within, so as to suffocate him with smoke, was possible; but it was not improbable but that there was some vent by which it might escape, and in that case our labour would be lost and our time wasted. We, therefore, plucked up new courage; and having re-

lighted our torches, we brandished our knives, and prepared, though not without some heart throbbings, once more to enter the panther's den.

With light and cautious steps, lest we might be as unpleasantly surprised as we had been when we made our hasty retreat, we advanced, holding our torches before us, to the spot where we had dropped our guns, and without meeting with any hindrance from our enemy. I now became sole torch-bearer, holding the old man's flambeau whilst he loaded his gun; then giving him mine, I did the same. Once more in possession of our trusty weapons, we stepped forward with lighter hearts, yet still with great caution, when all at once the old man exclaimed, as he raised the flaming pine high above his head, and pointed with it in a certain direction—

"See—there he is!"

This was the first word that had been spoken since we re-entered the cavern. I looked in the indicated direction, and there indeed lay the panther, stretched out at full length, but no longer dangerous. His eyes were set, his limbs were rigid—the last agony was over. We skinned and cut him up, even as he lay. All three bullets had struck him, and both knives penetrated his body; and it must have been in the death struggle that he leaped upon us.

When our work was ended, and we again came to the open air, the sun was low in the horizon, and all haste was necessary that we should set out on our forest path without further delay. Our wounds smarted not a little; and although

we took time once more to wash them, became so stiff that our progress was both toilsome and tedious. We soon became convinced that we should not succeed in reaching our companions whilst the daylight remained, and we determined to bivouac for the night at the foot of a rocky declivity, which promised a good shelter from the cutting wind. To add to our discomfort, hunger began to make itself painfully felt; but this was soon overpowered by weariness, and having gathered up the dry pine branches that lay scattered plentifully around, we kindled up a good fire and without troubling ourselves to prepare anything for supper, we stretched ourselves on the grass before it, and found the warmth most grateful.

Worn out by the toils of the day, in a few minutes my old comrade was fast asleep; but although much inclined to follow his example, I was prevented by the restlessness of my dog, who seemed to wish to warn me of the presence of danger. The faithful animal, cringing closely to me, laid his nose on my shoulder, raising his head from time to time, and whined as though he wished to communicate something, and then for a few moments would remain quiet. Then all at once he would rise up as in the attitude of listening, occasionally uttering a low growl.

Completely awakened by this strange behaviour on the part of the well-trained animal, it seemed to me as if I heard a slight rustling among the dry undergrowth, and rising up to a half sitting posture, I looked towards the rock behind me, and, to my great astonishment, became aware of

a pair of glaring eyes fastened upon me. As my head was between the fire and those fearful eyes, I could plainly distinguish the fiery balls as, reflected on by the red light, they peered above the naked rock at whose foot I lay. It was a panther, and evidently, from the position in which I saw it, was ready for a spring. Happily on this, as on every other night, my trusty gun lay close beside me. I seized it, and half rising, so that the fire behind me afforded light for steady aim, I levelled it exactly between the two eyes. I drew the trigger—the bullet sped on its deadly errand, and the crack of the noble rifle, thundering against the steep rocks, returned with loud and prolonged echo.

Old Konwell, to whom the report of a gun was ever the sweetest music, now started up as if roused by an electric shock, and grasped his gun as a matter of course; the dog continued his barking, smelling all around, and looking in my face as if to inquire in what direction he should go. There was no rustling movement on the rock—the bullet must have told; and pleased with the thought, I smiled as I rammed down another charge into my gun.

My old friend shook his head as he inquired, "Why in the name of Heaven I had shot?" Without answering, I went on with my task of loading; this finished, I took up a blazing pine brand from the fire, and proceeded to climb the steep wall of rock that raised itself like a barrier, about twenty steps distant from the spot upon which we rested. Here I found an old panther, the largest I had ever seen, lying dead—my well-directed bullet had finished him. I

flung the body over the rock, and my old comrade dragged him to the fire. The ball had struck him directly in the right eye, passing through to the brain. He was a fearful looking animal, with terrible teeth and claws, and the more to be dreaded as, when we cut him up, his stomach was found entirely empty. I believed that hunger had driven him so close to the fire, but Konwell thought he had scented the fresh venison we had with us. Be that as it may, there was little doubt but that he would have made a leap as soon as the intervening fire had burnt down; to its friendly presence, therefore, on this occasion, as a means of Providence, we owed our lives.

THE

HUNTERS OF THE WORLD;

OR

WILD SPORTS

AND

ADVENTURES IN ENCOUNTERS WITH WILD ANIMALS IN EVERY PART OF THE WORLD.

BY THEO. DIELITZ.

PROFESSOR IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTE, BERLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY A LADY.

With Illustrations on Stone.

WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
1854.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by

WILLIS P. HAZARD,

in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PRINTED BY SMITH & PETERS,

Franklin Buildings, Sixth Street below Arch, Philadelphia.

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TRAVELLERS' ADVENTURES.

A Panther Hunt.

YELLING and barking, three slender nimble-footed hounds were scouring through the forest, their noses almost touching the earth; now peering through the undergrowth, now snuffing the air or smelling the dry leaves, sometimes leaving the track, sometimes losing the scent altogether, and then starting off to renew it again. A lusty bark showed when they were on the trail of some wild beast; for, although occasionally attracted by the swift-footed hare or timid rabbit that would cross their path, or snuffing round some fallen tree or half decayed log, they never gave up the chase altogether. Thus coursing, they at length reached a spot where their prey must either have tarried for a time, or the trail had been crossed, for yelping, they again stood still as if at fault; then once more they dashed forward, and with wild and whining tones they sought through the undergrowth, and sprung into the midst of thickets of climbing plants with which the spot was enclosed.

All at once a rustling was heard in the bushes, then they parted, and in the opening appeared a young man seated on a small black horse, brandishing a large hunting-knife, with which he hewed down the creeping vines and whatever else opposed his progress, to the manifest danger of the dogs,

who, apparently delighted with his presence, made up to him, and encircled him with their clumsy gambols, but only for a moment or two, for that being over, they renewed the chase with greater zeal than ever.

"That's right, my brave dogs!" cried the young huntsman, while he reined in his horse, stuck his knife in its sheath, and laid his long rifle, which he carried over his left shoulder, on the saddle-bow before him; "that is right—search, search! You are on the track this time, and I think we will not let the thief, who has carried off my pigs so often, escape this time!"

"Hallo!" he cried, raising himself up high in his stirrups, as he saw that the oldest dog had all at once found the scent, and starting off in full cry before the rest, vanish in the thicket. The young huntsman threw back his gun to its first position on his shoulder, grasped his bridle rein in his right hand, struck his spur into the side of his steed, causing him to fly in bounding leaps over the path by which the dogs had disappeared. Fallen trunks, spots thickly covered with brambles, marshy pits and bog-holes lay in the way, but they afforded no obstacle to the zeal which animated his cause. Forward he dashed, that foaming steed, snorting and neighing as though he tried to echo the hunting-cry, and shared in the joy of his exulting master. Once more the dogs held up; but this time their course was not checked by the uncertainty of the way their enemy had taken, for, barking and yelping, setting up a terrible outcry, they made as if ready to climb up a tall oak that stood near,

and failing of this, in their rage began to gnaw the roots and rough bark of the mighty tree.

The young huntsman now appeared on the field of strife, and without waiting for any solicitation from his dogs, sprung from his saddle with all the agility of one well acquainted with forest life. With searching glance he peered up into the thick leaved tree, up which the dogs seemed once more determined to climb, and his practised eye soon discerned, ensconced amidst the thickly interwoven branches, a living creature that, as it crouched closely into its hiding-place, rolled up like a ball, and evidently deemed itself hidden and unseen.

The thick leaves that clustered there made the spot where the animal harbored so dark, that it would have puzzled any one less versed in woodcraft than our young acquaintance to have named the creature that nestled in their deep shadow. But to him such knowledge was easy. His sharp eye at once discerned, in the rolled up figure, a young panther, betrayed by the long tail it could not entirely conceal. He had levelled his gun in the direction of the animal—the dogs stood silent and immovable, looking anxious and expectant, alternately towards the gun, waiting to hear the report, and see the flash blaze forth, or gazing up into the tree where they knew their enemy was seated.

At length they grew tired of his delay, and with low whinings, that seemed like the language of entreaty, they sought to urge him to fire upon the creature. But their master seemed to have altered his intention—he lowered his

gun, and began anew to scrutinize the tree with even more searching glance than before. After gazing up into it for some time, as though he was considering some matter of importance, he seemed at length to have found out what he wanted, and placing his gun against the trunk of an overthrown tree that was not far distant from him, unloosed his belt, in which was stuck both knife and tomahawk, threw off his hunting-shirt, and then, with his girdle in his hand, went back to the oak which the dogs were still watching, at the same time that not the slightest of his movements was lost upon them.

"I'll try it," he murmured at last to himself; "I'll try it, and take him alive. I have only to carry him to the next town, and I shall get ten or fifteen dollars for him as soon as I ask it; but, on the other hand, if I shoot him, his skin will not bring me more than a shilling or so. The old one must have gone clear off, for I do not see her any where up in the tree, and any man would be willing to bear a few scratches from the young devil for the sake of ten dollars; so young Mr. Panther, look out—I am coming!"

As he concluded his speech, he went up to his horse, who was quietly grazing on the soft herbage, and taking a rope that served as a halter from around the animal's neck, buckled his girdle tightly, and with his knife stuck into it in backwood's fashion, he began to climb the tree. He was unable to encircle its huge trunk with his arms, he therefore threw the rope around it, took hold of both ends in such a manner that it served as a support, and then with its help,

and using his arms alternately, the one above the other, he began cautiously to ascend the tree. The dogs seemed instinctively to comprehend his movement, and whining and barking, they gamboled gaily round the roots of the sturdy oak, looking up from time to time, at the little enemy that sat still hidden in the branches. It was slow work, but sure. Using great caution, he climbed up the tall, rough trunk, perhaps thirty feet, until he reached the first branch. Here he stopped for a moment to rest and take breath; at the same time he tested the strength of his girdle, and felt if his knife was secure, looked at the young wild cat that lay still rolled up in a ball-like form among the embowering leaves that belonged to this same branch, slung his rope, the service of which he no longer needed, over his shoulder, and continued to ascend. The slenderer branches crossing each other, forming a natural ladder, greatly assisted his progress, and brought him in close neighborhood with the panther cub, that still remained lying in its first position, and now, without moving, looked straight into the face of the approaching enemy with eyes plainly indicative of its ferocious nature.

But another glance, wilder and even more ferocious, was resting on the young hunter, sent forth by a more dangerous neighbor, and one of whose proximity he had not the slightest suspicion. This was none other than the mother panther, who had made her lair in a neighboring tree, the branches of which interlacing with those amidst which the young one was sitting, made it an easy matter to pass from

one to the other. There she was, stooping and crouching, ready for a spring, waving her long tail, and apparently waiting only until the enemy should come fairly within her range; and then, with one powerful leap she would throw herself upon the bold invader who had the hardihood to approach her young, and fastening upon him with teeth and claws, tear him to pieces.

Ignorant of this threatening danger, and careless of everything but how best to secure his prey, the youth swung from limb to limb, until he came almost within touching distance of the young panther, that now rose slowly from its crouching posture, and standing upon the limb with arching back, in the manner usual with cats when rising from a recumbent posture, looked down quietly upon the daring hunter on the branch directly below. The latter once more stopped to rest and consider, but one moment was sufficient for both purposes; taking the rope he had wound round his shoulders, he made a running noose of it, with the intention of throwing it over the young panther's head, then steadying himself by means of two other branches, he waited for the proper moment to seize his prey. Whilst he was thus engaged, the old one was also making her preparations; and as he was about to raise his hand to fling his noose, he caught the glaring eye of his deadly enemy, just as she stooped in readiness to make the decisive leap.

Inured, from earliest childhood, to the hardships of forest life, and familiar with all the dangers that threaten the hunter in the pursuit of his perilous calling, our young

woodsman still retained his presence of mind, and in that fearful moment was yet collected enough to step on the limb below, and draw the branch, on the lower part of which he stood, to serve as a screen between him and his enemy. This was done swift as thought, and before the animal could conclude her spring;—the quick movement was successful. At the very moment it was accomplished, the panther had alighted on the spot he had so suddenly vacated, her gleaming eyes gazing ferociously into those of the undaunted huntsman, who with his left arm twisted in the interposing branch, and brandishing his naked knife in his right hand, still kept his footing and his presence of mind, whilst with every breath he drew, he expected his enemy to spring upon him. It has been said the fiercest animals can be intimidated by the glance of the human eye; and the panther, at least, held in check by that which now rested on her, began to busy herself about the safety of her young; yet still keeping watch on every movement made by her enemy, lay not six feet distant from him, and waving her long tail, which with these animals as with all of the cat kind, is a symptom of determined hostility. For a long time our youth deemed himself lost; for although his knife was sharp, and had often done him good service in his forest craft against a grisly bear or dangerous wolf, the posture in which he stood made any movement whatever highly perilous. The slightest swerving from his precarious foothold would have sent him to be dashed to pieces on the earth below; and such was certain to be the consequence of a battle with his enemy. Finding,

however, the spring delayed, and that the panther contented herself, for the present, with watching him, he quickly but cautiously, dreading to provoke the animal, restored his knife to its sheath, and began slowly to retreat.

The panther, as she saw the distance gradually increase between herself and the young hunter, began to follow on in the same measure. The latter often laid his hand on the haft of his knife when he saw the slender form crouch in readiness for a spring; but as he never for a moment withdrew his steady eye from gazing into that of the animal, its intimidating influence checked the deadly purpose. Proceeding thus, he reached the lowest branch, and once more flinging the rope around the trunk, he grasped the two ends as he had done when ascending, and slid down as quietly and swiftly as he could. By this time the dogs had discovered the enemy in the branches, as she followed close on the track of their master, and were now springing upon the trunk as if resolved to climb the tree to his rescue, howling and barking in wild rage as they found their efforts unavailing. The din was terrific, but the bold youth still unmoved, continued his course downward, and at length reached the ground. His clothes were torn, the blood dropped from his arms, for the rough bark had torn them, his strength was exhausted, and his knees trembled. But he did not allow himself one moment to rest, for at the same instant that his foot touched the firm earth, he sprang to the place where he had left his gun, and seizing it hastily, leveled it at the panther, hoping, by one shot, to bring her down from her

lofty lair. But in vain he tried to bring it to the proper level; his practised hand, unnerved by such severe exertion, failed of its usual steadiness; he could not call up the necessary strength, not even for one second. His limbs shook as in a fit of ague, and he found himself obliged to throw his trusty weapon from him and sit down to rest. But he turned not his eye from the panther, that still was crouching as if meditating a leap, near her young one, while the latter, no longer in fear of danger, stood up on the same branch where he had first seen it, and with elevated back and tail, and glossy skin, was a beautiful specimen of its kind.

Our bold youth soon recovered; once more he grasped his gun, and this time his hand was steady, and his aim true; the bullet sped, and the report thundered through the forest, calling up the echoes from the distant hills.

The panther pierced by the deadly shot, drew herself together, then springing up, clambered in wild haste from branch to branch until she reached the very top of the tree. The slender boughs bent beneath her weight, and the frail twigs swayed as her feet rested upon them; she gained nearly to the topmost one, but as she prepared to leap upon a higher, the faithless support gave way, and she fell dead at the feet of the young woodsman, and in the midst of the howling and expectant dogs.

There was now nothing to hinder his taking the young one alive, and the task would have been comparatively easy, for it had anxiously followed its dam to the lowest

branch of the tree, but exhausted as he was, he dared not trust his strength to make an effort to retrace the dangerous way. He once more loaded his gun, and the unerring shot brought the creature within the circle of the hounds, who filled the forest with their savage barkings as testimony of the victory they had gained.

It was but a few minutes work to strip the skins from both, and having thrown them over his saddle, the young hunter mounted his horse and hastened away to seek new dangers and secure other prey.

Bear Hunting

Bear Hunting.

Old Rawlins, one of the most vigorous hunters in all Arkansas, had gone out with many of his friends to hunt deer. When the party reached the forest, and had divided their force, they marched on with great circumspection, every now and then stopping to listen if any sound indicative of the animals they came to seek was to be heard. All at once one of the hunters, a young man named Frederick, stood still, and raising his gun, motioned to old Rawlins to look to one side. Five noble stags, with branching antlers, were quietly grazing scarce eighty steps distant, without any dread that such enemies were near. Frederick levelled his rifle, and was about to take aim at the finest one of the herd, when Rawlins gave him a signal to desist.

"What do you mean, young man?" said he, when he came within such distance as that a whisper could be heard. "Down with your gun! Would you ruin the whole hunt for the sake of shooting a poor miserable stag? Do you not hear that noise and crackling there in the cane brake? If there is not a bear hidden in there, why, it is because there are no bears in Arkansas. Look out now. I tell you let these trifling deer alone," cried he, in a tone of vexation, as he saw the youth cast a longing glance toward the

herd. "I say keep your eyes on the ground, and do not be crushing those crackling branches under your feet! Take care of the dogs that none of them break loose before the time, for if they do it will make hot work for us, I promise you."

Whilst the two hunters were proceeding as cautiously as possible, scarce daring to tread on the dry leaves and twigs with which the spot was strewed, the rustling among the canes which Rawlins' quick ear had discovered, grew every moment more distinct; Frederick at length distinguished it too. They now ascended a little acclivity covered with oak trees, and forming the bank of a river on one side; at an earlier period it might have separated the bed of the same from the marshy ground that lay beyond it, but now the growth of the hillock and swamp were strangely mingled. Dark firs sprung up beside the cypress, and the oak united his branches with the swamp pine, incongruously at variance with the forest laws of nature; just beyond it was a dense thicket of young canes, in the midst of which sassafras shrubs and thorny creepers raised their fragrant heads and varnished leaves. It was from this point the rustling heard by Rawlins proceeded, and now as the two men approached it with stealthy step, several dark forms were seen moving to and fro amidst the thick shrubbery and tall canes.

"What is all this—are there wild hogs here?" whispered Frederick to his companion, as he surveyed the agitated reeds attentively.

"Be quiet—for Heaven's sake, be quiet!" answered

Rawlins in a tone so low as to be scarcely audible; "three bears—by all that's pretty! My stars!—if we were only all together!"

"Look at Dehart,—where he comes crawling like a snake," returned Frederick, laughing, as he saw the young man dragging his "slow length" along in the manner peculiar to the reptile he had named.

"That is well—they must all three belong to us," asserted the old hunter with as much positiveness as if he already had the bears in his possession; "here, Fred—you stay at this spot, and aim direct at the largest of the cubs; Dehart, since he is so fond of crawling, may slip up to that point and take the other, and I will steal down into the hollow and manage the old one. But do not fire until you hear me shoot, or else we may only get the young devils, and miss the old dam."

By signs to Dehart, which he well understood, the experienced old backwoodsman made him acquainted with the presence and number of the bears, and bade him creep up to them by the right side of the hollow.

"Had not I better creep up to him and whisper our plan?" inquired Frederick.

"It is not necessary," answered Rawlins; "he knows now that there are more bears than one here, so he must understand also what we mean to do. Dehart has shot many a one before to-day."

As he spoke, he beckoned to his dogs, and with them following, crept through the thick undergrowth towards the

left. Dehart kept on to the right, as he had been directed, and was soon lost to sight among the bushes, while Frederick remained alone on the hillock, from whence he could see all that was going forward. He could now plainly discern an old bear with two cubs of about six months old; all three appeared busy in trying to overturn a half decayed log, in order to feast upon the worms and beetles that lay in the mellow earth beneath, and singular indeed was the manner in which they went to work. The old one raised herself upright, and taking hold of it with her fore paws, tried in this manner to roll it over, but not succeeding, she next placed her back against it, and the young ones were forced to assist her—and Frederick, who, scarce three hundred steps distant, and from his elevated position, could see all that was going on, was amused at the old bear's forcing her cubs to work, which she did by pulling them up with her fore paws, when they sat down beside the old log, instead of helping to turn it over. At length it gave way before their united strength, and the mother bear at once became busy in scratching up the worms and other insects for a feast she deemed worthy of all this trouble; the cubs, however, were soon satisfied, and played and gamboled round like two puppies, still approaching nearer to the spot where Dehart had crawled, and was concealed.

Frederick now began to think it high time to come somewhat nearer to the battle-ground, and was endeavoring to keep a stout oak between himself and the old one, so that behind this leafy barrier he could come within an hundred

paces unobserved. He had but half accomplished his purpose, when one of the cubs raised himself on his hind feet, looked sharply around into the thicket, and having lingered for one moment in this position, began to climb a cypress that stood close beside him. He had ascended six or eight feet, and perhaps deeming that a sufficient height, from which the thicket that lay below could be overlooked, he turned his head with a most knowing look towards the spot where Dehart lay concealed, and exactly within the range of his fire. In a moment the crack of his rifle was heard, the sound echoed far and wide, and with a loud outcry the young bear fell back from the cypress trunk into the prickly bushes below. Quick as lightning the other cub climbed up to the top of a scrubby tree—enraged and snorting, the old bear, with ears laid back and mouth wide open, came storming forth, ready to battle in defence of her young. Dehart heard her coming, and well knowing the dangerous predicament in which he was placed, he fled as only one does who is flying for his life. With wide leaps, he dashed wildly over bush and briar towards the high ground, whilst the bear, unheeding the spot where her young one lay wounded and moaning, followed close upon his track, as if caring only for revenge, and determined to punish the outraging enemy. Almost deprived of his senses by the near and threatening danger, for he heard the infuriated animal growling out her wrath just behind him, Dehart threw down his gun, and seeing Frederick, who, with his rifle ready to be discharged, had sprung to the highest point of the hillock, and was now

choosing a place from whence the shot would most likely have the best effect—he rushed past him like one demented, exclaiming, "Shoot—shoot; for Heaven's sake, shoot!"

Frederick was not a little surprised at the sudden turn matters had taken; he remained standing on the same spot, and levelled his gun at the foaming animal, to whose rage he most likely would have fallen a victim—for in such circumstances it was not likely that he could take a steady aim, or send a bullet exactly as he wished, had not Rawlins and his dogs appeared at that moment on the scene of battle. He threw himself directly in front of the young hunter, not fifteen steps distant from the infuriated bear, on whom he made a fearless attack. She dashed up towards him, with bristling hair and teeth ready to devour, but with one blow from his clenched hand he flung her on the ground, and his faithful dogs joining heartily in the fray, pinned her down there until their master should have made some new movement. Almost in the same instant, the old man discharged his ready rifle, and just as the bear had succeeded in freeing herself from the hounds, a bullet from his practised hand found a mark in her breast bone, shattering it to pieces.

The poor beast turned over on her back, and groaned like a human being. Frederick hardly had time to pull his broad hunting-knife from its sheath, until, with an effort proceeding from the strength lent by the death struggle, she once more dashed off the dogs, and springing upon her feet, looked wildly around, and seeing her enemy so near pre-

pared to attack him. With a face pale as death, but firm in its expression, the young huntsman stood with his bared knife in his convulsively clenched hand, waiting for the certain and deadly onset. But just as the rolling eyeballs of his desperate enemy met his own, seeming in their wrathful glancing to emit sparks of fire, the sharp crack of a second rifle was heard, and the well aimed bullet striking her in the head, shattered the skull; she fell on the spot, leaving the hunters masters of the field.

Before Frederick had time to recognize the fact of his deliverance, Thomson stepped forth from behind a tree where he had hidden himself, and laughing, called out to his surprised companion,

"Thunder and lightning! You are fixed nicely, with nothing but bears around you! That shot finished one of them, any how!"

"Listen, Thomson," answered Frederick, "I am sure you came in the very nick of time to save me, for even if I had used the old savage up with my knife, she would hardly have let me off with a whole skin. How wicked those creatures are when they are driven to desperation."

"Is it not nice," rejoined Thomson, as he smiled waggishly, "when you can no longer distinguish the animal's ears, and the whole head seems to be nothing but teeth and jaws, to send a couple of bullets right into the open throat? Ah, Frederick, yo ought to have been by last year, when we shot at an old bear three times, to see how she came snarling and snorting upon me."

"But, my good Thomson," interrupted Frederick, "this is no time to tell or listen to yarns,—we are not through our work here. There is another young one sitting somewhere among these trees."

"The devil there is!" exclaimed Thomson; "well, let us get at it. But where is Rawlins and Dehart? I heard the shot from Dehart's rifle first."

"Heaven knows where he is hidden at this moment!" answered Frederick, laughing. "If he kept on running at the same rate as he was when he rushed past me, his legs have carried him over a good bit of ground before this time. But there comes Rawlins; and, by my faith, Dehart too."

And indeed both men now came in sight; Rawlins, without uttering one word, either of command or inquiry, called the dogs together, and ran to the place where he judged the remaining cub was concealed. The young one, however, during the fracas with the others, had left the tree, and taken to its heels; but the hounds luckily came on the warm track, and snuffing, whining, and yelping, they followed the trail, and Rawlins expecting good sport, hastened after. Frederick started up prepared to join the keen old sportsman, but Thomson held him back.

'Stay where you are!" said he, "if the cub he is after is no bigger than the one that is lying there, Rawlins can soon finish him without help. And besides Dehart's dog must have fallen in with the hunt by this time."

"A fine fellow he is," cried Dehart, who just now came up; "see there—he has treed the creature already. I

know the ways of my old hunting dog, when he has treed anything; he sets himself right down, and barks out every half minute as loud as he can yell."

"Where is your gun, Dehart?" inquired Thomson, astonished; "have you come here just to take a walk in the woods for pleasure?"

"It must be lying somewhere not far distant from here," answered Dehart, looking rather foolish, whilst a very visible blush appeared on his embrowned visage; "a briar bush dragged it out of my hand as I was coming here to meet Fred."

"You must have been in a devilish hurry!" rejoined Thomson, "if you could not take time to stop and pick up your trusty rifle."

Fred bit his lips, and looked waggishly at Dehart.

"I'll tell you what," chimed in the latter, half angry, half laughing, "I think it is no shame for a man to show a clean pair of heels when, with an unloaded gun in his hand, and no hunting knife in his belt, he knows a savage old she bear is chasing him for his life. But I say, Fred,—tell the truth—I did not run badly? I made tracks to some purpose?"

"I can testify to that," said Frederick, laughing heartily. "You did not let the grass grow under your feet. You ran like an old turkey cock with his wings spread."

"I'll tell you," said Dehart, "there is no fun in being chased by such an old bear as this,—a man can run as swift as a deer, and will not get tired."

At this moment a shot from a rifle echoed from the hollow, and the young men heard a sound as though some heavy body had fallen.

"There," cried Thomson, "old Rawlins has fired off his gun at last. But it seems to me, as things look in this light, that we have not made a bad day's work, although we have not shot a deer to carry home for supper, for when we reach our tent we will be able to sup with greasy fingers."

"I somewhat doubt that," said Frederick; "the old bear is as thin as one of Pharaoh's lean kine,—the young ones may be are in better keeping. But what are we going to do? stay here all night, or go and look after our horses?"

"We will wait until Rawlins comes, before we decide," said Thomson; "meanwhile, we will bring the young one here, and strip the skin off the old one, since her flesh is not fit to be eaten."

"Indeed," said Dehart, "I'll take the hind legs with me. The old thing showed herself so eager to make a meal of me, that I am determined to have a taste of her flesh, whether it be good or bad. But I must first hunt up my gun, which cannot be very far from here. It will not be hard to find, since the path made by the bear and myself is plainly to be seen."

The young hunters followed the plan proposed by Thomson,—they brought the young one to the hillock on which we described Frederick as standing, and then proceeded to skin the old bear; and in a few minutes they were rejoined

by Rawlins, who came up with the other cub on his shoulder, and followed by the bounding dogs.

Dehart soon found his gun, their work was speedily ended, and loaded with a stock of bear's meat, and well pleased with the sports of the day, and their successful termination, the merry huntsmen left the forest, and took their way to the tent where they had left their comrades and their horses.

My friend John —— and myself had ascended to the highest point of the hill, where we wandered around slowly, partly in hopes of discovering a new path, and partly on the look-out for the troop of huntsmen from whose company we had been thrown out, for often on those heights the barking of the dogs is plainly to be heard, when they cannot reach the ear, even at a short distanee, in the valley below.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and we had as yet found nothing to encourage us; when all at once my dog, who until this moment had kept close beside me, began to snuff the air, then raising up his nose, stopped for a few seconds on the spot where we all were standing, and then, uttering a short low growl, he bounded down the hill, followed by the rest of the pack.

As John saw the movement he turned towards me, and in a tone of great exultation exclaimed,

"Now we shall feast on bear's meat this evening!" and scarcely allowing himself time to utter the words, he waited not for an answer from me, but dashed off in the direction the hounds had taken. I followed, and soon overtook him,

arriving just in time to see the hunted bear breaking through the bushes. A slight projection of rock arrested her progress for a moment; but the next, as wounded by a bullet sent by John's rifle she rushed swiftly past me, I gave her another, which also told; still she kept onward, and was soon lost to our sight in the thicket of wild briars that plentifully covered the ground. Encouraged by our presence, and smelling the fresh blood that dropped from the poor animal on the path over which she passed, the hounds pressed after her with renewed efforts, and after chasing her for perhaps about four hundred paces, they again overtook and baited her in her lair.

We remained looking at the chaste after we discharged our guns; and then we started for, and arrived at, the place of combat just in time to see the roused up animal turn upon her canine assailants. In her mad rage, and with the same number of blows as she had feet, by the time we had reached her, she had killed four of our best dogs; but the others, angry as herself, and not intimidated by the manner in which she had treated her first antagonists, threw themselves so closely upon her, that if our guns had been loaded, we could not have fired without injuring them.

At this very moment, when we were ready to join in the fray, a large brown dog, who in grappling most furiously with the bear was half torn to pieces, came up to us bleeding and howling, looking up in our faces as if he would have asked our aid. John threw down his gun, and drawing his hunting-knife from its sheath, sprang forward to the bloody

knoll that was now the theatre of action. I followed his example; in the space of a second I stood by his side. The bear looked up as we came forward; and seeing opposers she deemed more worthy of her prowess, exerting all her strength to do so, she dashed off the dogs and rushed upon us. My brave comrade stood the onset firmly; he met her with bared knife, and plunged it in her side. Swift as lightning the enraged animal turning all her vengeance towards him alone, made a second rush, and with such force, that, uttering a fearful cry, he fell to the ground. I saw his fall, and his cry roused me to desperation. With all the strength of my body I now attacked her, parrying her attempts to crush me by repeated thrusts from my knife; at the third blow I saw her stagger, but with a desperate plunge she rushed upon me for a last assault. A thrill of agony passed through my whole frame, and I sank senseless on the ground.

When I awoke to consciousness, my dogs were beside me, licking the blood, with which I was covered, from my hands and face. I attempted to rest, but was not able; a violent pain shot through my left side, and I could not move my arm,—I believed it was broken. At last my faintness decreased so that I could sit up. I did so, but gracious heaven! what a sight met my eyes. The bear lay close beside me, and not three feet distant from her lay my poor friend, seemingly a lifeless corpse.

With a cry of anguish I sprang upon my feet, for horror now gave me strength. And it was only too true; the poor

man lay in a pool of blood, his face torn until scarce a feature could be distinguished, and his right arm nearly severed from his body. Five of our best hounds, with broken bones and frightfully lacerated bodies, lay around him; and almost in the midst of the circle where she had wrought such fearful vengeance was the dead bear, so covered with blood that the black color of her hide was entirely lost. I was weak still, even to fainting, and could not move my left arm, which I now discovered was not broken, but only dislocated. I was at length able to go up to the spot where my poor friend lay and examine the body. Not only was, as I have said before, his face torn, and arm half severed from the trunk, but great gashes, from which the blood had poured, were in his breast; and his leg, which the animal must have seized as she threw him down, was in the same condition.

In the meantime the sun had gone down. I had all along hoped that the hunters, from whom we had strayed, would have heard our shots and the barking of the dogs; but it was now night, and no man came to my relief or answered to my call. I shouted—I cried in vain! No one heard me. I now thought of kindling a fire by rubbing bits of bark together, but my left arm was so much swelled that I found it impossible to succeed by that plan.

The night was very cold, and to pass it in such a condition as I was, without fire, was sure to bring disease upon me, if not death. I therefore renewed my efforts, and managed to tear the back part of my hunting blowse, (for the front was saturated with blood,) and having divided it into

shreds, I strewed powder upon them, and with my right hand rubbed it in. Then putting some more into my gun, I rammed it down, and firing it over the rags I had thus prepared, I had fire at once. I heaped up some dry leaves upon the little flame I had kindled, to which I added some sun-dried twigs that lay profusely scattered around. In using my lungs for a bellows, I at length, after great exertion and indescribable suffering, succeeded in getting a fire to burn.

It was, by the time I had finished, perfectly dark. The dogs were very hungry, and came up to me whining, as if asking for the food they were wont to receive from my hand. It was impossible for me, with my disabled arm, to cut up the bear; but, after some unsuccessful efforts, I at last ripped up her body with my knife, and drawing out the entrails, threw them to the dogs, who began at once to devour them. Two of them, however, would not eat; they were the peculiar property and favorites of my friend John; and now sitting beside their dead master, they gazed into the face made rigid by the touch of death; and were not attracted from their watching by the feasting of the others, or my urging to a participation.

In hopes of obtaining help, I fired my gun again and again; the echoes died away in the distance, but no rustle betrayed the approach of any living thing:—the forest, in its death-like stillness, seemed, to my excited fancy, but as a wild and dreary sepulchre.

I felt that I was growing more and more unwell, and in consequence became each moment more and more dis-

pirited. My stomach was disturbed by severe vomiting, and my shoulder was dreadfully painful. At length, after the first revulsions were over, and I somewhat recovered, I rolled myself in my hunter's blanket as well as I could, laid myself down before the fire, and under the blind influence of the benevolent god of sleep, I lost all consciousness of my unhappy condition for many hours. Whether I really slept, or only lay in a half swoon, I cannot tell; but I know I dreamed I was at home, that I was lying in my own soft bed, that my mother brought me warm tea, and laid her hand on my breast; I heard the children laughing as they played in the street; I saw snow on the roofs, and it seemed to me as if it was very cold without, and the chill of winter on everything.

I will never wish my worst enemy to have such an awaking as it was my lot to experience. When consciousness returned, I found my dog lying beside me with his nose upon my breast; the fire had nearly burned down,—I was shivering with chills that were the heralds of disease; the wolves were howling round in voracious anxiety to attack the corpse, and only deterred by the natural fear all animals have of a living human being, from devouring it at once.

With a desperate exertion I was at last able to rise—to move my stiffened limbs—to gather up some wood and blow up the glimmering coals into a blaze. As the fire glanced and flickered upon the pale and blood-stained features of the dead, I imagined I saw the mouth and eyelids move.

In fearful expectation, I started towards it, but only to discover how my fancy had mocked me. Each moment the howlings of the wolves became louder and more frequent; and my dogs, of whose number five were yet living, answered in tones scarce less appalling. Their cries were unlike those ever uttered by them before—neither the defiant bark with which they joined in the chase, or note of pain from being wounded, but they sounded like the boding of coming evil to the living, or the death-wail over the slain.

Partly to keep the wolves away, and partly in the hope of making myself heard, and so to bring help, with unspeakable pain and trouble I loaded my gun and fired three times; and who can describe my joy when I heard three shots in the distance; that they were answers to mine I did not doubt. Once more I loaded, and as I discharged my piece this time, I felt that life or death depended on the issue, for I had used the last grain of powder.

The gray morn had already begun to dapple in the east, when I heard a shot not far distant. Could it be?—was I not deceived? No; there was a second, then a third; human help must be near.

The shipwrecked sailor, clinging to a plank in the open sea as he drifts about, expecting every moment to be swallowed up by the rolling waves, sees a ship in the distance, and he puts forth all his strength to hail it; they must hear or he must die. And so I called—I shouted for aid. A human voice answered me soon after. The dogs changed their howlings to a low growl, betokening that some one was

approaching; the undergrowth crackled as if being trodden upon, and the next minute one of the Indians belonging to our party came forward from the thicket. As soon as he saw me his countenance lighted up, and he uttered an exclamation indicative of pleasure, but nearly in the same moment it gave way to an expression of horror, and he started back at the horrible sight that met his eyes. But those sons of the forest despise the betrayal of human emotions; and the weakness was immediately subdued. He went up to the lifeless body of my poor friend, and examined carefully to see if any spark of vitality remained, then shook his head without uttering a word. Finding he could do nothing there, he turned to me, looked at my swelled arm and felt my shoulder, still maintaining the silence customary among those children of nature; then folding his hands together, something in the shape of a horn, he placed them before his mouth, and turning his face in the direction from which he came, he gave a loud piercing cry. The call was answered from no great distance; and a few minutes afterwards I found myself surrounded by the whole party of huntsmen with whom I had set out. The meeting between myself and my friends was sorrowful indeed. I shook them by the hand, and related in as few words as possible what had happened. My old host scolded, and said "it served us right."

"There is not much danger," said he, "when, in wounding a bear with your knife, he falls and the dogs rush upon him; but if he lies a little while, and he sees a man whom he knows is his worst enemy coming towards him, he

throws them from him, and dashes at his new assailant with all the strength he is able to put forth; and wo to the poor fellow if he reaches him."

In the meantime the Indians had scooped out a hollow with their tomahawks to serve for a grave; and having wrapped the corpse in a hunter's blanket, they laid it within it, and covered the whole with earth and heavy stones. They next cut down a few young saplings, and out of their trunks they planted a sort of fence—the branches being interlaid between the openings, which inclosed and protected the grave from the depredation of wild beasts.

This melancholy office for the dead was performed without bustle, and in profound silence; and during its noiseless operation, I could not prevent a cold shudder from creeping over me at the thought, that if it had been my lot to have met the same destiny that had fallen to poor John, even so coldly and quietly would these men have laid me in a forest grave; with the same apathy they would have piled the stones above my head. What was it to them whether it was he or myself? Poor John! He was alone, and, like myself, without a friend in this strange land; and it was most probable that the relatives whom he had left behind, would never hear of the fate that had befallen him.

Ah, how many thousands perish in this manner in America, of whom no tidings is ever heard—of whom, after a few months, no man knows anything more than if they had never existed.

The Indians, after having laid the dead to sleep in the

quiet earth, and finished their work, came up to me. Two of the oldest began to examine the state of my body—one moved my dislocated arm, the other looked me steadfastly in the face. The movement gave me intolerable pain; but being well acquainted with the stoicism of these people, I gave no indication of suffering by any sound, since I knew they would esteem it a mark of puerility. After awhile one of them took hold of my arm, and laid his hand upon my shoulder, and while the other, going behind me, embraced my body, they both began to pull, the one my arm, the other my person, with all the strength of which they were possessed. I felt a sudden, sharp, almost unendurable pain in my shoulder, that caused me nearly to faint; and in spite of all my heroic resolution to betray no sign of suffering, I could not prevent a loud cry from escaping. But almost immediately the pain was gone, for I at once discovered the bone had been drawn back to its place.

My old host now inquired if I felt strong enough to ride on horseback to his house. I answered that I was; and after he had thrown the skin and flesh of the bear to his followers, he helped me to mount a pony, and we set out slowly on our way to his home, leaving the place so fraught with horror to me to the wolves and vultures. As we journeyed, I had to bear most excruciating pain in my lacerated body; but I murmured not, for I hoped soon to reach a quiet spot where I could lay me down.

The day was now completely gone, and darkness had come on, yet we had a full German mile between us and the

house we were so desirous to reach. My old host asked if I could ride this distance, or should we encamp where we now were—the spot being particularly favorable, as possessing abundance of wood and water. I had had enough of night-watching, so I prepared to go on, and resolved to make every exertion to reach a home where I knew I could rest. An hour's ride brought us to the desired haven. I had become so stiff from riding in the night air, that they had to lift me down from the horse. Having reached the room I was to occupy, wearied almost to death, I threw myself on the bed—but the desired sleep came not; a violent fever came on, and the whole night frightful imaginings presented themselves before my wandering senses. Next morning I was something better; but for many days the good care and nursing of my honest old host and his kind family were necessary before I was restored to my usual state of health.

Wayborne, a farmer in Missouri, went one day to look after his horses that were grazing in the forest. He had his gun with him as usual, but no ammunition, save the single charge which was in it, but it was so much a matter of course to carry his trusty rifle, that loaded or not it seemed he must take it. As he pursued his homeward path, near sundown, he saw a large bear run across the way, a short distance before him. He fired—the bear fell, but almost immediately recovering himself, he started up, and ran at full speed into a deep ravine bordering on the way, and was at once lost to sight. Wayborne followed the trail,

plainly marked by the blood of the wounded animal, as long as he could see; but the lateness of the hour warned him to give up the pursuit, and in the hope of finding the animal dead on his return in the morning, he took the nearest path that led to his home, and reached it in safety.

He rose early, and having armed himself with a pitchfork and axe, set out in company with his son, a boy of eleven years of age, to seek the bear, not doubting but that he should be able to find him, either dead or living. The dell in which he had hidden himself was near ninety feet deep, in the midst of which, and nearly hidden in places by the thick bushes under which it flowed, was a brook; the place was solitary, wild, and dangerous in a high degree. The farmer did not find the object of his search quite as soon as he expected, but not discouraged, he went farther within the hollow, and at length he saw him on the opposite side, sitting on a flat rock that rose perhaps thirty feet above the stream. He waded through the brook, and gained the bank, coming quite close to the wounded animal, who never moved from his seat on the rock, and without the slightest mark of being disturbed, watched every movement of the stranger. Wayborne having gotten within three steps of him, made a thrust with his pitchfork, intending to pierce his body, but at the same instant he found himself in the rude embrace of his shaggy foe. Winding his hairy fore limbs closely round him, Bruin pressed him as firmly as though he had him in a vice, to his breast; and although the farmer resisted this dangerous demonstration of affection to the

utmost of his strength, the grasp was not released even for the space of a second. In the struggle, the bear lost his footing on the rock—both rolled down the precipice into the brook, where they lay, until Wayborne, having recovered from the surprise occasioned by this unexpected onset, had time to plan how he could best contend with his enemy.

Greatly enraged, the latter had torn the flesh from his left arm, and now with open mouth and greedy jaws, was preparing to seize him by the neck. One moment more, and he would have ceased to exist; but with that presence of mind, which none but men accustomed to danger are able to call up, he managed to free his right arm, and thrust it into the animal's throat as far as he could reach, with the intention of strangling him. But in this he did not succeed, and as they rolled over and over in the brook, he tried to press his head under the water. Whether he would have been able to accomplish this latter purpose, time did not suffice to show; for his son, having witnessed the strife from behind the bushes where he was hidden, seeing the danger that threatened his father, now sprang forth, and struck the bear on the head with the axe which he carried, with so much force that he shattered the skull. This blow freed him from the embrace that would otherwise have proved deadly, but although a man of uncommon strength, he was so weakened by the loss of blood and the crushing he received, that he was scarcely able to drag himself along. He reached his home, however, without accident, but kept his

bed for many weeks, and months elapsed before the arm and shoulder, from which the bear had torn the flesh, was healed.

Notwithstanding all this suffering, Wayborne yet remained a passionate lover of the chase, and met with many perilous adventures. One day on which he went out to the forest to shoot a deer, he espied two young bears playing about, but as soon as they saw him, they left off their sports and fled for safety to a lofty pine tree, up whose trunk they clambered. Seeing that the tree was easy to climb, and supposing the old one was out on a foraging expedition, he resolved, without delay, to take advantage of the time so favorable, and carry off the cubs alive. Without much trouble he gained the branches, among which they were cowering, when Madam Bruin came trotting forward, and after tarrying for a few seconds at the foot of the tree, prepared to ascend. She looked up, and when she saw an uninvited guest in the premises she considered her own, and so near her cubs, she stopped, and seemed to consider in what manner she could best punish the intruder. Wayborne found his present situation by no means pleasant, but he was a resolute man, and determined at once upon the plan he should pursue to extricate himself from this painful dilemma. He descended to the lowest limb, as being the spot where he could best use his cutlass, for most unfortunately he had left his gun below, as it would have incommoded him in climbing. The bear now mounted in all haste to meet him, and when within striking distance, she

put out her paw to grasp him—he met it with a blow from his hanger, and cut it off. She now retreated as hastily as she had advanced, but all at once she returned, and in dreadful rage prepared to revenge the injury by attacking the fearless hunter with her teeth. As she opened her jaws, and displayed their frightful garniture, Wayborne coolly thrust his cutlass down her throat; she fell from the branch like a dead weight, and lay at the foot of the tree for many minutes without motion. But to the great consternation of the hunter, she revived, and prepared to ascend again; but after climbing a few feet, she remained clinging to the trunk, for she was too much wounded to proceed. She continued in this position for some hours, when she slowly retreated, and laid herself down quietly at the foot of the tree.

The evening came on, but the animal moved not from the place she had chosen to watch both the hunter and her young, yet she lay so immovable that her enemy was often on the point of descending, believing her dead. Perched upon his high branch, he was ready to curse the destiny that brought him into such a fearful predicament, for with the young bears above him, and the old one below, he felt himself anything but comfortable; he was like a man between two fires, liable to be burned by either. But he trusted to his experience in bear hunting, that it would enable him to be secure, even in this close neighborhood with the cubs—and for the present he felt he had nothing to fear from the dam, for she was evidently unable to climb. Yet

the prospect of having to pass the night in such discomfort was horrible; hunger and thirst began to make themselves painfully felt, and, as if to make his situation more deplorable, dark clouds, betokening a storm, began to curtain the heavens. It soon became so dark that Wayborne could no longer distinguish objects below; but a few low growls occasionally at the foot of the tree, served to remind him that the grim sentinel was still keeping watch below. Each moment increased the horror of his situation; the little bears now began to be troublesome, but his thundering voice, and a few blows from his hanger, brought them to submission. The wind arose, rain drops began to fall, the lightning flashed, and thunder rolled in the distance. Uneasy, but not dismayed, the hunter listened, in hope that he should hear nothing more of the enemy below; the growlings, indeed, had ceased, but the flashes of lightning still exhibited her at her post, with head upturned, and eyes fixed upon him. The dreary night thus passed, whilst the poor man, sighing and groaning, vainly endeavored to make the best of his uneasy perch, by turning and twisting from side to side; and as sleep was not to be thought of whilst surrounded with tempest and danger, he could find no better means of driving time away than by keeping the cubs in order, for they, uneasy as himself, did not appear to be better pleased with their lodgings.

The storm passed over, and at last the gray dawn was seen to lighten in the east, and Wayborne, rather than remain any longer in his roosting position, resolved to

descend, and battle for life or death with his grim foe. As he still sat considering in what manner this were best accomplished, he heard human voices in the distance; but they were so far off that he had but little hope of being able to make himself heard, and as he looked down, there at the root of the tree was the bear still watching his every movement with angry eyes. But at length the sound of human voices was heard, and with what joy he heard his own name called; his neighbors becoming uneasy at his protracted absence, had come out to seek him. They came in sight, next they advanced towards the tree; the bear raised herself from her recumbent posture, and with snarling teeth and gaping jaws, prepared to give battle to the new intruders. But she was too weak to attack, and her resistance was but short; several bullets pierced her at the same time, and as soon as our brave woodsman saw that she was dead, glad to be liberated, he descended from his night perch—not forgetting, however, to carry the young bears with him.

The Bear's Den.

After having spent the whole morning in vainly endeavoring to come on the trail of a bear, one of our party, young Smith, who had been scouting about, returned with the pleasing intelligence of having found the track of a very large animal, and followed the footprints to its den. We at once set about preparing pine splinters for torches, and having finished this business, started off with all possible speed in pursuit of the bear. At about two o'clock in the afternoon we reached the spot designated by our comrade, and where the footmarks were plainly visible. Our first operation was to prepare a good meal, in order to strengthen us for the task in which we were about to engage; and whilst the others who had kindled a fire were roasting meat on the coals, I occupied myself in examining the outside of the cave, in which there could be no doubt the animal had made his lair. The place was every way suitable for a retreat for wild beasts, the cavern itself being under a steep precipice of limestone rock, at least thirty feet high and three hundred long, and having four separate entrances, of which, however, only one was large enough to admit a man or a bear.

I was called to partake of the meal now ready, and after

we had all refreshed ourselves, we prepared to invade the cave, and encounter our grisly enemy. We took but one gun, yet every one had his hunting-knife in his belt, in addition to which I buckled the strap of my powder horn round my body. With my gun in my right hand, and a torch of pine splinters in the left, I trod through the dark entrance into the interior of the cave. I found it was of great depth, reaching far within the hill—in height four feet, and in breadth two. We marched in Indian file—I was foremost, young Smith just behind me, and to him his father followed closely; the son carried a second torch, the latter a bundle of finely splintered pine, with which we were to renew the torches as they burned down. The walls of the cave were entirely of rock, and its bottom quite even with the ground. After advancing from seventy to eighty steps without any inconvenience, the passage, hitherto quite straight, now turned towards the right; and after being at first obliged to stoop as we advanced, it became so low we had to proceed on all fours. The earth at the bottom, hitherto hard and dry, now became softer, and on the damp impressible clay, the marks of bears' feet passing in and out, and some of them so fresh as to show they had been quite recently trodden, were to be seen. The farther we advanced the more straitened the passage became, and at last so narrow that we had to crawl at full length, and at one spot there was barely space for me to squeeze my body through. This was a work of some difficulty, as I had to carry a torch in my left hand, and a gun in my right, but I accomplished

it by lying flat down on my face, and stretching out my hands before me, and only by doing this I forced myself through.

This opening was round, and the rocks that formed its walls were black and smooth, rendered so by friction from the bodies of the animals that were continually pressing through it, and this circumstance was sufficient proof that for centuries they must have made this cave their den, resorting to it in times of pursuit, or sleeping there throughout the winter.

Most beautiful stalactites hung from the roof, whose sharp and jagged projections not a little hindered our progress, for in many places the free space was scarcely two feet high, and in others so straight that it was with difficulty I could force myself through at all.

It was very evident that we were the first men who had ever penetrated this dreary abode of nature's forming, for although the soft clay of the bottom retained the impress of many tracks made by animals, no mark of human footstep among them showed that of our race any had been as daring as ourselves. In many places we found petrifactions that bore the marks of bears' feet upon their stony surface, and as it takes a long time to effect such changes, it was most likely they had been made on what was soft earth centuries ago.

It was a dismal place to be in, and more than once the thought flashed through my brain that we might not be able to find our way out of the labyrinth we had so thoughtlessly

entered; and instead of taking the prey we intended, secure a grave for ourselves. But I comforted myself with the remembrance of the many adventures and dangers through which I had passed without being harmed, and with great confidence in my trusty rifle, which had never yet failed me, I crept resolutely forward. It was remarkable to see what numbers of bats were hanging by their hind legs from the roof of the cavern, and when disturbed by the light of our torches, they dropped from their pendulous position, and with shrill cries flew wildly about, to the manifest danger of our eyes and flambeaux. The one which I carried was nearly burned down; I stopped for a moment to renew it with some of the splinters from old Smith's bundle, and as I did so, I imagined I heard a noise like a gentle whining at no great distance from me. I listened attentively—it was like the faint murmurings made by very young animals whilst sucking, and as it was accompanied by a low grumbling, I could not doubt but that we were approaching the lair of a nursing bear.

I proceeded, and the next moment found myself in a more roomy place than that over which I had lately passed, for I could now raise myself half upright; and as I was somewhat weary with the exertions I had been obliged to make, I stopped to rest for a second or two, and turning to my comrades, inquired if they heard anything. They whispered an affirmative, and begged me to delay proceeding until we should have consulted what plan was best to be pursued in the present unexpected circumstance. We had certainly

reckoned on finding a sleeping bear within the cave; but a waking one, nursing her cubs, and with all the maternal instinct alive, we had not calculated upon. It was a very different matter, and made the undertaking look rather ugly. So early in the season, we were altogether surprised at the discovery, although old Smith told me afterwards, that in Arkansas he had often come upon nursling cubs as early as New Year. But for the matter in hand—truly every one who had ever seen a bear start up with bristling ears and open jaws, ready to defend her young, may form an idea of the danger we were about to encounter; and we had been too often engaged in bear hunts ourselves, not to be fully aware of the peril of our present situation, enclosed in so narrow a space as to hinder every movement. But we were there, and so was the bear; and not one of us was cowardly enough to utter a single word that savored of retreating.

I now examined my gun to see if all was in order, and then set forward on my difficult path. As we crept along slowly, old Smith gravely advised me to take a steady aim, and make a good shot.

"It will be best for yourself if you do," he added, drily, "since, if your gun fails, as you are foremost, the angry beast will dispatch you first."

This was comforting; but I had no response to make, for we were gradually coming nearer to the growling mother, who must have heard us long before, and now was listening attentively to the bustle caused by our movements—a bustle

so entirely at variance with the deep silence that had rested for ages in that dreary place. At length I got so near that I could hear the whining of the young bears, and the growling of the old one quite distinctly. I held the torch behind my head, and saw the glowing eyes of the animal plainly by the red glare. I then set about cleansing the barrel of my gun from the clay that had got into it as I crawled along, renewed my torch, and once more crept forward towards the black shaggy bundle that I could now plainly distinguish as it lay rolled up before me.

The decisive moment had come. As soon as I could make out the head of the animal as distinct from the dark mass, of which it formed a part, I made my preparations for attack as well as defence. The bear had raised herself half upright, and sat swaying with that undulating movement peculiar to these animals; but when I had brought my gun to a position likely to bear successfully upon her, she disappointed me by suddenly rising, and at the same instant vanished in the darkness. We seized this opportunity to press forward to the lair she had left, where we found three cubs, nice, plump little fellows, that made rather a loud outcry when they saw the light. These expressions of their admiration for a sight so novel, were not peculiarly pleasant for us to hear, for we had our fears that, as the mother most likely was not very far off, she would hear those cries and return in great wrath. Still we would not silence them by the only method by which we could easily have done so,—namely, killing them; we were anxious to take them alive,

and so we begged old Smith to stay behind to quiet them, and keep up our fire, whilst his son and myself should press forward and find out where the old one had hidden herself. The old man was quite pleased with the plan; and cowering down beside the little whiners, he stuck a finger in the mouth of each, and letting them suck it, he soon had them silenced.

Close behind the spot which the bear had chosen for her lair, the cave showed two large openings, one leading to the right, the other to the left. The soft clay in the right hand aperture showed the freshly impressed foot-tracks made by the object of our pursuit a few minutes before, and this we followed.

Our first difficulty was from the renewed cries of the cubs, who, not satisfied with old Smith's manner of nursing, whined louder than ever, and made us consider in how truly perilous a condition we were if the old bear, on hearing their moanings, forgetting her cowardice, should be disposed to return to the help of her young, and find the way blocked up by our bodies. We had nothing else to expect but that she would kill, and, in the truest sense of the word, eat her way through us,—for as no other opening either from above or below was to be found, she could do nothing else. But even as we consulted in a whisper concerning our dangerous position, the cries ceased. We then crept on with renewed courage, for from all that we had seen of the old bear, we concluded she must be more than ordinarily cowardly, since the most timid animal will battle for its young.

After we had advanced sixty or eighty feet farther, we reached a spring that flowed for a considerable distance through the cave, then losing itself in some kind of a subterranean recess, seemed to be provided by the providential care that watches over all for the comfort of the savage beasts that had made this cavern their sheltering place for so many centuries. This spring was, perhaps, one foot and a half in depth, and its channel quite one foot in breadth. As we advanced with our feet in the water, our progress became considerably easier, and as from the narrowness of the passage it was both painful and tedious, we felt no small portion of relief from this circumstance. But our comfort was of short duration, for the way once more became narrow; and after working my course through a place particularly strait and inconvenient, as I stopped to take such breath as the close cavern permitted, it seemed to me as if I heard the deep, low growling of the bear at no great distance from me.

Although I had listened many times before this to these same sounds, and now that I expected to hear and was waiting to catch them, yet the sudden announcement that the enemy was so near, surprised me to such a degree that I had nearly dropped my torch into the water. But I soon recovered from my temporary confusion, and holding the blazing flambeau as high as possible, and greatly to the discomfiture of some innocent bats, who were hanging on the rocky wall, I saw Madame Bruin quite plainly, sitting upright, not ten steps distant from me, snapping her teeth,

and tearing up the earth with her sharp claws. Young Smith, who was close behind me, now laid his hand upon my foot, and whispered that he heard the bear. As I was in possession of this knowledge to a more painful degree than himself, I only signified to him to keep silent, and crept quietly a few paces further until I came to a place from whence I believed I could shoot successfully. Without leaving my place in the channel, formed by the little spring, I raised myself as well as possible, and laying my gun on my left knee, prepared to fire.

My comrade, who was watching every movement with great anxiety, now begged me for Heaven's sake to aim truly, for if my shot should fail we were both lost. Although, being foremost, I was nearer to danger than himself, yet I would not have exchanged places with him; for as he could not in the least see what was going on, he very naturally was ready to fear the worst, and suspense is harder to bear than reality. For myself, let my perilous circumstances be what they may, I would always rather look straight into the face of danger than remain tormented by suspense.

The bear, perfectly aware of my near neighborhood, and by no means pleased with it, now began snapping and snarling furiously; her eyes glowed like live coals, and with her ears laid back, she swayed her body to and fro in restless movement, indicative of her anger at the intrusion. For myself there was now no choice left but to aim at her head; this, as I sat bent down in the water, was easy to do, and if the

bullet failed of this mark, it would be sure to find one in her breast.

As I lay there, directing my aim, the thought flashed through my brain, how helplessly I was enclosed here, and what my fate must be, in case the bullet missed; and the remembrance of my loved ones at home, shot with an indescribable pang across my hitherto firm spirit. This weakness was but for a moment; my natural temerity returned, and immediately danger, both present, past and future, were all forgotten in renewed efforts to accomplish my purpose. I aimed a long time without daring to fire, for the animal did not remain quiet for one second; and at last I drew the trigger, and fired too quickly.

In an instant the cavern was filled with thick smoke, and painful moanings proclaimed the animal to be wounded. We did not, however, take time to stay to examine how far we had succeeded, but crept backwards as quickly as the narrow space allowed, until we reached a wider and higher spot that afforded us room to reload our guns, intending, when this was done, to return to the place of battle.

We had not crawled a hundred paces in this crab-like fashion, until I was aware that the wounded bear, snorting and gnashing her teeth, (and it sounded awfully in that dreary cave,) was beginning to follow us. I believed I was lost; yet I called to my companion, telling him the danger of the old one's coming, and bidding him make all the haste he could to save his own and my life. It was altogether unnecessary to urge him to hurry; for no matter how great was

our desire for retreat, we found it, owing to the straitness of the way, a very tedious operation; and to increase our perturbation, the snorting becoming more distinct each moment, showed the bear was gaining rapidly upon us. I had been obliged to leave my gun behind some time since as it hindered my progress greatly, and in my present circumstances was of no use.

As I now, continually on the watch, looked steadfastly before me, I saw the glaring eyes of the bear, who was by this time but a few steps distant from me. At the same instant, in endeavoring to accelerate my retrograde movement, I struck my elbow against one of the sharp projections of the cave; the torch fell from, my hand, and darkness, black as the raven's wing, encompassed me,—for although young Smith had a torch, my body so completely filled the aperture, that not a single ray from it reached me.

With the instinctive impulse which Nature prompts for self preservation, I seized the still blazing pine, and threw it right into the face of the approaching animal. She retreated for a short while, but soon recovering from the temporary panic occasioned by the fiery messenger, especially as it almost immediately died out, she again set forward, and in a few seconds was as near as before.

In this critical moment my comrade all at once remained motionless, and in a tremulous tone informed me he could go no further, for the opening ended here. To make the matter worse, as he groped about to find some way of egress, he struck his right hand, in which he held the torch,

into the water, and then in a moment we were left in impenetrable darkness.

I had no time to answer him, for the bear, whose progress had been more rapid than ours, had so gained upon us, and was now so close to me, that by stretching out my arm I could have touched her. I felt her hot breath in my face; a few moments now must decide the strife; I therefore, with my left arm somewhat advanced, and my right, in the hand of which I grasped my trusty hunting-knife, drawn backward, awaited her coming, and expected with every beating pulse to feel the grasp of her claws.

The danger was now so near that it had lost all its terrors. I certainly thought of nothing else than to sell my life as dearly as possible, since I had given up all hope of being delivered from this dreadful dilemma.

In the meantime young Smith had not been idle. In the conviction that we could not remain without light, he had speedily taken out his flint and tinder from his pocket, and the first intimation I had of his intention, was the striking of his knife against the stone. This was the only interruption of the death-like silence that reigned around, for at the first stroke the bear ceased snorting, and now remained immovable, as if to listen to the unwonted sound.

After the lapse of a few moments of painful anxiety, Smith at length spoke,

"I have fire," said he, "quick, give me the powder-flask and a few rags."

I cut the strap of my powder horn and loosed it, tore a

piece out of my hunting-shirt, and handing both backwards to him—for I could not turn round—in a few moments had the comfort of seeing the torch re-lighted. With its first gleams flickering upon the rocky sides of this sepulchral recess, hope once more sprung up within our breasts, or, I I should rather say in mine, for my comrade, as I afterwards learned, had no thought of danger; for in the first place, he did not know how near the enemy was, and in the second, was so busy in trying to rekindle his torch as quickly as possible, that he had no time to think of any thing else. Aided by its friendly light, in another moment he was able to turn round, and his voice sounded like a harp from heaven in my ears, as he called out to me he had found the right opening.

Smith had now greatly the advantage of me, in that he could creep head foremost, whereas I, who was obliged to face the foe, had still to pursue my crab-like course. As I thrust forward a few blazing splinters, which Smith had rekindled and handed me, into the bear's face, she renewed her growling, and gnashing her teeth fearfully, retreated some paces backward. The encouragement afforded by this was however of short duration, for she soon resumed her forward path, and so rapidly that our condition was but little improved by the temporary interruption.

Necessity makes man ingenious! To keep the animal from throwing herself upon my neck, I laid a few splinters of the burning pine on the earthy bottom of the cave, and to my inexpressible joy I saw her stop—the cowardly ani-

mal could not venture through the flame. We took advantage of this pause, and slid along with all the haste we could towards the spot where we had left old Smith with the cubs. My comrade reached the place a few minutes before me; I heard him call out to his father to give up his nursing, and get out of the way in as short a time as possible, for "the bear was coming." These were the only words exchanged, and indeed the snorting and puffing now again coming nearer, we found we had no time to lose. The flame had soon become extinguished on the damp earth, and the bear, no longer in dread of a fiery enemy, had recommenced her pursuit of us.

We crept over the place where she had had her lair, and from which the father and son were now withdrawn. Here I found out how the old backwoodsman had so suddenly quieted the cubs. They were dead; he had knocked their heads against the rocky wall, and to this forethought, cruel as it was, we most likely owed our lives; for one single cry from those young ones whilst we were in the darkness occasioned by the loss of our torches, would have roused the wounded animal into actual madness, so that she would have rushed upon at once and torn us in pieces, or else so wounded us that we should have found a miserable death within that dreary cave.

Having advanced perhaps an hundred steps from the lair towards the entrance, I stopped to take breath and listen, but I heard not the least sound. I called aloud to my two comrades that they might wait for me, for there was now

no symptom of the bear's coming. They stopped as soon as they had reached a more roomy spot, and I soon joined them, all three of us glad to rest, and have an opportunity to hold counsel as to our future proceeding.

Old Smith was of opinion that the bear had certainly gone back to her lair, and was now lying down beside her young ones; that one of us should creep to our tent at the entrance of the cave, and get another gun, for it would not be prudent to pass by the provoked animal in order to obtain mine, which it will be remembered I had left behind.

But I determined, before I undertook to creep along the narrow and difficult opening that led to the mouth of the cavern, that I would go back quietly, and take a peep at the lair, to see if indeed the old bear was living or dead, for I could not but think that my bullet had told well. But as I came near, and my torch fully lighted up the spot, nothing of the wounded animal was to be seen. My loud call brought my comrades; we sought all around, and going some distance further back we found by the profuse blood-marks that the poor creature, instead of going back to her old lair, had turned aside into the left hand passage.

My gun lay about three hundred steps distant in the opening on the right, and it cost me no little trouble to recover it. At last I found it, and having freed it from the mud and blood with which it was covered, I loaded it and went back to my comrades with as little delay as possible. Although fairly worn out with the fatigue we had undergone, we were still too much excited to think of taking

rest. We were all animated by one wish, namely, to end the battle so hardly fought as speedily as possible, and to get out of the damp, unhealthy atmosphere of the cavern, which we now began to feel painfully oppressive.

The left hand passage was as narrow and impracticable as the right, but happily the bear had not crept very far into it. In a few seconds we reached the place where she was sitting, and with foaming mouth and rage-glancing eyes was awaiting our coming. I advanced until I was within four or five steps of her, and then raising myself to as erect a posture as the narrow opening permitted, I laid my gun on the wrist of my left hand, in which I held the torch, and touched the trigger just at the moment when she held her head quiet for the space of a second. The cavern returned a dull echo to the report, and the whole place was filled with thick smoke. I could not see one inch before me, but I heard the bear moving herself and moaning, and so I concluded I had hit her in the right spot this time—the bullet was truly sped; when the smoke had cleared away, she lay just three paces from me quite dead.

We had conquered, but how sadly were we now convinced of to how little purpose our troublesome and dangerous undertaking had been, for we were all too weary to think of carrying the heavy carcase of this huge animal away with us. Nothing, therefore, remained for us but to be contented with our victory, and leave the trophy behind.

Our way back was pursued with as much speed as our exhausted bodies permitted, and in half an hour we had

reached the mouth of the cave. But in all that remains of life, I will never forget the impression made upon me by the pure cool night air, as I inhaled large breaths of the sweet and balmy odors of the forest, and gazed upon the blue heaven above me, whose clear calm brow, gemmed with thousands of stars, offered so strong a contrast to the place we had left, and the reckless sport in which we had been engaged.

Bad Neighborhood.

A HUNTER in Texas one day, in full pursuit of a roe, fell into a deep funnel-shaped pit, which, worn away by the washing of repeated rains, was found in the prairie, and to his great affright he found it tenanted by a large gray bear, who did not seem at all to relish his sudden intrusion. The huge animal seized upon him; a fearful battle ensued, in which the poor hunter, together with a leg and arm broken, was frightfully torn and bitten; but at last had the good fortune to kill his savage antagonist. He was obliged to remain for many days in the pit, for he was too much wounded to crawl out. During this time he lived on the rough flesh of the bear, and kept his wounds open, that they might heal slowly but effectually. His strength returned gradually, and at last he worked his painful way out of the chasm, and gained the open prairie. With great trouble he crept to a deep dell, where he knew a brook flowed, for, for many days, no drop of water had moistened his lips. He found it at this time nearly dry, but enough remained in the channel for him; he lay down beside it, and as he swallowed the cool pure element, he felt that new life was infused. Far from home or any human habitation, he

dragged himself from one pool to another, from which he gathered frogs and small fish in order to sustain life.

One day whilst thus employed, he saw a wolf pursuing a deer, which at length he hunted down and killed. He crept out of the dell, where he had all this time remained, and having frightened the wolf from his prey, laid himself down near it, and made more than one good meal ere he left the carcase. This was strong food, and he soon felt the revivifying effects on his worn out frame. Returning to the glen, he found himself able to travel slowly, and accordingly followed the course of the brook until it was lost in a large stream, of which he knew not the name, but trusting to its calm current, he suffered himself to be carried downwards until it emptied itself in the Mississippi. Here he found the hollow trunk of a tree, and having succeeded in launching it, he entered within it, and gave himself up to be carried, he knew not where, by the "Father of Waters," and the mighty stream bore him onwards, until he came in sight of a fort that formed one of the outposts on that wild frontier. It was lucky for him he reached it in the daytime, for had it been in the night, no watcher on that lonely fortress would have been able to distinguish him, and far distant as those places are from each other, he must have perished in the wide waste of waters ere another could have been reached. The sentinels, however, saw him—a boat was sent to his rescue, and, more dead than alive, he was taken to the fort, where good medical attendance was provided; his wounds soon healed, but his leg that was broken

could never be properly set—he therefore remained lame for life.

As unpleasant an adventure as this, although less disastrous in its consequences, was experienced by an American hunter, who describes it in the following manner:—

"When I was a youth of perhaps eighteen years old, I went to the woods with my axe, intending to cut down a tree, and as I knocked about, examining the hollow trunk, I felt pretty sure a bear was housekeeping inside. As I did not want the animal to see or hear me, I clambered up into the branches, intending to look down into the hollow opening, in order to find out if the lord of the mansion was at home; and if he was, I intended to drive him out. I succeeded in reaching the top, and was just about to thrust my head into Bruin's quarters, when all at once the rotten edge of the trunk on which I knelt, soft as a sponge, gave way, and instead of being a spy, I became a visitor, for I fell right into the hole. Fortunately for me, I went feet foremost, so that my head remained upwards, for the aperture was so narrow that it would have been a slow business to turn round; as it was accompanied with a considerable shower of dust and rotten wood, I lighted right on Master Bruin, who was lying at the bottom. I had come upon him so suddenly, and pressed his head so closely as I fell, that he was not in a condition to use his teeth, which doubtless I would by no means have found pleasant. Besides, the animal must have been as much surprised as myself, for

he lay quite still, not daring to move under his sudden burden.

"Things remained thus for a few seconds, when I began to collect my thoughts, and consider how I might manage to ascend to the top. The opening was only so wide, that by placing my back against one side, and pressing my knees on the other, I was able to work my way upwards.

"By this means, painful as it was, I at length succeeded in reaching the top; and having done so, I laid myself across the opening in order to take breath; but I had not been more than a minute in this position, until I felt the head of Bruin touch my feet. It was not often that he was surprised by such sudden visits; and it was but natural that he should climb after me to see what the sudden disturbance meant. That he was displeased was certain, for he looked so savage I felt I had not a moment to lose. I, therefore, swung myself to the nearest branch, and without waiting to venture another glance at him, or consider the danger of a sudden leap, I jumped down to the earth at once, although at a distance of twenty feet. I may say I reached it happily, for, though much bruised, and my muscles so strained that I could not move without pain, none of my bones were broken.

"I lay for a considerable time at the foot of the tree in order to recover breath after my hazardous leap; and I would have been in no haste to rise, had not a certain ominous growling reminded me of my old neighbor. I looked up, and to my great terror saw that Bruin was coming

down the trunk of the tree, and only six feet distant from the ground. Time was too precious to waste much of it in consideration. I seized my gun, and aiming at the bear's head just behind the ear, I shot him dead at the very moment he touched the earth with his feet. Since that time I have never repeated the attempt to visit a bear in his own dwelling—being perfectly satisfied with this encounter."

A similar adventure befell a hunter in Ohio, which he describes in the following manner:

"Nearly twenty years ago I went with five of my comrades across the Ohio to a famous hunting-place in Kentucky, where, at that time, all sorts of game were to be found in abundance, and bears ran about in such plenty as the hogs now do with us. After we had had a merry hunting spell for a few days we resolved to rest; but one morning whilst my comrades were sleeping I went to the forest, and as I walked about quietly, I saw a tree not far from me that seemed to be hollow, for it had a large opening at the top. 'Thunder!' said I to myself; 'that tree looks exactly as if it was made for winter quarters for the fat black gentry.' I went up and examined it on all sides, and there, sure enough, I found plenty of marks to show that a bear had climbed up and down.

"'Well, then,' said I once more to myself, 'it will not be hard for me to climb up and take a look at Bruin's quarters. If it smells of bears it will be easy to call for help, and we can throw fire down the opening and smoke him out; but if there should be nothing within, it would be a pity to waste the time.'

"No sooner planned than done. By the help of a young tree that grew close beside the hollow oak, I climbed up and stuck my head into the opening. It smelt strongly of bears; but close above the spot where I then was, I perceived the trunk had another aperture; so I climbed still higher, in order to thrust my nose into this also. I stepped rather carelessly on the edge of the first; a part of the rotten wood gave way, and I fell; like a bullet shot from the barrel of a gun, I slid softly and swiftly down to the bottom of the hollow tree. As I landed there without injury, my first care was to examine the premises, and think over my own condition—for I was not particularly pleased with the idea of sharing this narrow room with a bear. This was soon done, and I was comforted—nothing was within but the soft rotten wood on which I was standing; nevertheless the interior showed me that the place either was occupied by bears at present, or had been a short time before. In the first place, the strong smell was not to be mistaken; and added to this, the inside, by the constant climbing in and out, was scraped and polished as smoothly as if it had been chiseled.

"As soon as I had satisfied myself with my survey, I began to think of getting out; but only imagine my horror when I found my departure by no means easy, since to climb on that smooth wall it was necessary to have the claws and muscular power of a bear. I would not wish my worst enemy such a moment of anguish as was mine when I made this discovery. Drops of cold sweat burst from every pore

in my body, as darkly brooding over the unfortunate issue of my adventure, I cowered down at the very bottom of the hollow to consider what I could do to effect my extrication. Shouting would have been of no use, for there was no house to be found within a circuit of eighty English miles, except on the opposite bank of the Ohio; and I could not hope that by any lucky chance some one of my comrades would come to my neighborhood and rescue, especially as on the day before we had agreed to go farther down the river, and they, on missing me, would naturally suppose I had gone on before. The thought that thus enclosed I must perish miserably with hunger, shot like a flash of lightning through my brain. I started up in terror at the horrible idea, and endeavored with a strength born of despair, to clamber anew up the steep and slippery ascent. In vain—I could not accomplish anything. There was not the slightest projection or roughness on which I could lay hold; and the trunk that was narrow enough at the top, was too wide below for me to place my back against it, and ascend in the manner one would a chimney. I was almost frantic; thoughts of escaping by suicide flashed through my brain, and my greatest comfort was my hunting-knife that hung at my side. 'This,' thought I, 'shall at least save me from the horrible pain of dying from hunger.'

"As I thus sat and mused over my sad circumstances, folding my hands convulsively, it seemed to me as if I heard a noise outside of my wooden prison. I held my breath and listened. It sounded like something moving and scratching

on the trunk of the tree. Yes, it was on the tree, and no mistake; it was higher than the place where I lay crouched. I was about to cry aloud, but just at this moment the aperture above me became closed as by some opaque body, and I was surrounded by deep darkness. I could not doubt for one moment what was the cause: it was the bear returning to his den!

"What was I to do? Should I meet him in battle and struggle for my life? The issue of contending with such an enemy was so certain, it was scarcely worth striving for. Yet with that instinctive feeling of self-preservation which nature prompts, even in the most desperate circumstances, I drew my knife from its sheath, and waited with painful expectation the descent of the animal, who little foreboding what kind of a guest he was to find below, was coming as leisurely as if he were to have the premises all to himself. All at once a different feeling came across me—a sudden thought flashed over my soul, and to this thought I owed my preservation from death. I replaced my knife in its sheath, and in the same instant the bear was close above me—they always go backwards, you know, down a hollow tree. I grasped the shaggy hide with both my hands, and thus raising myself up a little, with an almost despairing force I clasped him round the haunches, and taking hold of the short tail with my teeth, I hung on to him like a leech. What the bear thought of such a singular reception in his own house I cannot tell; but this I know, that in his first fright—for he certainly was taken aback—he made a most

vigorous scratching in the rotten wood, and with a wonderful effort of strength, since he had more weight to bear than his own, in wild haste he hurried to work his way to the top. There was a visible difference between it and the leisurely manner in which he had come down.

"My greatest anxiety now was, that he would not have strength enough to accomplish the ascent, burdened thus with myself. But there was no need of fear—he went as though on wheels. Scarcely had I found myself with my head above, breathing the pure air of heaven, when I let go my hold both of teeth and hands, and freed the affrighted animal from his unexpected load. My next effort was to take a firm hold on the edge of the opening, as a second descent was in no wise desirable, particularly as I had no reason to calculate on the bear coming a second time to my rescue. Like a flash of lightning he was down the tree, not once looking round to see what had occasioned his fright; and before I could place myself in a secure position, and free my mouth from the hair that I pulled from him in our ascent, he was vanished fairly out of sight in the thicket. As I had nothing more to do above, I came down as quickly as I could, and went back to the place I had left."

That bears can behave with great decency when thrown unexpectedly in human society, thereby exhibiting great sagacity, is proved by the following narrative:

A settler in Missouri went down the river in his boat intending to shoot elks. When he came to the place where he knew those animals were to be found, he rowed to the

shore, fastened his boat, and went up into the woods, where, in a short time, hearing the rustling of some animal among the undergrowth, he lay down behind a fallen oak, where concealed he could take a steady aim. He was rather a raw backwoodsman; and having never seen an elk in his life, shrunk closely into his hiding place as a large animal, taller than a horse, and with immense horns, came blustering through the bushes, treading down whatever of bramble or bush lay in his way.

"If you do not hurt me," said the affrighted hunter, "I will not hurt you;" and as soon as the animal had passed—which he did without noticing him—he arose from his hiding-place and went back to his boat. "If there is no elk here, there is likely a bear or two to be had," said he to himself, by way of comfort. He had heard many marvellous tales of bears—with which at that time the country abounded—and now he was not particularly well pleased to remember, as the more he thought of them the more cowardly he became. They could run about, it was said, with half a dozen bullets in their bodies; and kill dogs by the dozen, as well as hug men to death, and heaven knows what beside. But in the worst case he had his boat, which in a battle would give him a great advantage, or at any rate afford him a safe means of retreat.

He had just taken his seat, and was about to put off, when all at once he heard a plunge, and a sound of something splashing in the water. He rowed quickly round the point of an island, and there saw a large bear swimming over to

the opposite bank. As he could advance much faster in his boat, he shot straight before the animal in order to cut off his course; and succeeding in this movement, forced him to alter his direction, which he very quietly did, still endeavoring, however, to reach the opposite shore by swimming round the interposing boat. Our settler now placed himself once more in the animal's way; but Bruin noticed the interruption no farther than by getting out of the way and continuing his course to the other side.

"He is a cowardly fellow, this big bear," said the backwoodsman to himself; and now grown more courageous, he rowed his boat for the third time against his shaggy enemy, so that he got him in a fair range to be brought down with one shot. But as in turning for this purpose, he brought the prow quite close to the bear, he seized hold of it with his fore paws, and, to the great consternation of the rower, very quietly climbed in. There he sat and looked in the man's face as if it was quite a matter of course that, since he was prevented from swimming, he should sail.

The poor hunter was now altogether dismayed—he was afraid to move; he dared not venture to take up his gun, for the instant he ceased rowing, the bear growled angrily and showed his teeth. Had the poor fellow only known a little more about killing bears before he went to hunt them—that one well directed stroke of a tough oak stick over the head was a more effective way of conquering than by many bullets, he might easily have killed him with a blow from his oar. But, in the meantime, the self-constituted passen-

ger gazed upon the boatsman with very apparent satisfaction as long as he continued to row, and so there they sat, the man and the bear, opposite and staring at each other. At last the hunter having overcome his first fright, began slowly to row back to the shore he had left; but this did not serve the bear's purpose as it seemed, for he moved closer to him, and showed his teeth in such a manner as to say he did not like the new direction at all. But as soon as he turned the boat, and resumed his course to the opposite bank, Bruin took his old place, and with the same grave and contented mein sat as before at the prow, and so our poor hunter was obliged to steer according to the pleasure of his shaggy passenger. As soon as the skiff touched the shore, the animal rose up and stepped leisurely on the beach—turned round once more and looked in the man's face, then with a low growling sound peculiar to themselves, he trotted off quietly towards the thicket—and the hunter, believing he had seen enough of him, let him proceed without molestation from a bullet.

In the same neighborhood, too, there lived a farmer's boy, who, having found a young bear in the forest, brought him into the village, where he soon became the playfellow of the children, and at last went with them to school. Perfectly harmless and playful, he became a great favorite, and great was their regret when, after living a long time in this harmony with them, he took it into his head one day to go back to the woods, and returned to the village no more. But like all other absent friends, he was soon forgotten.

Things changed in this village, as they do every where else; the schoolmaster died, and his widow kept the school, and wielded the birch wand in his stead.

On one cold winter's day—long after young Bruin was forgotten—when much snow had fallen, and the frost was intense—the schoolmistress, with rod in hand, and spectacles on her nose, sat in the midst of her noisy charge, endeavoring to drum the rudiments into some of the dullards. One of the boys, coming in late, had left the door of the schoolroom unlatched, when, greatly to the terror of both teacher and scholars, a huge bear walked in with all the confidence of an old acquaintance, and made his way up to the fire. The children crowded around their teacher, who had retreated to the farthest corner of the room, and screamed with all their might, for they were certain that the bear could do nothing else than devour the whole of them at one meal. But the bear, undisturbed by the panic his coming had caused, looked round quite complacently whilst he warmed himself at the fire, and seemed to feel that he was in very comfortable quarters. Meanwhile, the screaming went on without interruption, but the outcry brought no help, for the house was too distant from any other for it to be heard, and so the bear was left to amuse himself or frighten them without interruption. After he had sat awhile and warmed himself, he raised up on his hind legs, and took down all the hats and satchels that hung in a row on the wall, one after another. He had not lost his memory during his long absence—he knew where the chil-

dren were used to keep their dinners. After he had devoured the bread, cold meat, apples, and other articles of food that he found in the bags and baskets, he walked up to the closet of the schoolmistress, remembering, doubtless, that eatables were also kept there, but finding it locked, he walked out of the door as quietly as he had entered. The children now ran out and gave the alarm—the bear was followed and shot, but greatly to the regret of the villagers when, in the victim, they recognized their old friend and former playfellow.

The Buffalo.

The Buffalo.

The buffalo, or bison, sometimes designated as the wild ox, with his large black head, his thick horns and threatening eyes, presents a perfect picture of savage wildness and ferocity. The American bison differs from the Asiatic and African buffalo, by having longer and more shaggy hair on his head and neck, and a large hump between his shoulders, and are found in herds of many thousands in the wild prairies of Missouri and Mississippi, yet in the progress of civilization, from day to day, becoming scarcer. In early times they ranged in numberless herds over the whole vast tract of country now known as the United States, with the exception only of the eastern coast, or the swampy region lying round the shore of the Mexican Gulf; in the present day it is a rare thing to see a single one east of the Mississippi.

The wool of the Buffalo is fine, and is used in the manufacture of hats and other articles. His color is generally dark brown, but some few are found, although very seldom, spotted with white. His body is more strongly built than that of the European ox; his fore quarters are fashioned in a rude unwieldy form, but the rump and hind legs are neat and well proportioned. The great hump between the

shoulders, with the addition of the rough tangled mane, the bushy beard, and thick crooked horns that turn backwards, give him an appearance well calculated to strike terror into a beholder. They have a strong odor of musk, which they send out profusely when pursued, and make a loud crackling noise with their feet in walking. Their organs of smelling is so extremely acute, that they can discover the approach of hunters at a distance of three miles from the windward side, and then they will snuff the air with evident tokens of displeasure, and scamper off with great rapidity.

The hunters, aware of this, are always careful to approach them on the other side, and are thus often able to come quite close to them unperceived; and the animals themselves sometimes advance, seemingly without fear until within a very short distance of their pursuers. This latter fact has been attributed to their having feeble sight, and which is by no means improved by the thick hair hanging over their eyes. Although herds of elks and buffaloes are often found upon the same prairie, they never feed together, rather showing a kind of abhorrence to each other.

The buffalo troop is almost always followed by a pack of hungry wolves, who do not, however, venture to attack them, but only keep in the rear, in hopes of feasting upon the spoils left by the hunters when some of the unlucky animals shall have fallen by their rifles.

It is almost impossible to kill a bison by a shot in the head or breast. The first is so well protected by the coarse thickly tangled hair, that the force of the bullet is spent

before it can reach the skull, and the latter in its strong panoply of bones and muscles bids defiance to all the bullets ever moulded. The experienced backwoodsman, therefore, takes some pains to keep at the side of his victim, and kills him by sending a shot from his gun or arrow from his bow, just behind the shoulder blade.

These animals are found in such great numbers west of the Rocky Mountains, that from these heights, as far as the eye can reach, the herds can be seen like dark spots on the landscape. They march with great regularity, always observing the same order—the males in front, and the cows and calves bringing up the rear.

It is sometimes very dangerous to meet such a troop on its march; for if they are frightened or made angry, they will throw themselves into a line and rush upon the advancing party, overturning horses, wagons, and trampling every thing that comes in their way under their feet, or tossing it on their horns. This may seem incredible, but many of the male buffaloes weigh from twenty to thirty hundred weight. When game is abundant, and the hunters have had a successful hunting time of these animals, they cut out only the choicest parts, the rib pieces, the tongue, the hump, not forgetting the marrow bone for their own use, and leave all the rest of the spoil for the wolves. Yet it is not seldom that the enraged and hunted animal turns on his oppressor, and if he be within reach of his horns, his destruction is certain.

According to the statements of travellers who are worthy

to be believed, no words can give an idea of the immense herds in which the buffaloes wander through an unsettled country. With that wonderful instinct that Nature has provided in all animals, those marching troops always follow the same paths trodden by former races centuries ago; showing, by continuing to climb the steep and rugged hills, without deviation from one road, and by always crossing rivers at but one, and that the most fordable place, their knowledge of security and sense of danger. They observe great regularity whilst moving over these mountain passes, and thus being in so large a body causes no hindrance; they must go on, for if the rank were disposed to alter its course it could not do so, being forced onward by the numbers in the rear. Sometimes the number is so great, and they keep so close together, that when crossing a river they dam up the water with their bodies, and then the snorting and bellowing of these wandering herds is to be heard at a distance of several miles.

There are many tribes of Indians who live entirely on the spoils of the buffalo chase. They hunt on horseback, and kill the animal either with a bullet sent from a gun, or, in the want of firearms, with an arrow, in the use of which they are very expert. On the approach of the pursuers, the affrighted creatures, for the American bison is naturally rather timid than fierce, separate and disperse in wild haste all over the plain, and thus the hunter can easily select the best prey, choosing always the largest and fattest. If he succeed in sending an arrow to lodge under the shoulder

blade, he does not trouble himself to stop to kill the animal, but dashes off in pursuit of another, which he manages in the same way; and thus if he is mounted on a swift, strong and tractable horse, he can easily take seven or eight buffaloes in a few hours.

Far wilder, however, and more dangerous to man than the American bison, is the buffalo of the East Indies; on the face of no animal is the impression of its fierce and vicious nature so clearly stamped as on his. But few of the beasts of prey venture to attack him, except the tiger, and he can only attempt the conquest when he is able to approach by stealth. Let the buffalo, however, but see the lurking tiger as he creeps from bush to bush, he raises his head threateningly, scratches up the sand with his hoofs, and with eyes flashing vengeance, watches every movement of his wily enemy. Suddenly the latter, with a powerful leap, alights on the back of the buffalo; but he is at once shaken off, and the huge beast taking him upon his horns, tosses him aloft, each time he falls repeating the movement until his bones are not only all broken, but his body literally bored through. Even this does not satisfy him; for when he is tired of this sport, or sees that the tiger is dead, he tramples him under his feet as though his rage is never to be appeased. But if the tiger accomplishes the decisive leap unseen and successfully, and so eludes the frightful thrust from the horns, he buries his sharp claws in the body of his victim, and tears the flesh from the neck with his teeth. When the battle has progressed thus far, the fate of the

buffalo is decided; no effort of strength will enable him to free himself from his fearful burden. Finding all struggles to extricate himself vain, he calls up all his remaining strength, and throwing himself on the ground, as if in despair, and still endeavoring to injure his enemy, he rolls over and over until his life is yielded up with fearful groans.

The strongest and most savage of all the buffalo races are those found in Southern Africa, in the land of the Caffres. Their horns are so large that they cover the whole front of the head. It is considered less dangerous to meet a herd of these animals than a single one, for in the latter case the animal never waits until he is molested, but rushes directly upon whatever man he approaches, whether hunter or traveller. Sometimes he conceals himself, and falls upon his adversary so unexpectedly that neither bravery nor dexterity can effect an escape. They are so bold that even the lions are afraid of them, and they have many fierce battles with each other. When one buffalo has killed another—for they fight furiously among themselves—he will stand for hours over his victim, treading on him with his hoofs, stamping him with his feet, like the elephant, and lick him with his rough tongue until his skin is torn off. It is not until weary with these efforts that he gives up, and then often goes back to vent his wrath anew on his dead enemy, continuing to trample on him until he has fairly crushed him into the earth.

There was once a settler at the Cape Colony, who went out with several of his neighbors to hunt buffaloes, of which

a large herd had been seen grazing on a piece of swampy ground, covered thickly with mimosas. They found that, owing to the softness of the soil, they could not approach near enough with their horses—for they were mounted—to shoot, so they left them in the care of some Hottentots, and went forward on foot. They believed that if attacked by the herd, it would be an easy thing for them to fly, for the marsh was quite firm enough to bear the weight of a man, but not that of a horse, and much less of a buffalo.

They advanced accordingly, and concealed by the bushes, succeeded in bringing down three of the finest animals in the drove. They might have been contented with this, but having wounded a large ox, the leader of the herd, so severely that he sank upon his knees, as if disabled, and began to roar loudly, they thought there could be no danger of his rising, for his case was certainly settled. One of the hunters sallied forth from the covert, and loading his musket anew, determined to finish the bellowing animal with one well-aimed bullet. But no sooner had the enraged beast seen the man approach, than he started up and rushed towards him.

There was now nothing left for the poor fellow but to fly, and throwing his gun from him, he ran with all possible speed towards the swamp, where, could he have reached it, he would have been safe; but finding the buffalo gain rapidly upon him, he was obliged to alter his course. He therefore turned aside into the thicket, and having reached the first mimosa began to climb it. But his enraged enemy was too

quick for him. With a fearful roar, such as our poor settler had never heard in his life, the terrible beast came up, and taking him on his horns tossed him high in the air. He fell not, however, to the ground, but lodging in among the forked limbs of the tree, his savage antagonist was partly disappointed of his revenge. He walked round and round the mimosa, and looking up into the branches where the unfortunate man was lying, still vented his rage in loud bellowings; until at last exhausted by his efforts and the loss of blood from his wounds, he once more fell upon the ground. The party, who had seen the whole from the thicket where they were concealed, now sent forth a shower of balls that ended him at once; but when they came to look after their comrade, they found him lying among the branches quite dead.

There is another account of this animal's fierceness in giving battle, related by a Hollander, who was journeying with a caravan into Caffre land. They were riding along very leisurely through the forest, when in an open space at a short distance he saw a buffalo lying down. Having heard a great deal of the ferocity of these animals, he was about to call a halt, hoping their approach had not been noticed, but before he could utter the command the savage beast was up and rushing towards him. He was foremost of the party, and leaping from his horse he fled to a tree and concealed himself behind it. He barely saved himself, for the animal, roaring furiously, dashed up to the horse he had left, and with his sharp horns pierced him through in

an instant. Great was the consternation; but there was little time allowed to think. Attacking the next rider, he dispatched his horse as rapidly as he had done that of the first, and so a third, both falling dead at one thrust, the back of one having been pierced quite through, the saddle being no protection. The affrighted horsemen fled to the trees, and happily succeeded in climbing beyond the enemy's reach.

He next assailed the remainder of the party, who were a little way behind, but they had witnessed the first onset, and were by this time prepared for him. His attack was met by a dozen musket balls, which told well, and brought him to the earth sorely wounded, but not yet conquered; he rallied his remaining strength, and rising he once more sought to press against his enemies. But the effort was in vain—he was met by more bullets, and was fairly pierced through and through before he yielded up the contest and his life together.

Hunting the Rhinoceros.

ALTHOUGH the rhinoceros is very large in size, possessing great muscular strength, and with a skin nearly an inch thick, is almost invulnerable to any attack from either men or animals, is yet so timid and peaceful an animal that rather than assail he goes willingly out of the way of his enemies; yet when his wrath is once aroused he is a fearful antagonist, for the horn growing from his snout is as murderous a weapon as a sword. His voice is like the grunting of a hog; but when angry he utters a dull roar like that of the lion. He chooses the swampy forest for his dwelling place, and feeds upon the tender twigs and green leaves; and, like the buffalo, his sight is very weak, but his sense of smelling is also so acute, that the hunters never dare approach him from the windward side.

An Englishman who once assisted at a rhinoceros hunt, describes it in the following manner:—

"We set out early one morning, and having spread out our forces so as to encircle the large tract of land prepared for the purpose, found that within that circumscribed limit we had driven three rhinoceros and eight buffalos. The place was first enclosed by a hedge, inside of which ran a ditch of perhaps four feet in depth; for it is well known

that, whilst their great strength enables them to break through any enclosure with great ease, they can be restrained by a very small ditch. Little huts made of bamboo twigs were placed at certain distances along the hedge, in which the hunters were to be concealed, and thus fire under covert. The Javanese hunters were seated on the high trees within the circle, prepared with fireworks, which they were to throw down in order to drive the imprisoned animals from the thicket to the open space.

Each one of our party took his post, but scarcely had we done so, ere a rhinoceros broke forth from his hiding-place in the thick bushes, and with that peculiar low roar by which those animals express their anger, rushed towards the frail bamboo hut in which I was sheltered. The shower of bullets with which our guns greeted him, many of which iron messengers lodged in his neck and sides, forced him to retreat hastily, but meeting another and smaller rhinoceros coming forward in this enclosed battle-field, in his rage he fell upon him, and forthwith a bloody battle ensued between those colossal combatants. The lesser animal having received a severe wound in the head from his powerful antagonist, fled towards the hut where we were posted; we gave him as warm a reception as we had before done to his conqueror, but this time our shots were better directed—we killed him at the first volley.

Whilst we were thus employed, the rest of the party were not idle; but firing from the other huts, they had wounded a third, and now, maddened with pain, the poor animal was

using every effort of his great strength to break through the enclosure. His success would have been fatal to us, and we had now to bring all our force to bear, in order to dispatch him as quickly as possible. We therefore fired a small cannon we had with us, loaded with cannister shot, upon him; this salute induced him to change his course—the poor beast reeled backwards for a moment, but almost instantly recovering, he ran along the side of the enclosure for a considerable distance, venting his rage in frightful roarings, until pierced by thirty bullets, and weakened by loss of blood, he fell to the earth dead.

In the meantime, the first one we had wounded again came forward, raging through the middle of the enclosed space. A wild hog coming in the way of his career, was thrown up by that fearful horn with such force into the air, that he was dead as soon as he reached the ground. Next he rushed upon an unlucky buffalo, and in an instant had ripped up his body, and at last coming upon the rhinoceros which, killed by our firing, was lying quite near the hedge that bounded the enclosure, he fell upon him with as much violence as he would have exercised upon a living antagonist. It was fortunate for us that he did so, since it gave us time to fire upon himself. Several well directed shots were lodged in his body; nevertheless, though sadly wounded, he ran round the battle-field once more, treading down the tall bushes as if they had been straw, but at length his immense strength being exhausted, he fell dead on the ground.

Still more fierce and warlike than this species, which is called by some the White Rhinoceros, is the Black, found in the middle and southern parts of Africa. Four Dutch peasants from Cape Colony, went out one day to hunt a Springbok; they soon came upon the track of this animal, which they followed, when all at once they discovered the footmarks of a rhinoceros, and soon after saw the huge beast lying near them in the thicket through which they were about to pass. One of the men, named Henry, crept behind a cluster of high bushes, where, entirely concealed from the animal, he fired, and wounded him badly in the fore foot. He rose in great fury, and prepared for an onset, and as all four of the hunters were flying as best they could for safety, he took after the one nearest to him, who would have certainly fallen a victim to his rage, but just as the beast was within touching distance, and began to turn up the earth with his horn, as these creatures always do, preparatory to the fatal thrust, with great presence of mind the man sprung quickly to one side.

The blow aimed by the rhinoceros failed; in such full speed was he dashing forward, that he was not at once able to alter his course—and before he did so, all four of the huntsmen had escaped him by climbing up into trees. The huge enemy, however, did not retreat, but although limping in consequence of the wound given by Henry, went round and round, smelling at various spots in order to find his enemy, but in vain. At last, one of the men, whose only weapon was a javelin, which in this warfare was of no use, said to his fellows:

"I am tired of waiting here—why do we waste time by staying, and why don't you shoot?"

"If you are so fond of shooting," answered Henry, "shoot, yourself; here is my powder-horn and shot-pouch, and there under that tree is my gun!"

The man descended at once from his place of safety, loaded the gun, and approaching the rhinoceros, sent a charge of bullets into his lower jaw. He was stunned by the sudden blow, and fell to the earth, where he lay for some time as if dead. All believed him to be really so, and descending from their several trees, approached him fearlessly, but the man who had given him the last wound, was not a little proud of the exploit, and feeling quite like a hero, began to expatiate on the peculiar manner of hunting the rhinoceros, and was eloquent in his directions to his comrades how they should proceed. All at once the seemingly dead animal began to recover, and striking out furiously with his hind feet, showed them that the victory was not yet won. Henry called aloud to his fellows:

"Fly, boys—fly for your lives; whoever lingers is a dead man!" and dashing forward with all the speed he was capable of, showed by his example that in this case he held "discretion to be the better part of valor."

A few moments sufficed to restore the rhinoceros to his feet and (if we dare say so) to recollection. He seemed to have no wish to molest the other huntsmen, but seeking out the one who had wounded him, and snorting with rage, he set after him with all the fury of desperation.

The poor man, although appalled by the roaring enemy, did not yet lose all presence of mind. Finding that he could not outmatch him by swiftness, he had recourse to the same stratagem we have mentioned as being used by one of his comrades during their first flight. He made a sudden halt, then sprung to one side in expectation that the angry animal would shoot past him as on the former occasion. But the crafty beast was not to be fooled a second time—he took him upon his powerful horn, and first ripping up his leg as with an axe, he tossed him high into the air. The unhappy being fell directly in front of his still unsatisfied foe, who in a moment was again upon him, and thrusting his horn into his breast, tore it open even to his throat, and tossing him again, seemed to wait patiently until he reached the ground. This time he fell more heavily, for it was a dead body that touched the earth; and the rhinoceros, as though he knew his offender had ceased to exist, now gave up all effort to wound him further, but running up to him, trampled the body under his feet until it was literally crushed to atoms. His vengeance at last satisfied, he limped slowly back to the thicket—the blood from his wounded jaw marking every step of the way. Henry and his friends, anxious to avenge their lost comrade, now crept cautiously forward and prepared to fire. Their movements, however, were not unnoticed by the still angry beast; he started up from the spot where he had laid down in the thicket and rushed towards the party. Another life would most probably have been sacrificed had not an unfortunate dog come in his way.

He wreaked his re-kindled rage on this new victim; but with this effort his ability to effect further mischief was ended. The bones of the foot, which had been wounded by Henry in the beginning of the contest, now gave way, and weakened by the loss of blood, he fell down heavily, and so became an easy prey to the hunters, who finished him with their bullets.

Although the great strength of the rhinoceros makes him a formidable enemy, yet his gigantic force is often overcome by the most cowardly of all beasts of prey, namely, the hyena. On account of his unwieldy size, he cannot turn round without considerable effort, and this circumstance is taken advantage of by this inferior antagonist, who waits with patience the proper moment to reach his aim. He creeps behind him, and inserting his sharp teeth into his flanks, bites and tears until muscle and sinew are torn away, and the rhinoceros is thus obliged to yield. Lying down he gives up to his cowardly foe, who literally feeds upon the living body until he has eaten his way to some vital part ere death releases the victim.

The Hippopotamus.

The hippopotamus is, except the elephant, the largest animal that inhabits the land, being often found seven feet in heighth, seventeen in length, and from thirty to forty hundred pounds in weight. The body is plump and covered with such a thick skin that a bullet can scarcely penetrate it. The large head, scarcely to be distinguished from the body, ends in a broad protruding snout. The jaws, uncommonly large, are provided with two rows of large and frightful-looking teeth. The legs are so short that the belly almost touches the earth; and the eyes and ears are disproportionately small.

The river horse is found in all the large rivers in middle and South Africa—preferring, although called a land animal, to keep mostly in the water, since he swims with great swiftness, and diving below the surface, it is said he travels for a long distance on the bottom of the stream. He feeds principally on roots and aquatic plants; but if he can reach a rice field or plantation of sugar canes, his voraciousness is satisfied only at the expense of great devastation. His voice is variable; sometimes he neighs like a horse, the next moment roars like a bull, and then changes to the grunting of a hog.

Nature has made him timid and fearful, but when provoked, his rage is very fearful, and he then makes use of his great strength and frightful teeth as means of aggression or defence. When boats are sailing in those rivers, among whose reeds and canes he had made his dwelling, he regularly comes forth from his hiding place, splashing, snorting, and diving, harmlessly as though at play, around the craft. Should the voyagers not like this near vicinity and fire upon him, they find he is not to be frightened by a shot, but rather that others are attracted by it. If provoked to animosity by those in the boat, he seizes the latter in his tusks, and either pierces it full of holes or drags it under the water. Neither on land is he less vindictive, but follows his enemy with great swiftness and fury.

As the hippopotamus is a great pest to many districts in Africa, the natives seek by a variety of ways to release themselves from this troublesome neighbor. One of the least dangerous methods is this: on the way leading from the river to the rice fields, they dig deep pits, wherein they place strong stakes, the sharp points of which have been hardened in the fire, and falling into these holes, while pursuing their depredatory rambles, they are in some sort empaled. The negroes also make a kind of palisading of similar stakes on the bank of the river in places where they know these animals are to be found; they next assemble in the woods, and with loud outcries frighten them so as to put them to flight. The alarmed beasts turn naturally to the water, and dashing into it, they rush with full force against

those concealed stakes, the pointed ends of which penetrating the tough skin, they are killed at once.

Other tribes make a pastime of hunting them, and attack them with lances. They conceal themselves at the end of a thicket, and crouching down so as to be altogether invisible, they cut the sinews of their feet, being the most vulnerable part, as they pass along, and then as they lay on the ground venting their impotent rage, they are easily dispatched with lances. But the most common manner of hunting the river horse is the following:

One of the hunters is provided with a lance which is made out of a harpoon with a wooden shaft. A long rope is fastened to the iron, on the other end of which is fastened a block of wood. When the hunter has succeeded in approaching within seven or eight steps of the beast he throws his lance with such force that the harpoon penetrates through the skin into the flesh. The poor animal thus wounded, at once seeks to bury himself under the water; the lance breaks but the rope remains fastened to the harpoon, and the block swimming on the surface, shows the spot where the enemy has retreated. The other hunters now come up, and as soon as he shows himself on the top of the water, where he is obliged to come for breath, thrust their sharp lances through his head; or if near enough, beat with heavy blows on his skull. This manner of hunting is fraught with great danger, for it is not seldom that the hippopotamus succeeds in fastening his teeth in his enemy, crushing him to pieces in his powerful jaws.

As a company of English travellers were once traversing the country upwards from the cape, in sailing up one of the rivers, all at once they saw themselves surrounded by a number of these animals. At first they were not to be frightened off, and it was not until after repeated firings that any of them retreated. The continued discharge of many guns at last sent all off excepting three, who were determined not to be driven away, but stood immovable, stretching their fearful jaws wide open and showing their teeth. The Englishmen, although at first amused, soon lost all kind of pleasure in this wild hunt; they by no means liked these savage intimations on the part of the foe, and at last were obliged to make use of their weapons in self defence, for one of the animals swam closely after the boat seeking to seize it with his teeth and draw it under the water. They succeeded at last in killing him, but out of thirty bullets discharged at the distance of a few feet only, at his head, only one had been effective; that one had passed up the nostril into the brain, all the others remained sticking in the thick skin without one having penetrated into the flesh.

The Crocodile.

Crocodiles are found in countries embracing warm latitudes all over the earth; everywhere abhorred, everywhere dreaded; nevertheless the descriptions of their dangerous propensities have been greatly exaggerated. They have a long, hard head, a horribly capacious throat, and their jaws are armed with strong and sharp teeth. Their backs are covered with thick and hard scales, that like a coat of mail serves to protect them from all missiles, rendering them impervious to bullets which rebound harmlessly after striking the horny substance which Nature has provided for their defence. In order therefore to destroy them it is necessary to wound them in the throat or belly, for in those parts only are they vulnerable. Owing to the peculiar conformation of the neck, and the inflexible nature of those scales, every movement, except those made in a straight forward direction, are accomplished with difficulty. As it is almost impossible for them to turn round, so men when pursued by them do not find it hard to escape, as they have only to dash suddenly to one side, which the creature when at full speed is unable to do.

The whole genus embraces several species, distinguished under various names, namely, the Crocodile, Cayman, or

American Alligator, and the Gavial of Asia. The first named are distinguished from the caymans by their larger size and teeth. They inhabit the large rivers in Africa, and a few have been found in America, but very rarely.

The crocodile of the Nile is the most famous of all; and independent of his greater size, differs from the rest of the species found in the same climate by the singular regularity of his scales, which are of a four cornered shape, and are invariably found in the same number placed along his back. The ancient Egyptians adored them as divinities; they erected temples for their worship, and nourished them within those sanctuaries. Herodotus tells us of having seen crocodiles in Memphis, with gold rings and chains on their noses and round their bodies, taking their rest on couches of purple silk.

The female crocodile lays her eggs, which have a tolerable hard shell, in the sand on the river shore. She chooses a dry place, where favored by the sun's heat, and protected from accidents of wind or weather, they may be safely matured; and scooping out a hole about a foot deep with her claws, she deposits the eggs in regular layers one above the other within it. Woe to the unwary one who approaches too near or interrupts her at this time. Swift as an arrow must be his flight, or a frightful and fatal battle will ensue. Leaving them to be hatched by the sun, she yet watches constantly over them, going only in search of food, and never so far as to lose sight of them. When the young ones crawl forth, she then takes charge of them, leading

them abroad and watching over them with the same care that a hen shows for her chickens. She guards them from danger, is furious in attacking any enemy that approaches, and never forsakes them until they are entirely able to do without her services.

Being very hardy, the crocodiles would increase to fearful numbers were it not that they had a powerful enemy in a weak, gentle, but crafty little animal called the ichneumon, or rat of Pharaoh. And they have another, the yellow vulture. Hovering round, and watching until the old crocodile has retreated into the sedges or the margin of the river, where she herself is waiting for prey, he pounces down upon the scarcely covered eggs, and in a moment the half are destroyed. The enraged mother is back in a moment. Her frightful teeth and open jaws have little terror for this ravenous bird; he beats her off with his powerful wings, and generally carries away a goodly portion of her treasure as his lawful spoil.

Furious at the outrage, she attempts to follow the robber, and for a few moments is forgetful of the eggs that are thus left without protection. The little ichneumon, hidden under some papyrus shrubs, in the meantime has been watching the battle; this is the time for him—he darts forth, tears up the eggs, breaks and devours them with incredible rapidity; and when the poor crocodile has returned from her fruitless battle with the gluttonous bird, to watch over her immature brood, she finds nothing left of all her treasure but the broken shells strewed upon the sand. At this sight

she raises a loud cry of complaint, and betakes herself to another and more distant spot on the shore, where she can form her nest in greater security.

The caymans or alligators find their homes in America. Those that live in the colder regions become torpid in the winter season, sleeping through it like the snakes and bears; and in the warm latitudes it is said they are dormant in the dry months. They creep into the swamps—the mud of which dries over them—and they are only distinguished from it by the point of their noses thrust forth; in order to breathe, they lie stretched out in slothful enjoyment of the summer sun. When the negroes of Cayenne discover one thus snugly disposed of, they loosen the half baked earth all round the body with a pole, in order to dislodge it, as we have seen laborers do to remove wood or large stones. They first of all free the hind feet, which they tie fast to the body with ligatures of liana. They next proceed to secure the fore feet in the same way; then they dig out the whole body, taking care to keep at a sufficient distance to ensure safety from the teeth and tail of the animal. The last act of the process is to kill and drag him forth from the mud in which he is imbedded, and then they feast upon the flesh—which they eat with great appetite notwithstanding its unpleasant smell.

The largest and most dangerous of the American alligators are the crowned cayman, found in Guiana, Brazil, and Colombia, and the cayman of the Antilles. Both these species grow twenty or twenty five feet in length, and infest-

ing the banks of large rivers, frequently seize upon unwary swimmers. The rivers, swamps, and savannas of South America are alive with the smaller kind—the largest of which vary from six to eight feet in length.

The traveller, riding along the shore of these rivers, may see these caymans hidden under the water or in the rushes, only made visible by the point of the nose, which is thrust straight upward. Thus concealed, they are ready in a moment to dart upon anything in the shape of prey that approaches. Swift as lightning they seize upon the unsuspecting animal, and almost before it has time to know it has been made prisoner, or resist, drags it into the water, first drowning, then hiding it under the protruding root of some tree, or else in the reeds, thus storing the carcass away to feast upon when it is decayed, for they eat fresh meat very unwillingly, and only when compelled by hunger. Others lie stretched out on the sand, sleeping or basking in the sun's warm rays, but all vanish when man approaches. In the evening and advanced twilight, they call each other together with a soft protracted cry, something like the whining bark of a young dog, and as soon as this cry is heard they may be seen advancing in great numbers; and if the spectator happens to be in a boat, it is no unamusing sight to see them swim and play around it. It is likewise no uncommon thing to find the negroes going waist deep into the rivers, whose waters are literally alive with these creatures, for the purpose of taking them; and it rarely happens that they meet with an accident. But if one fellow, bolder than

the rest, seizes the black man by the leg, as soon as the latter finds himself taken hold of thus roughly, he turns round and very coolly and dexterously thrusts his fingers into the poor creature's eyes, which forces him at once to give up his hold.

The negroes of Guyaquil hunt the caymans even in deep water with incredible intrepidity. One of the party arms himself with a lath-like piece of hard wood, about eighteen inches long, and pointed at both ends. As soon as he discovers a crocodile he swims towards him, dives under the water, and as soon as the creature opens his mouth, he thrusts his wooden javelin between his jaws in a perpendicular direction. Feeling that he has something to close his teeth upon, the crocodile does so, and thus the sharp points of the stick penetrate his palate and throat. This renders him helpless, and the negroes then draw him to land with a rope, and binding him by the feet to the nearest tree, kill him without farther trouble. Another quite common method of taking them is with a large iron hook, baited with a piece of putrid flesh.

The Gavials are natives of the warm countries of Asia, and differ from all others of the crocodile species by a long thin proboscis. Those of the Ganges are the largest of the race; they live upon fish, scarcely ever feeding upon human beings or mammalious animals.

Like the ancient Egyptians, many of the natives of the East Indies and the Isle of Sunda, worship the crocodile even in the present day. The inhabitants of Borneo, at the

time of their yearly festivals, bring them an oblation in order to propitiate their favor. This is done in the following manner: They make a little boat out of bark, in which they place a quantity of prepared rice, some boiled eggs, and a roasted fowl, together with a lighted taper at each end. They give the little vessel to the stream, to be borne away by the current to whatever spot chance may direct, and in the deepening twilight, or in the night, hundreds of these tiny lights may be seen sparkling like stars upon the water.

A traveller tells us that a few years ago, in the neighborhood of the Indus, he saw a pool in which a large number of the sacred crocodiles were kept, and regularly fed by the Fakirs.

"We had left," says he, "the Indus, and reached a secluded valley, shut in on all sides by high hills; on our right hand lay a wood of magnificent palm trees, among which were seen the white domes of the sepulchres where the priests were buried; on our left was a beautiful grove of tamarind trees. After passing by a few miserable huts, which looked rather picturesque among the beautiful mango, palm, and tamarind trees, we came to a large pool, of perhaps two hundred feet in length and fifty in breadth, where the sacred crocodiles, with their heads peering above the water, opened their frightful jaws as if to threaten us for our intrusion. A mineral spring, the waters of which are so hot that no one can bear his hand in it a minute, gushes from the rocks about a mile to the north of this spot, and

after running for a short distance in a narrow channel, disappears, but pursuing a subterranean course, it again rises to the surface, once more assuming the form of a spring. A little basin is formed around it, and meeting with some other rills, the united waters empty themselves into the pool, on whose banks more than a hundred crocodiles of all sizes are to be seen stretched out in lazy enjoyment of the rays of the sun. Fakirs, whose only occupation is to feed these creatures, now came forward to offer their services to 'the strangers,' and as we were once delighted in visiting the carp pond at Charlottesburg, to see the fish leap out of the water at the sound of a bell, so were we also diverted to see these ugly creatures come from the pool at the bidding of the Fakirs, and, like dogs, lie down at their feet to receive their food. According to old usages, we brought a goat as our share of the usual oblation to the crocodiles, made the Fakirs a present, and then hastened to pursue our journey, and shut out this disgusting spectacle as soon as possible from our eyes."

All travellers who have had opportunity of observing the crocodile closely, coincide in the opinion that he is a much less dangerous enemy to man than is generally supposed. True it is that every year some human beings fall a prey to them, but it is mainly attributable to their own carelessness, in choosing to bathe in such places where many of these creatures resort. There are instances related where men delivered themselves by their presence of mind, when in the very throat of a crocodile. Humboldt tells of an Indian

girl, who, standing on the bank of the Orinoco, was dipping water, when she felt herself seized and dragged into the water by one of these animals. In an instant the courageous maiden thought of self-defence, and turning round, thrust her fingers so resolutely into her enemy's eyes, that he instantly let go the hold he had taken of her arm. Heedless of the pain and loss of blood, she swam to the shore, where several men were assembled, who carried her to one of their huts, and it was not a great while until she had quite recovered.

The same mode of procedure is observed by the negroes in the interior of Africa, when exposed to similar danger. When Mungo Park was travelling up the Niger in a boat, his guide, Isaac, was suddenly seized by the thigh, and dragged under the water by the huge animal. With astonishing presence of mind he felt for the creature's head, and thrust his finger into one of his eyes. Howling with pain, he released his victim, and Isaac succeeded in reaching the shore by swimming. Scarcely, however, had he reached it, and was looking round for his companions, when the crocodile shot through the water a second time, seized him before he had time to think, and dragged him down to the bottom. Still Isaac did not lose his senses—he knew there was but one way of battling with his enemy to ensure his escape—he therefore used the same means as before, and with the same success. The crocodile let go his hold, and after splashing about for a short while on the surface of the water, like one bewildered, he at last crept into the rushes that

bordered the stream. In the meantime, Isaac had been taken up by the persons in the boat; he was much exhausted by the loss of blood, for he had been dreadfully wounded by the teeth of his voracious adversary, but after a few weeks rest and care, he was perfectly recovered.

Modern travellers represent the whole species as much less dangerous, than do the ancients. Gerstacker—who indeed tells only of the American Cayman—speaks in reference to this subject in the following manner: "Many are the frightful stories told of the voracity of the alligators,—that, greedy and blood-thirsty, they are always on the watch for the approach of some human being, and that none can come into their neighborhood without being seized upon and devoured! I have always viewed them as harmless, peaceable creatures, and have found great sport in hunting them. Shooting at a great many, I found that after swimming about for a little while they sank down to the bottom, so that I lost my prey. At last I had recourse to the harpoon as a better weapon; to this I fastened a strong rope, perhaps twenty feet long. I then would wade up to my waist in water, and stand under one of the many cypress trees that grew in the swamp, to await the coming of an alligator, for in the glowing noon-tide heat they leave the mud to swim about, or stretch themselves on some bank to sun themselves. When one came within ten or fifteen feet of me he was certainly mine, and then the principal sport began, and capital sport it was, if he proved a fine large fellow, resolved to be not easily conquered. I threw my har-

poon; he pulled the rope outwards, whilst I dragged it inwards, and thus contended until, weakened with loss of blood, he became my prey.

"But finding that standing in the sun during the heat of the day was by no means pleasant, or improving to my health, I resolved to try the 'fire hunt,' of which I had heard a great deal. As I always loved exciting sports, I was particularly charmed with what the Creoles told me of this method of hunting the cayman, for they assured me 'an alligator hunt was far more dangerous at night than by day, for then they were a great deal wilder and fiercer, and fought the hunters with great fury.'"

The next evening I took my gun, a pan full of resinous wood split up fine, and my harpoon, and thus equipped, I repaired to the place where I knew they were to be found, and the sight that presented itself when I reached the border of the swamp was so truly charming, that I was enabled to endure patiently the stings of thousands of musquitoes that attacked me most unmercifully.

The dark expanse of water, the majestic cypress, with their moss covered trunks, the thick and dusky forest that surrounded the morass, the melancholy cadence of the bull-frogs, and the hooting cry of the owls, all these were things to which I was well accustomed; but now I saw the water teeming with living things, populous as a city, in a manner I never could have imagined. Thousands of animated creatures were splashing and tumbling about in this their special domain, springing up and dashing the water about in high

enjoyment, and as the bright flame of the burning resin illumined the dark surface, it showed me hundreds of red glowing eyes on all sides, sometimes gazing quietly on the unwonted light, sometimes moving and glancing as their owners swam around. These were the eyes of the alligators, and they sparkled on the dark water like bits of red hot iron in a smith's forge.

As I had only one hand free, I could not well manage my gun and harpoon at the same time. I therefore shot the animal in the head that came closest to me, and then laying my gun down, I took the harpoon in its place, struck it into the alligator's body, and dragged him with the rope to the shore.

I had succeeded in disposing of two after this manner, when I saw a pair of large red eyes coming towards me. My gun was again loaded—I aimed—shot—once more threw down the gun, and raising the harpoon on high, I took advantage of the moment, when the wounded alligator turning over in the water, showed his white belly, to hurl it with certain aim into this vulnerable part.

At the moment of throwing my harpoon I was standing on the border of the swamp, and the end of the rope was fastened to my right hand wrist. Scarcely had the alligator felt the probe of the barbed iron, than, maddened with pain, he shot forth and dived down under the water, and before I had time to think, had, by a sudden pull, drawn me after him. The pan fell from my hand, the blazing resin was extinguished with a hissing sound, and although with the

best will in the world to do so, I could not release myself, for the rope was wound many times around my arm. Twice had I been dragged under water by the powerful efforts of my travelling companion on this hasty journey, before I felt firm earth under my feet. Luckily for me, the swamp was not very deep, and so I was at last enabled to plant myself firmly, and make a halt. The alligator, by this time, was evidently weakened by loss of blood and his great efforts to escape; I had now but little trouble, as I drew the rope lightly and cautiously to bring him towards the shore. As we reached it, I pulled harder, in order to land him fairly, but he had no mind to give up so easily, and collecting his strength for a last effort, he drew back so violently that I pitched heels over head into the black mud of the swamp. Yet I was able to work my way out once more, and this time without much trouble, for the water was scarcely four feet deep; and having brought the hideous creature—who, after this last plunge, made but weak resistance—to dry land, I killed him in a minute.

This being done, I had time to think of myself. I found I was wet through to the skin, and in perfect darkness. Happily I had left my tinder-box and matches, together with some pine splinters, at the foot of a neighboring nut tree, and it required but a few seconds to kindle up a bright flame.

The huge alligator was about ten feet long, but after all the pains I had taken to capture, I could make no use of him—he was too old to be eatable, and too poor to promise

to yield fat enough to pay for the trouble of cutting him up; this last being much used among the planters for greasing their cotton machines. The two first I had killed were from four to five feet long; I cut off the tails, and carried the eatable parts home with me. Only a few of the creoles and negroes eat the flesh—some loathing, others believing it to be poisonous; nevertheless, I have found it quite palateable, and never experienced any bad consequences after eating it. The meat is white and firm, and tastes like that of a large fish; but the tail must be cut off, and the back bone taken out immediately, or else it will imbibe the musk-like odor peculiar to these animals, so as not to be fit for use.

Some time after this, I went with a comrade to hunt alligators once more; this was a better mode of procedure, for as one shot, the other threw the harpoon, and the labor was considerably lightened.

Anxiously as these creatures seem to avoid white men, they nevertheless show great antipathy to the negroes, who, on this account, greatly fear them. They have a singular hatred of dogs, and pursue all that come near them with great fury.

I was standing one afternoon with my harpoon in my hand, and up to my waist in water, waiting for one to approach, but although I saw many swimming about, none came near enough for me to venture a launch. It struck me that by imitating the barking of a dog, I could attract them to a closer neighborhood. I had only to repeat the

experiment two or three times, until I saw at least fifteen stout fellows coming rapidly towards me. This was rather more company than I judged it prudent to have, especially as I was standing so deep in the water, that I was not entirely master of my own movements. I worked my way out as rapidly as I could to the shore, which was about two hundred feet distant. Having reached it, I began anew to bark; but as I stood completely exposed to the view of the alligators, they kept at a respectful distance, and contented themselves with gazing upon me with open jaws, and swimming round, but never once coming within range of my harpoon, and so disappointed me of my anticipated sport.

Serpents.

The great plague of countries lying within the tropics is serpents, of which, some species are extremely dangerous, either from their size, their muscular strength, or the swiftness of their movements; whilst others, from their deadly venom, are yet quite as much to be feared, being even more destructive to both man and beast.

Among those not poisonous, but the largest of all, is the boa constrictor or giant snake; they are found in the tropical regions of both the old and new world, always harboring in large and dense forests. When waiting for prey, they generally wind themselves round the trunk of a tree, from which they unloose and dart themselves with inconceivable rapidity upon the first animal that comes near. Having crushed their prey to death, they lick it over with a glutinous kind of spittle, and swallow it all at once—for their throats are capable of being distended to an incredible size; they lay immovable for days in order to digest this enormous meal. During this time they can be approached with perfect safety, and are easily killed, whereas nothing can be more dangerous than to attack a hungry boa. Yet they are often hunted both by daring sportsmen and the natives,

either with guns loaded with large ball, and sometimes with bows and arrows.

The anaconda, or water snake, belongs also to the giant species, and sometimes grow to the length of forty feet. They bury themselves under the broad leaves of aquatic plants, which grow on the borders of the large rivers, to wait for prey, or else lie coiled up like a huge cable on the bank, enjoying the rays of the bright sun. It is not considered dangerous sport to hunt them, for they are a stupid and timid race, and always flee at the approach of man—and therefore it is not uncommon to see the natives of South America, when they find the hideous reptile endeavoring to escape, swim after them until they get close to the head, when they kill him with a long knife.

A Hollander who travelled in Surinam a few years ago, gives the following account of the anaconda:

"As I was sailing up one of the large rivers, I saw something that looked like a large shining bundle or ball, lying in the mud near the bank. Determined to see what it was, I bade the boatmen row in that direction, but as we came near, the negroes, by whom the boat was manned, begged me to let them turn her in an opposite direction, for the bundle was nothing more nor less than a rolled up anaconda. I believed the reptile to be dead, or at least sick, as he lay so motionless in the mud, for the splashing of our oars had not disturbed him; and when we got near enough, I gave him a stroke with the rudder. This troubled him just so far as to cause him to raise his head, but he soon returned it

slowly to its place, and remained immovable as at first. I now fired my gun, loaded with ball and coarse shot, at him, aiming directly for the head. The charge struck him—wounding, but not killing him; it roused all his fury; he raised up his whole length higher than our heads, and was just about to throw himself into the boat, in which case our destruction was certain. But just at this moment, our steersman, with great presence of mind, turned the boat—one of the negroes struck him on the back with an oar, and another fired a well aimed shot directly at his head; he fell back into the water—dead. He was in fine condition, and yielded a considerable quantity of fat, which the natives esteem a valuable remedy for many diseases."

Another species of the boa is called the king's or idol snake; it is also found from thirty to forty feet long, and swallows goats, calves, and it is said cows, with great ease.

"I have often," says a traveller from Guinea, "seen them creeping through the plains and meadows, and amused myself by watching the rising and sinking of the plants and bushes over which they passed, and once very incautiously stumbled over one that lay coiled up like a cable in my way. He raised up his head in an instant as if to prepare for an attack, but I was so happy as to escape.

"Armed only with a knife, the negroes seek the hiding places of these snakes, and lying down with their legs stretched out, they await the onset of the hungry reptile. As soon as he darts upon him (for in this position of his enemy he cannot wind,) the negro splits the head with his

knife, rips up the body and hanging it on a tree, strips off the skin, which he considers quite a prize."

The black snake is found in great numbers in America, and many wonderful tales are related of its powers of enchantment. A traveller adds his testimony to the truth of this, by some deemed fabulous property, by the following narration:

"One evening as I was making my way through a thick forest on the borders of Florida and Georgia, my attention was arrested by the singular cries of many birds. Looking round I saw quite a number of various kinds perched on a tree near a squirrel, which sat on a branch about twenty feet from the ground. To my great surprise this naturally lively little animal remained perfectly immovable for a time, but he at length sprung to a lower branch, still accompanied by his winged followers uttering the same outcry. A second leap brought him still nearer to the earth. Astonished at his strange manœuvres I approached quite close to the tree, and there at its foot coiled up lay a large black snake, which with upraised head seemed gazing intently on the poor victim that the third leap had brought within one foot of the devourer. My gun was ready loaded, it was but the work of a minute to level, fire and cut the snake in two. I then took up the squirrel, that cold and rigid seemed at first to be dead, but soon reviving, in less than ten minutes he hopped away as lively as ever."

The black snake lives mostly in the woods, hidden in deep holes, and is, when at full size, from six to seven feet long.

Although it is not venomous, neither dangerous from its strength and size, unlike most other snakes it does not fly from man, but seizes him boldly when it has opportunity, and follows him closely. The negroes unheeding their bite, which is perfectly harmless, amuse themselves by provoking him; they take him up in their hands, and he winds himself round their arms and bodies and seeks to bite them, but happily their anger is not to be feared.

The animosity which the black snake exhibits towards the copper-head is remarkable, inasmuch as he dashes at once upon this hated and dangerous enemy; at sight of which he is always enraged, and crushes him to death at once by a superior strength. In Georgia, therefore, they do not seek to extirpate them, but suffer them to increase; deeming them of great use in the plantations as the most efficient enemy of the poisonous copper-heads.

In reference to this subject, the hogs, too, are very valuable animals; for, independant of their usefulness for domestic purposes, they are potent enemies to the most poisonous snakes, delighting to destroy them, and receiving no injury from their bite, as the thick layer of fat between their flesh and skin prevents the venom from making any impression

Of all the poisonous reptiles the rattle snake is the most dangerous, although he seldom attacks man unless provoked. Coiled up in a ring with his head erect he watches the movement of everything that approaches him; but before he darts upon the intruder he always gives warning by shaking his rattle, the sound of which is not unlike the

crackling of parchment when rubbed together, and is caused by the movement of a number of horny rings, inserted one into another and placed at the extremity of the tail. The next moment he uncoils himself and darts upon his victim; but never shoots forward more than half his own length. They are found in the northern latitudes between the tropics as well as the southern, and in these separate climates they differ in choosing their places of resort. In the north they are found in high, dry and rocky regions, where, if undisturbed by the presence of man, they increase to a fearful degree. This is well known to the settlers in the United States, for it is not uncommon for those who have taken possession of hitherto uncultivated lands, to form large companies in order to hunt and extirpate them, and they have often killed several hundred in a day.

In the South the rattle snake chooses some damp place by the sea shore or some large river, and makes his home under the spreading water plants or among the sea grass. He also infests the fields of sugar cane, and the negroes that work there are frequently bitten.

It has been remarked that those who have been wounded by rattle snakes almost immediately become convulsed; and as the poison enters into the circulation, the spasms increase in violence, and death ensues in an incredibly short time. It is, therefore, a custom when one is bitten, at once to tie a ligature tightly above the wound, and thus prevent the poison from mingling with the blood. This experiment has been tried, first on animals, and afterwards on human

beings, and generally with favorable effect, for if a dog had been bitten by a rattle snake, and the ligature immediately applied as mentioned above, although he fell into convulsions, yet as the diffusion of the poison into the system was thus prevented, they passed off without any great violence. If the bandage was somewhat loosened, and the venom was permitted to mix even but slightly with the blood, renewed spasms were sure to follow; but on its being again drawn tightly, the animal again revived. In this manner, by letting the poison mix gradually with the blood, the force of its virulence is checked, and the spasms kept from following each other too rapidly, and that which without the timely and skilful application of the ligature, would have caused instant death, falls only on a certain set of nerves, from which affection the animal ultimately recovers. In this manner men who have been bitten by rattle snakes are also treated, and with the same success; and although in earlier days the bite of the reptiles were considered as certain death, it is much less dreaded in the present. The rattle snake, as well as the not less poisonous cobra di capella, are so easily wounded that they can be killed by a blow from a rod.

Valparaiso.

I was landed by an English corvette at Valparaiso, the principal port for trade in Chili, and possessing, beside other maratime advantages, the largest and most commodious haven on the western coast of South America. I had passed a whole month in this beautiful ship, fitted out with all the conveniences of European life, in the company of the most polite and agreeable set of officers, enjoying with them not only the most delightful intercourse, but enough of luxury to make me believe a sea voyage the most charming thing in the world. Passing my time so pleasantly, favored by most glorious weather, and sailing on the most beautiful sea in the world, it was not without regret that I felt myself obliged to decline their kind invitation to sail with them round Cape Horn. But I was young and strong enough to bear the fatigue and hardships of a journey over the Cordilleras and through the Pampas; and believing I should be rewarded by gazing on richly varied scenes of natural beauty, spread out with lavish hand in those regions, I refused the tempting offer; and telling them I hoped to see their hospitable flag flying when I reached Buenos Ayres, I bade them farewell.

Valparaiso, notwithstanding its pompous name, is, con-

trary to what one would expect, a very ugly place; for no one who has ever seen other vallies would ever dream of calling this narrow rocky space, cut through dells between the mountains and the sea, by such a paradisical name. In many places the space is so narrow that there is scarcely room for an house; in others the buildings are piled up like birds' nests, one above another, against the mountain. On account of the many earthquakes the houses are only one storied; but within those modest walls, owing to the wealth brought by the increasing commerce of the city, great wealth is hidden.

During my stay in Valparaiso, two circumstances happened, unimportant in themselves, but worthy to be mentioned here, as serving to throw some light on the character of the people. A principal feature in the latter and seemingly the same in all grades of society, is an unbounded avarice, that has its foundation in an unbridled passion for gambling and strong drink. Owing to this and to the discovery that, since the working of the rich gold and silver mines of their country, the condition of the primitive inhabitants has sadly degenerated. The Indian natives, not daring to work them themselves, refuse to tell the covetous Europeans, as they did in earlier times, where the rich veins of gold and silver lay, or direct them to the hills where shafts have been opened.

Many years ago a rich owner of a mine, who suspected that many valuable beds of ore lay hidden in the neighboring mountains, sent a young man to search the whole region,

bidding him leave no means untried to find out where the earth's rich treasures were to be found. The youth was worthy of his office; and knowing that more could be obtained from the knowledge possessed by the natives than by exploration, he went to a village near the mountains and took up his abode in the cottage of an Indian shepherd, to whom he was, as may be supposed, silent as to the motive of his coming among them. His host had a daughter, and after a short time the young man succeeded in gaining her affection and confidence, and trusting to the love of woman what he feared to make known to the suspicion of man, he at last desired the maiden, in proof of her love, to show him the entrance to what he had found out really to exist, an old and long disused rich silver mine.

Trusting him, nor deeming one she loved so well could be a deceiver, she bade him follow her the next morning when she was to lead her flock to the hills, and watch where she dropped her woolen apron, for there would be the entrance to the coveted spot. The young man did as she desired, and the Indian maiden, faithful to her promise, gave the signal. He began at once to dig, and there, at no great depth from the surface, he found a shaft which led to rich veins of silver.

Highly delighted, he pursued his occupation heedless of the toil, and had secured several lumps of ore, when he was surprised by the old shepherd, who coolly wished him joy of his good luck and offered to assist him. They worked together in seeming amity for a few hours, when the old man

stopped, and inviting the young adventurer to partake of a mug of chicha, an intoxicating beverage made of rice, bade him drink and be refreshed. The latter did so; but soon after feeling the most deadly sickness come over him, he began to suspect he was poisoned. He gathered up his bits of silver ore, and hastened with all speed to his master's house. He had only time to relate the adventure and describe the place were the mine was to be found, ere his senses failed, and shortly after he died.

Scarcely waiting until the breath had ceased, men were sent to find the place. They sought every where; they used every means to discover what had been so plainly described, but in vain. The old Indian and his family had left the village; and of the lately opened shaft not the slightest vestige was to be seen.

Less tragical is another story. A Franciscan monk, passionately addicted to play, was used, when his money was all gone, to apply to the neighboring Indians, by whom he was greatly beloved, for the means to renew his funds. One day when he had lost all, (for it must be confessed, that among the priests in Chili and Peru, the love of play is a ruling passion,) he called upon one of his Indian friends for aid. The man promised to assist him; and accordingly on the next evening brought him a bag full of silver ore. This was repeated several times, until the monk, not satisfied to have it dealed out to him in this manner, begged to be shown the source from which this rich treasure flowed. Even this prayer was granted, and a day appointed for the visit, and

certainly on that day three Indians made their appearance in the cottage of the Franciscan. They insisted, however, that he should submit to be blindfolded, to which, however unwillingly, he found himself obliged to consent; and then taking him upon their shoulders, his Indian friends carried him over a distance of several leagues into the heart of the mountain. There they set him down, and led him to a shaft not far below the surface of the earth, and showed him veins of brightly glancing silver ore.

After collecting as much as he needed for his present purposes, they once more bandaged his eyes, and carried him back to his home. But the crafty priest was determined not to be thus baffled, and determined to visit and appropriate the treasure as he might wish or need, made use of an expedient which would serve to guide him to it, without the help or knowledge of his dusky comrades. Slyly unloosing his rosary, he dropped a bead every here and there on the ground, intending to use them as waymarks to the place where the silver, of which he had so much need, lay buried. With great self-congratulations, he betook himself to rest; but he was not a little astonished on the following morning, when the three Indians came to him, and handing him the collected beads, said, with a quiet smile—

"Worthy father, you have lost your rosary by the way, and we have brought it to you."

The tragical history of the Spaniard Salcedo, who, a short time before the South American colonies threw off the

Spanish yoke, fell a victim to his own great wealth; and the covetousness of the viceroy is well known. He came from his native country to America a poor man; but having become acquainted with an Indian maiden, he resolved to make her his wife. Greatly pleased with this proposal, the young girl's mother promised to show him a silver mine—the riches of which was inexhaustible; and true to that promise, he soon found himself master of wealth greater than ever he dreamed of. He found veins of the purest silver ore; he worked his mine to the best advantage, and with the most brilliant success.

This success was, however, fatal to himself, for it awakened the envy and cupidity of the viceroy. Salcedo was a benevolent, generous man; and treating the Indians ever with a kindness they never met with from the rest of the white men, he was greatly beloved by them; and this circumstance was made use of in the complaint lodged against him before the higher powers. He was represented as corrupting the natives by gifts, and encouraging them to an insurrection. His enemies were successful: he was imprisoned, and with scarce the formality of a trial, condemned to death. From his cell he wrote to the viceroy, entreating that he might send a statement of the whole proceedings to Madrid, and permission to appeal to the grace of the king, and if he (the viceroy) should grant this request, he would give him a bar of pure silver every day until the ship which bore the petition should return.

When it is remembered that at that time a voyage to and

from Spain could not be accomplished under twelve or fourteen weeks, some estimate may be formed of Salcedo's wealth. His prayer, however, was not granted, and he was executed. As soon as this was over, the viceroy set about finding out this rich mine, determined to make it his own,—but his cruelty was destined to be disappointed in its hoped-for reward. The mother-in-law of the condemned, together with her relations, had gone to the spot, destroyed all the works, and closed up the entrance to the shaft so effectually that it never could be found. The Indians in the neighborhood were questioned, threatened, promised with reward if they would show the place, but all in vain; they had loved Salcedo too well to be moved by any thing. They continued obstinately silent even under the torments of the rack, and to this day the place of Salcedo's mine remains undiscovered.

San Jago.

The summer had begun before I left Valparaiso, and notwithstanding it was the time of the trade winds, the heat was dreadfully oppressive; it took me, therefore, although mounted on an excellent horse, full twenty-four hours to ride to the capital, San Jago, although the distance from the seaport is but sixteen miles.

Owing to the remarkable transparency of the atmosphere, all objects within sight appear at a less distance than they really are. When I looked toward the gigantic peaks of the long chain of the Cordilleras it seemed to me that I could reach them in an hour or two, and yet they were, in a straight line, more than twelve miles distant. This illusion is very harrassing to travellers, but still more so to the horses; for believing the places will be reached immediately, the poor animals are kept at a pace which in that hot climate is exhausting.

San Jago presents a truly beautiful appearance to the traveller's view. Built against the rocky wall forming one side of the Andes, it is surrounded with blooming and tastefully laid out gardens that are spread out like a dark green carpet, and reaching even to the coast. The fruitful earth is everywhere seen carefully cultivated, and the beholder is

gratified with the evidences of wealth and prosperity that plainly mark a happy people and a thriving State.

The Alameda or mall is perfectly charming, and presents a lively appearance in the evening, for here half the city assembles to enjoy the shade and fresh air, or a cheerful chat with friends and acquaintances. Here numbers of men mounted on noble Andalusian horses were seen riding about, their picturesque dress, coats of grey, or gayer colors embroidered with silver, and broad hats ornamented with long tassels or a feather, gave great effect to the scene; there wandering in the broad alleys, groups of beautiful women in the graceful Spanish dress, laughed, jested or flirted with companions or lovers; children were running every where, and all seemed given up to the sweet influence of the summer evening and unrestrained enjoyment.

Although my stay in this charming city was truly pleasant, I dare only tarry a short time or else the whole plan of my journey must be disarranged. I engaged a guide and three mules, and true to his promise to be ready to set out early, I was awakenened on the appointed morning by the clanking of his large spurs upon the stairs. Whilst I was dressing, he carried down my portmanteau in which I had packed some clothing, a compass, and the necessary money for the journey; and by the time I was ready had it fastened behind the saddles. My hostess then made her appearance, a kind old lady, who was not a little troubled that I would undertake a journey she deemed so dangerous; and as she gave me the last cup of chocolate, she said with many

tears: "It grieves me, indeed, my dear son, that you are so resolutely bent on running into dangers that may cost you your life; but if it cannot be otherwise, go, and may God be with you."

Moved by her sincerity, and feeling it was something, stranger as I was, to have her good will, I thanked her as well as I was able, and in ten minutes afterwards I was outside the gate of San Jago.

Immediately on leaving the city we entered into a valley that might well be called glorious, for it was not only highly cultivated but naturally more fruitful than any place I had yet seen, and presenting the loveliest landscape, it is said, in America. The trees bent under the loads of fruit until their branches touched the earth, and no one gathered it, for plenty was every where diffused. The road through the middle of this valley led over a hanging bridge constructed out of hides and ropes, which in the firmness of its structure and beauty of design, reminded one of wire bridges of Europe. From this point the ground began gradually to rise, and owing to the illusive transparency before spoken of, one could almost believe the crests of the Andes could be touched by the hand, whereas the real distance to the foot of the mountains is fourteen miles.

I had now time to make a closer acquaintance with my guide. Antonio was a handsome fellow of five and twenty; his face and all his movements betokened carelessness and self-dependence. We were scarcely out of the streets of San Jago ere he requested a match of me to light his cigar,

and then riding slowly before me he alternately smoked and sung a Spanish song, which in that wild romantic region made an indescribable impression upon me. But reckless as he now seemed as he sat sideways on his mule and hummed his ballad, even so courageous, as I afterwards experienced, was he in the moment of danger, and exhibiting a presence of mind and faithfulness in the performance of his duty which at this time I could not have imagined and which I will never forget.

After a five hours' ride my guide suddenly stopped and turning round to me declared it was time for the mid-day halt. After we had spread our tent, he took a small pie, as he called it, from his portmanteau, and with true Spanish courtesy invited me to a participation of his meal. It looked inviting and I took a piece; but no sooner had I tasted it than I threw it as far from me as I could; the first mouthful had made my throat to burn like fire. The pastry was made of two pieces of bread with a layer of the strongest cayenne pepper between them. Antonio laughed loudly when he saw my grimaces and declared this to be part of his daily food and that he could not comprehend the strange taste of the gentleman not to like what was considered so palatable by his countryman. I sought in vain to get rid of the effects of the pepper by swallowing a few glasses of wine, but it would not do, my throat smarted as if I had swallowed a live coal for many hours afterwards.

The Ostrich Hunt.

We had prosecuted our wearisome and monotonous journey over the illimitable plains for eight days, when we reached a post-house, which promised us better lodgings than we had had since we entered upon the Pampas. As soon as I was dismounted from my horse, I prepared to obey the irresistible demands of my stomach, which forcibly reminded me that it had been empty since morning. I inquired of our Gaucha host, "what was to be had," if his larder was well provided, and received for answer the unvarying assurance, "Every thing is to be had—every thing good." In order to find out the true meaning of these rather mysterious words, I penetrated into the culinary region, where I saw a whole lamb, rolled up in its skin with the wool on, roasting in the ashes; this dish is true "meat in the hide." Singular as this preparation at first seemed to me, I must confess it was uncommonly juicy, tender and savory, so that we really enjoyed the meal with a relish to which we had long been strangers.

As we arose at the break of day, and prepared for our journey, I learned that the Gauchas were going on an ostrich hunt, in a direction but a short distance from the road by which our journey was to be pursued.

Hunting the Ostrich.

As I was an entire stranger to this kind of sport, I begged the courier to leave me with the hunters for this day, and promised to re-join him at night if he would appoint a place of meeting. To this he good naturedly consented; and I parted from him to join the troop of half savage riders, who, with a leader and many unladen horses, set forth to hunt those birds of the plain, scarcely less wild than themselves.

We had not ridden far, until we saw a little brook that, after many tortuous windings, was lost in one of the salt lakes. The ostriches generally seek the neighborhood of water; and with wild joy the Gauchas now mounted fresh horses, in expectation that the sport would soon begin. My greatest concern was to know what to do with the bolas they had given me, a long rod with a ball on one end of it, which I did not at all know how to handle. Nevertheless the ability to imitate, which is practicable by all, drove away my hesitation, and I swung my bolas over my head as boldly as the rest.

All at once we heard a light rustling among the reeds that fringed the margin of the nearest lake, and two noble ostriches emerged from the covert. The moment they saw us, they took to flight, running with inconceivable speed. Their appearance was the signal for the onset. In a moment each horse was urged to his swiftest pace; and the Gauchas, bending to their saddle bows, swung their bolas over their heads, filling the air with shrill cries. It seemed that each moment would bring them up with the ostriches;

but the swift-footed birds, with outstretched necks and extended wings, ran with the velocity of the wind. A few of the Gouchas, who were better mounted than most of their comrades, several times got within twenty steps of them; but just as they were about to throw their bullet-headed bolas, the wily birds started to one side, and fled in a different direction. After every unsuccessful throw, the huntsman still keeping his horse at a full run, picked up his bolas from the ground, and continued the chase.

I was so inconsiderate as to keep among the foremost of the pursuers; and in spite of all my skill as a practised rider, as the ostrich started suddenly before my horse, and he swerved slightly from his course, I lost my equipoise, and fell heavily on the earth. The Gauchas laughed immoderately at my awkwardness; but self-love, which ever mocks at reason, induced me to re-mount almost immediately, and press forward with my wild companions in the very front of the chase, which, as I was completely ignorant of, was to me highly dangerous.

The huntsmen now pursued their sport with unabated zeal; several ostriches were killed by blows from the bolas, but still many showed themselves in different directions. The Gauchas divided themselves into various parties to follow them, and filled the air with their cries. Ofttimes when the crafty birds had exhausted all their cunning, and completely wearied, found escape impossible, they turned round on their pursuers, and ran under the feet of the horses, flapping and beating with their wings, as if it was their

intent to frighten them off. And very often, too, they accomplished their aim; at the sudden attack the horses started to one side, and threw the riders from their saddles; but in the next moment some of the others came up, and irritated by the cunning and resistance of the poor birds, pursued the chase with unrelenting fury. As soon as the bolas struck the leg of the bird, he fell; the fortunate thrower then sprung from his horse, cut off the wings with his knife, and hung them as trophies to his saddle.

The chase ended, not for want of game, but that the horses were completely exhausted. When the first heat of their running is over, there is no further hope of their overtaking the swift ostrich. One by one the Gouchas dropped off, until at last but three or four remained to follow, with desperate zeal, one of the birds that had been separated from the rest of the herd. Perfectly exhausted, the poor creature altered its course every moment, and at last ran straight towards me.

At this time, an unlucky determination to secure the victory came into my head. I seized my bolas, swung it furiously over my head, threw it, and in the next instant, lay sprawling on the ground—not the poor bird, but my horse, on whose head the blow I intended for the ostrich had fallen. So I had gotten two falls in one day—it was quite enough for me; and now, quite convinced of my utter incapacity for ostrich hunting, I sprung upon another horse, and bade my lowly hunting companions an eternal farewell.

The Gauchas eat the eggs of the ostrich, and the upper part of the breast; they sell the feathers in Buenos Ayres to such great advantage that, to a skilful hunter, chasing the ostrich is a source of considerable profit.

According to my agreement with Rodriguez in the morning, I now galloped to meet the caravan, from which I had separated myself, and find a night's lodging; I had no difficulty to rejoin the party, but the night's lodging—it was on the thick grass, and under the clear star-gemmed canopy of heaven.

When I awoke in the morning, to my great terror, I saw a snake that had made its way to our tent. The venomous reptile had most likely crawled in, in the night, and now lay coiled up in a ring, close to the sleeping courier. I hastened to greet this unbidden guest by a pistol shot, thereby shattering his head, and awakening my comrade. He started up, and still more than half asleep, ran off with all his might, believing the Indians were at his heels. But I soon made him comprehend the cause of the disturbance, and quietly saddling his horse, we soon found ourselves once more on our journey to Buenos Ayres.

Ascending the Andes.

After resting for a few hours we again set forth toward the mountain peaks, and soon struck into a narrow road that at every progressive step became more steep. Our third mule, intended for alternate changing, or carrying our baggage, with a bell hung round his neck, went on before as our leader, and without troubling ourselves about guiding those we rode, we suffered them to follow at their leisure. Around us rose huge and rugged walls of granite, between which appeared at intervals small patches of verdure, or a few stunted shrubs. Many small cascades, sparkling in the sun like silver, fell from the heights into the ravines below, where foaming into rushing mountain streams, frequently overflowed our path and made the way hazardous in the extreme. All these, and the wild magnificence of the whole rocky region, announced that we were fairly beginning to ascend the Cordilleras. The further we progressed the more steep and dangerous the path became,—more dreary and desolate the country—and at every onward step some new phase of savage grandeur or scene of gloomy horror would present itself.

An inexpressible feeling of dread and reverential awe overpowered me; my heart was oppressed—my breathing

painful and irregular, and my vision clouded. And yet, with sensations like these, and surrounded by images of such wonderful influence, it was necessary to maintain the utmost composure and presence of mind,—every movement of the mules required an undivided attention, for every deviation from the narrow path was attended with danger, and a false step was certain death. One irregular movement of the animal would bring him to the verge of the precipice, and one more would precipitate him with his luckless rider into the fathomless abyss that lay below.

Sure-footed and cautiously, with stretched-out necks and wide-spread nostrils, the sagacious animals strained painfully on the upward path, clambering over spots seemingly incalculable, and with astonishing patience and dexterity following all its tortuous windings. Panting and breathless, they stopped from time to time to rest, but as soon as they had recovered from the temporary weariness they again set forward, without any urging from their riders. No one who has not seen the mules of the Cordilleras, can have any idea of the wonderful sagacity they possess. With incredible activity, cautiousness and deliberation, they choose the safest steps on the narrow road, which often runs along a precipice from six to eight hundred feet in depth, while on the other side rise walls of perpendicular rock, so that not seldom the poor laden mule, as he passes over the narrow way, often not more than three or four feet wide, is pressed against it. This path is principally spread with loose stones of slate, and from the aptness to give way under the

feet of the animal, makes the procedure as wearisome as the rough and sudden windings are dangerous.

In these latitudes the twilight is very short, for scarcely has the last border of the sun's disk disappeared below the horizon until it is night. But if the traveller in these tropical climes regrets the lovely and soothing influence of the interval between sunset and darkness, as seen in the beauty of a Spanish or Italian evening, he is rewarded for all he has lost by the beauty of the night; nothing in Europe can equal it. The moon sheds a soft silvery light on the dark and rugged points that stand like tall towers above the way, and it is too dangerous, inviting as are her beams and the cooler air, to journey after sunset among the winding labyrinths of the Andes.

After toiling up a peculiarly steep ascent, we reached a little plain, or rather a level spot, which seemed to offer a resting place before attempting to scale the yet steeper acclivity that lay beyond it. Antonio declared his intention of making this our place of bivouac, and accordingly dismounted, and with great industry began to make arrangements for pitching our tent.

I was not particularly pleased with this decision, for there were neither bushes nor grass for our mules; but to my objections my conductor opposed his determination to pass the night there, partly because he feared we might stray, and partly because he did not wish to expose his weary mules to the pernicious influence of the moon.

I acknowledged the legitimacy of the first reason, but all

attempts to combat his firm belief in the baleful influence of the moon on animals were in vain. As I could do nothing better, I therefore gave in to his proposal to remain where we were. The bridles were taken off the mules, the saddles and cushions turned up against the rocks, and after eating our very frugal supper, consisting of some bread and dried figs, we smoked our cigars, aud laid ourselves down on a hard bed of moss and granite. Sleep, the great comforter in all troubles, soon sealed our weary eyelids.

Scarcely had the first rays of the morning broke on the cloud-covered Cordilleras, than Antonio was up and moving. I would have followed his example, but all my efforts to do so were fruitless. Neither the grandeur of nature, the mighty mother, as here displayed every where around me, nor the harmonious song of the birds, that chanted their matin to the morning from the valley below, nor even the necessity there was to make use of every moment of time, could enable me to burst from the leaden chains, or conquer the extreme drowsiness by which I was overpowered, and which was caused by the unwonted exertions of yesterday, making the hours allotted to sleep too few.

At length I mustered up sufficient resolution, and without waiting to reason with myself, whether or not I had slept enough, I started up, and running to a little brook that flowed down from a neighboring glacier, I plunged my whole head into the cold water. Such an ablution as this creates at the time anything but a pleasant feeling—it is, however, strengthening and healthful; the very best remedy for fatigue

and drowsiness. When thus refreshed I returned to my guide. I found, to my great joy, that he had kindled a fire, over which he was cooking some chocolate, which was truly welcomed by my empty stomach.

Immediately after breakfast we resumed our journey. The morning was raw and cold—the ascent very laborious, and nearly at every step, lumps of clay or stones rolled down from the heights above. Out of compassion for my mule, who seemed to toil painfully over the rough crooked path, I dismounted and clambered up a steep acclivity; but when wearied with the great effort I had made, I would have once more seated myself in the saddle, the ungrateful animal snorted, laid back his ears, and began to trot at the very moment I had placed my left foot in the stirrup. My situation, on a narrow path, close by a steep precipice, was anything but enviable. The malicious animal was evidently determined to throw me, and, at last, succeeded so well that I fell to the earth, with the pleasant prospect of rolling from one precipice to another. Antonio shook his sides with laughter, as he threw his lasso over me to prevent my falling any lower. Anger gave me strength; I gathered myself up, ran after my mule, and reaching him at last, swung myself, in spite of all his resistance, into the saddle. Firmly seated on his back, I could now laugh over the occurrence; but between the feeling caused by the sharp points of the rock where I fell, and the bottomless abyss that lay below it, the thing in reality was no jest. About midway we reached one of the small *chalets*, which are built for the

protection of travellers against the sudden snow storms that are always occurring in this lofty region. Here we halted for our noontide rest, and after a light meal and short *siesta*, we again set forward on our further progress to scale the summit. The way became still more perplexing, and numberless bones and carcases of animals, seen all along the road, told plainly of the danger which threatened the traveller in this inhospitable region.

The Snow Region.

WE now came upon the boundary claimed from primordial times by the snows, as peculiarly their own. The cold increased very sensibly as we advanced, and we could distinguish the elevation of the passes, but on what remained of this day, we could not hope to make their ascent; the evening was coming on, and our mules were tired. Antonio expressed his determination of passing the night at the next *chalet*, and we reached it at last, ourselves as much worn out as the poor animals we rode. My cheerful guide, however, according to his constant custom, at once set about seeking for some dry twigs—no easy matter, for they are only to be found in the clefts of the rocks—and soon a bright fire was blazing beneath our modest kettle. Whilst the crackling flame lent warmth and cheerfulness,

and the kettle, as it sung above it, promised refreshment, I took a survey of the house where we found an asylum, which, dreary as it looked, was most gratefully appreciated by ourselves. It was built of baked clay and mountain stones, from ten to twelve feet high, with thick walls, in which were small crevices to serve in place of windows, and admitted the light but faintly.

Even now, in the heat of summer, the dreary twilight that reigned within reminded me of a prison; what then must it be in winter, when the snow storms sweep over this inhospitable desert, and the frightful avalanche threatens every moment to overwhelm. Antonio looked at me as if he read my thoughts, and putting on a more solemn face than I could have believed it possible for him to wear, he approached to where I sat beside the fire; taking a seat near me, he thus began:

"Did you ever hear, sir, of the sad event that happened here about four years ago? In the place where we now are sheltered, eight men died of hunger. It was in winter that a party of merchants from Buenos Ayres travelled over the Cordilleras, leaving Mondega to go to San Jago. Their business was sorely pressing, and against the advice of men the most experienced in these matters, they resolved to attempt the dangerous journey. Every thing went on well enough until they reached this region, but at a short distance from this hut they were overtaken by a fearful snow storm. No help was to be expected from any one in these desert mountains, and they could do nothing better than to

remain in this poor hut, and wait for better weather. Their store of provision was soon exhausted, cold and hunger pressed them sorely; they were obliged to kill their mules, and cook the flesh with the wood of the door, for the snow covering every spot, no fuel was to be had. This, their last means of preserving life, was also their death warrant. The snow now drifted without hindrance inside the hut, and they perished, without one being spared to tell the sad tale of what they suffered ere released by death. The first Chilian courier that passed over the Cordilleras in the beginning of spring, found all as I have related—the eight corpses, which still bore the marks of the frightful combat they had had with torment and death. The bones of the mules are still lying near the house, as you may see if you have a mind." Owing to the absence of moisture in this climate, it is astonishing to see in what a state of preservation dead bodies remain. A traveller says: "On examining the carcases of some mules that looked as if they had only died on the preceding day, the skin seemed as if it were baked, but adhered to the bones, leaving a mere skeleton covered with skin so very light that I could with ease lift up any one of them in my arms."

With looks gathering additional sadness as he proceeded in the relation, Antonio told of many other occurrences, not less gloomy than the last, which had happened quite lately in this portion of the Andes. All these disasters harmonizing with the first, gave fuller force to the frightful conviction that, in case of disaster, no help was to be obtained

here, and that the traveller, after a journey of three or four days, distant from any human dwelling, could, happen what might, have any hope of success from a fellow being. The sound of the bell, the encouraging sight of the hospitable monastery, the benevolent monk of the Alps, with his comforts and cordials,—offered no cheering in this dreary spot; no sound or prospect like these revived the embers of expiring hope. Although it was in the midst of summer, and I had neither snow storm nor avalanche to fear, I must confess that the night was pretty far spent before I could close my eyes; my imagination dwelt incessantly on the former fated occupants of this hut, and painted their torments with a pencil dipped in horror. At length weariness asserted its power and I slept, but frightful visions floated round me, robbing the "sweet restorer" of half his renovating influence.

We arose early the following morning, in order to ascend the last and highest peak. On the Chilian side of the Andes the limit of the snow region extends farther than on the eastern slope, and as on the highest point of the pass where the temperature is changed by the elevation, there is therefore, in the heat of summer, very often no snow to be seen. This is is not wonderful, for on the Himalayas in India, which lay within the same latitude, the summits are found perfectly bare at an elevation of twenty thousand feet; and an English traveller tells us he has himself seen the tops of several mountains that were entirely free from snow, at a

height, according to his own measurement, of twenty-three thousand feet.

As we were about to begin the ascent of the highest pass, for greater security, I mounted the strongest mule. The acclivity was so steep that we were obliged to hold by the manes of the animals we rode, to keep ourselves from falling, and the windings round the different crags were so sudden and laborious, that the poor creatures seemed more than once on the point of tumbling head-foremost over the precipice, but with astonishing sagacity they would stop to take breath, and then, without urging, patiently set forward once more. After two hours of the most painful exertion, we reached the highest point of the pass called La Cumbre, and there a panorama of all that was sublime, glowing and beautiful in nature, spread itself before us, fully indemnifying us for all we had suffered in the ascent. All the peaks which, seen two days before from the valley below, and seemed inaccessible, now lay at our feet crowned with light and the storm clouds, whose muttered thunder had many times threatened our heads as we journeyed, now floated calmly along the cliffs that were far below the spot from whence we surveyed the glorious scene.

A number of volcanoes, pouring out their columns of dark smoke, arose amid the white peaks of those wondrous mountains which speak the greatness of Creation, and added to the magnificent grandeur of the scene. Although I remained for a long time wrapt in astonishment as I surveyed this glorious prospect, I yet recollected one other

point of the Andes which exceeds even this; a gorge of the Cordilleras, in the neighborhood of Quito, from whence one looks down on the lovely valley of Chillo. Here the eye wanders over the plain which forms the richest belt of luxuriant vegetation in all the tropical world,—where lofty palm trees, fields of sugar cane, and the odorous vanilla are blooming, to the wilder regions where Alpine plants rear their hardy heads amid eternal snows, and lofty glaciers intermingle with smoking volcanoes, that pour out streams of glowing lava between the snow-crowned peaks; all telling the wonders of creation, and exhibiting the power of the Mighty Hand, as every where displayed in the simpler beauties as well as the stern and sublime features of nature.

The Descent.

PAINFUL and toilsome as was our experience of the ascent of the Cordilleras, we found it infinitely more so in descending. The mules mostly tread one in the footsteps of the other, and owing to this peculiarity, deep holes are made in the snow, which render the way precarious and difficult. The sufferings of the poor animals, compelled to carry heavy burdens up these wearisome paths, was fully attested by the spots of blood seen in many places, contrasting with the white snow. One of our mules stepping on a sharp point

of rock, concealed by the snow, had severely wounded his foot; we therefore held it expedient to get on as fast as possible to the nearest cabin, in order to rest and bind up the wound. This was the more necessary as, in the course of the day, we had to proceed over some of the most dangerous passes in the whole range of the Andes; the so-called Cow-stream, for instance, being a place of terror to the traveller, and a source of perplexity to the guide.

The water ofttimes swells so suddenly, that it is impossible to cross it, and the parties are obliged to wait four or five days until they subside sufficiently to make the advance safe. Although the mules are accustomed to battle with such difficulties, it is necessary to urge them by the spur or enter the brook, where often bits of rock and loose stones are driven against them by the rushing force of the current.

When we arrived at the dreaded spot, Antonio dismounted from his mule, and having partly undressed himself, and waded half way into the ford we were about to cross, he threw his lasso over the head of his mule, and calling the others by their names, endeavored to drive them into the stream. The mule that led the van refused obedience—in spite of all our shouting, and the stones Antonio threw at him, the stubborn animal would not venture into the water. The same resistance on the part of all continued for a short time, when, to make an end of the matter, I struck my spurs into the sides of the one I rode, determined to urge his advance. This was not without effect. Although I drew up my feet as quickly as I could, they were com-

pletely wet by the sudden plunge made by the animal; I found myself in the middle of the brook.

Without other inconvenience than this wetting, I gained the opposite bank, from whence I sought to assist the wounded mule by throwing him my lasso. What I feared now really happened. Scarcely had the poor creature stepped into the stream, than a large stone, rolled onward by the force of the current, struck against his wounded foot; he lost his equipoise, began to stagger, and, although he tried to recover his footing by every means in his power, he was in a fair way of being swept off by the dashing flood. Antonio had watched his every movement with anxious looks. In the critical moment, with sure and practised hand, he threw his lasso over the animal's head, and fastening the end of it to a firm rock on the bank, without giving a thought to the danger he was incurring, dashed into the brook to attempt the rescue of the mule. The water was up as high as his breast, and he might easily have drowned; but unheeding all precaution for his own safety, all his care was for the deliverance of his mule. After the most strenuous exertions, he succeeded in setting him on his legs again. And now the poor animal, a perfect model of patience and practised dexterity, forced his way through the current, placed himself beside his long-eared comrades, and quietly shook off the water that dripped from his mane—the blood, in the meantime, streaming from his wounded foot.

I pursued my way forward, leaving Antonio to dress him-

self and follow. In half an hour he overtook me; he was as cheerful as though no difficulty had occurred, and apparently well pleased with himself, smoked his cigar, sung a merry song, and said, with a smile of sly meaning, that before evening we should have seen something worth while. And, indeed, some time before nightfall, we reached a peculiarly steep precipice—along which ran a more narrow path than we had yet traversed, for nearly three hundred yards. The cliffs rose almost perpendicularly above our heads, and the waters rushed down with fearful velocity from the heights, bringing with them large lumps of earth, and loose masses of rock. Huge blocks of granite hung over our heads threateningly, and ready to be dislodged at the slightest disturbance. Along this dizzy precipice, the path was so narrow that, whilst on one side the shoulder of the rider nearly touched the rocky wall, on the other his feet hung over the foaming torrent—above which this fearful precipice arose.

We exchanged but few words until after we had passed this dangerous place, when Antonio, assuming a look of importance, remarked that the pass was called the cow's stairs, and that it was a perilous spot for mules heavily laden. In the passage of a very large caravan, several mules were lost. Frightened at the wild raging torrent, they pressed closely to the wall of rocks, and their burdens pushing them once more to the projection, they lost their equilibrium, and were precipitated into the flood below. It is said that in the last twenty years, more than six hundred mules have been lost in this way.

Antonio had told me all this before we reached the dangerous spot, at the same time advising me to throw the bridle on the mule's neck, and let him take his own course. I obeyed his counsel, and I had no reason to regret having done so. The prudent animal, with outstretched neck and dilated nostrils, sought his way over the rugged pass as carefully as could have been done by reasoning man, and bore me in safety over the dreaded and dangerous cow stairs.

On this day we passed over several almost inaccessible points of the Cordilleras, and formed our bivouac at Upsalata, which lies in a valley where a small silver mine is worked, and seems to form the foundation of this the principal chain of the Andes. Never did I see any where in all my wide journeyings, such a dreary, barren spot. Some miners whom I met, told me that no rain had fallen here for two years. With a great deal of trouble, I was able to procure a little grass for our exhausted mules, and a half-starved kid for ourselves—for which I had to pay nearly their own weight in gold.

We set out at an early hour in the morning in order to reach the warm baths of Vincenza, where we intended passing the night. We had one or two steep hills still to encounter; but Antonia assured me they were the last hindrances—being the dividing line between the Cordilleras region and the Pampas. After a six hours' ride, we reached the summit of the highest, which looked like a dwarf in comparison with the gigantic peaks, with their inaccessible

walls of rock and ice, that lay like a frowning bulwark of nature's own forming behind us.

We stopped on this peak for a few moments, and here the prospect opened upon the immeasurable range of the Pampas. In the first moment one believes themselves to be looking on the ocean, for blinded by the magical effect of the aerial transparency and the boundless horizon, the wanderer can but dimly discern the distant city of Mendaza, or distinguish the green shadowing of the Pampas' vegetation, from the dark and level surface of the sea.

One last steep ascent, which our mules successfully climbed, and we were at Vicenza, once more enjoying the comforts of human society, refreshing baths and nourishing food, together with the real luxury of a good bed,—all these being productive of a night of sound sleep. On the following day, instead of the chilly and oppressive air of the Andes, we were visited by the softest, blandest zephyrs. With feelings of real bliss we inhaled the balmy odors that floated from the verdant and flowery plains of the Pampas, and our hearts that for a long time had seemed bound with a circlet of ice, now opened, and gradually expanded before the sweet influences of benevolent nature.

By mid-day we reached Mendaza. In vain would I attempt to paint the delightful emotions one must experience on exchanging the prospect of the rugged crags and dreary ice fields of the inhospitable Andes, where we had been so long, for the glowing and glorious landscape which now surrounded us. None but those who have wandered in such

savage scenes, or passed many monotonous weeks on shipboard, can imagine it. But not more invigorating to me was the intercourse with refined and intelligent society, and the enjoyment of the conveniences of European life to which, at this time, I had for many weeks been a stranger.

The Pampas.

I FOUND Mendaza so pleasant that I should most likely have lingered there for a long time, had not the royal courier of Chili disturbed me from the tranquil rest I was so well disposed to take. As he too was going to Buenos Ayres, and it was every way desirable I should perform the long monotonous journey under his safe escort, I now bade adieu to my late pleasant guide, the faithful Antonio, mounted a fleet horse, and with the courier for my companion, dashed forth in a gallop over the wide plains.

The Pampas lay in all their grandeur of illimitable expanse before me, stretching from the La Plata, like a smooth sea, to the foot of the Cordilleras, over a space of nine hundred miles, and to the north and south, as calculated by Miers, at no less than 130,000 square miles. The eye rests upon a level flat, in some parts covered with grass and clover, in others overgrown with thistles. Here a vast extent of plain, the monotony of which, is unrelieved by any forest whose shade would invite the traveller to repose; there a few miserable hovels tell of the neighborhood of man; but no cultivated fields give evidence of industry or thrift; no bush nor tree shelter those dwellings from the noontide heat or give evidence of any advance from primitive barbarism.

Millions of horses find grazing on those vast prairies; some of which belong to the inhabitants, others roam about in primitive wildness in troops of from ten to twenty thousand. Horned cattle are found in still greater numbers; for although much diminished by the demand occasioned by the wasting effect of the Revolution, they are still reckoned to consist of several millions.

The dwellers on the Pampas are either Spanish herdsmen called Gauchas, or the different tribes of native Indians. The Gaucha spends half of his life on horseback; at the age of six years he is an expert rider, and throws his lasso with unerring hand. Growing up to manhood amongst his herds, he is as indifferent to the comforts and conveniences of civilized life as he is ignorant of all the noble emotions by which the soul of man is swayed. The wild steppe is his constant home, the grassy hillock his bed, and the skeleton head of some slain horse his only pillow. His household goods accord with his savage life and the miserable hut he calls his own; the hides of slaughtered cattle serving for doors, window-shutters and beds, the horns of oxen forming cups and drinking vessels for his table.

Among many vices, the principal of which is gambling and drunkenness, the Gaucha also possesses some virtues, and not a few good qualities; and his hospitality is unbounded and disinterested.

In passing over the Pampas the traveller is accompanied by a Gaucha, who conducts him from one station to another, driving a number of unequipped horses before him. Should

the one on which he gallops across these plains (for no other gait is known here) grow weary, his Nomadic conductor at once throws his lasso over the head of another, and removing the saddle from the first, the rider is instantly mounted and they set off at the same fleet pace as before. We had ridden in this manner for five or six hours, when our eyes were greeted by the sight of some tall poplars and a spot of cultivated ground lying at a short distance. My guide announced this to be the post-station, and on coming up more closely, I perceived a miserable cabaret with a number of Gauchas sitting or lying about the door steps. They bestowed not the slightest mark of attention on our arrival, but continued to smoke and talk Spanish, scarcely giving a glance to our movements. We enquired whether horses were to be had; one of the company pointed, without speaking, to a man, whom from the movement I supposed was the postmaster. Rodriguez, for that was the name of the courier, dismounted, and without bestowing any more notice on the lazy loungers than they did on ourselves, went up to the so-called postmaster, and said with a courteous manner and good natured smile:

"Quickly, quickly, my good friend; I am in great haste."

All traces of laziness now vanished from the postmaster; in a moment he was in the saddle, ready to go after his horses, and in an incredibly short time all was ready. This was a matter of surprise to me, but long experience had taught Rodriguez that, however rude these men were them-

selves, he was not likely to gain anything by roughness. After we had reckoned with our host, and paid him for his horses, we set off as before in full gallop. These post-stations were formerly maintained by the viceroys of Peru and Buenos Ayres; at the present time, however, they are to be found only on that part of the Pampas inhabited by Gauchas, to whose guidance the traveller may confidently commit himself. But if he has once travelled over these plains, he must not expect to find these post-houses at the same distances a second time. In consequence of the love of wandering of these Nomadic dwellers, no regular stopping place is to be depended upon; so the traveller, in expectation of not finding a station where he had procured a relay a short time before, always takes a few supernumerary horses with him.

The heat increased in full measure as we proceeded over the steppes, and at noon was more than commonly oppressive; but abating as the afternoon advanced, the evening was accompanied by a cool invigorating breeze. We found it, therefore, much pleasanter to travel only in the morning and evening, although the short twilight afforded an obstacle, for night trod so closely on the heels of day, that darkness came on before we were aware of it, and our horses frequently stumbled or fell into holes made by the numerous Bischacas, to the imminent danger of our necks and limbs. These little creatures, resembling our Marmots,* are found in great numbers in the Pampas, and, like the ants, live in

* The Alpine rat.

communities in holes which they dig in the ground. It is to be wondered at, that more accidents do not happen from the frequency of these holes, and I cannot now conceive how I escaped with only a few bruises, when I consider the constant danger to which both life and limb was exposed. These cavities are mostly covered with grass or twigs, and it is impossible for the horse, in his wild gallop over these plains, to avoid them—the first notice he has, is by falling in. In such cases, the rider is mostly flung over the animal's head, but he must be up in a moment, and on the back of his horse, or he will continue his gallop without him. It happened more than once that I was obliged to practise these gymnastic movements—I cannot, however, say I derived any pleasure from the exercise. To the undaunted Gaucha, these feats are only productive of amusement; like a cat, he always falls upon his feet, and ere you have time to laugh at him, he is in his saddle, galloping forward as lively as before.

By the time we reached the third station, I was altogether exhausted. We had dashed over twenty miles at this rapid gait, and we should still be obliged to travel at this same rate for twelve days, in order to reach our place of destination. To any one whose bodily frame is not prepared for hardship, by suitable regimen and long habit, such rapid and continued movement is anything but pleasant.

The simple fare of the Gauchas, consisting principally of beef, with but little admixture of bread, and no vegetables, together with their living in the open air, renders them

capable of enduring the greatest fatigue; and if the European will accustom himself to the same kind of diet for a short time, he will be surprised at the invigorating effect of this primitive fare.

Rodriguez remarked my pale face and complete exhaustion, and compassionately proposed that we should stop and pass the night here. I threw myself and my saddle on the ground, and almost in the same instant, the benevolent god of sleep placed his leaden seal upon my weary eyelids. But I did not enjoy his sweet influence without interruption; a swarm of musquitoes came with the night, settling on my face, hands, and neck, and worse than an army of hungry locusts, threatened to devour me. I covered up my head in a blanket; this protected me from their stings, but I was nearly smothered with heat. Half mad with pain, and fairly desperate, I started up and ran to the hut, where I threw myself on the floor. Fleas and bugs now preyed upon me, feasting on my poor body, as though they had never made a meal before. Nevertheless, so great was my exhaustion, I yielded myself a quiet victim, and slept in spite of them until morning.

Scenes in Russia.

A WINTER journey from Sweden to Finland over the frozen Gulf of Bothnia, is not less troublesome than rich in scenes of frozen beauty, and presents a spectacle of rare interest to the traveller from the South.

When, with both my *compagnons du voyage*, and two servants, I reached the coast at Grislehamm, to our great astonishment, the postmaster brought us no fewer than eight sleighs, insisting that we could not possibly do with a less number. We regarded this at the time as an excuse to draw money out of the pockets of travellers, but we soon had reason to change our opinion, for we found it was a wise and necessary provision for our comfort, and called for gratitude towards the worthy host, rather than reprobation.

It was on a bright winter morning that we left Grislehamm, to begin our journey over the ice that covered the Gulf of Bothnia. My imagination had been busy in picturing the unpleasantness of the way that lay for fourteen miles across a flat plain of ice—the dull monotony of the snowy waste, where every station was like the one we had just left; but those anticipations soon gave way to brighter realities, that increased as the distance widened between

ourselves and our last night's quarters. The way, at first smooth and even, gradually grew more rugged; masses of ice still retaining the form of the waves that ruffled its now frozen waters, as if the breath of winter had congealed them in an instant; and as we advanced, huge blocks, driven together until piled up like towers, awoke our strongest admiration. Some of them, resting on a small base and widening to the top, seemed to be suspended in the air—others assumed the forms of pyramids. The whole presented a picture of extreme confusion, as if nature had been at play blindfolded; and with its brilliant and novel aspect, filled the beholder with reverence and wonder. It was an immeasurable chaos of ice blocks, thrown into all imaginable figures; and now, glancing in the bright morning rays of a winter's sun, almost blinded us with the brilliant and prismatic effect of its coloring.

It was a work of no small difficulty to find a road for sleighs and horses, safely through these wedges of ice. At times, and with great trouble, we were obliged to assume a retrograde movement, in order to avoid some huge blocks that, piled up like pyramid or tower, lay directly in our way, and round which it was impossible to turn. In spite of all our efforts to choose the smoothest way, our sleighs were every moment upsetting; and the feet of the overturned, taking that place in the air which ought to be occupied by the head, was a signal for the whole cavalcade to stop.

But a more important source of danger and inconvenience

to us travellers ensued from the following circumstance: Our horses were made exceedingly skittish from the sight and odor of our coats and cloaks, which were made of skins that had once belonged to some Russian wolf or bear. If any person tumbled out, the horses, taking fright at what they could not doubt was one or the other of these animals, since they were clothed in the garments nature had bestowed on them, dashed over the uneven ice at full flight, to the great anxiety of both travellers and drivers. The peasant-guide, dreading to lose his horse in this icy desert, held on to the reins with all his might; suffering the animal to drag himself and sleigh over the rough fragments that lay all around, at the risk of breaking, not only the vehicle, but his neck. Even when conquered by his master's resolute presence of mind, and wearied by his own rapid flight, he was brought to a stand still, we could not resume our places in the sleigh until the driver had thrown a covering over his eyes.

In more than one case, it happened that some of the more spirited horses obtained the mastery over his guide. The peasant, after being thus dragged along for some time, no longer able to endure the pain and bruises caused by blows against the sharp points of the ice blocks, would let the lines fall from his hands; and the animal, thus freed from his load, feeling himself at full liberty, ran at full speed, overcoming all hindrances. The sleigh, which danced, as it were, behind his heels, increased his terror, and increased the speed of his flight—which he continued,

until in the far distance he appeared like a dark speck, that still grew smaller on the white plain, until at last it was lost to sight altogether.

It was now that we experienced how necessary was the care exercised by our host at Grislehamm, in providing us with supernumerary horses, and how hazardous a journey over the frozen gulf of Bothnia would be without such a provision. The owner of the runaway at once mounted one of the other sleighs, and set off in pursuit—the track being easily ascertained by the traces left by the overturned vehicle as it was dragged along.

We continued our journey as well as we could under such circumstances, towards the Islands of Aland, although meeting with every danger, as we were constantly upsetting, or the horses running off. During our whole travel over the ice, we did not meet a single living thing, neither man, animal, nor even a bird. The death-like stillness that reigned over this desert, was broken only by the wind as it rushed through the crevices of the ice, or swept against its jagged projections, moaning and howling like some disturbed spirit that might be imprisoned there. Sometimes a report was heard like that of a pistol, occasioned by the unloosening of some large block from the principal mass, and gave additional solemnity to the picture by which we were surrounded. From between the chasms made by the masses of ice thus disunited, large open spaces of water were seen, and over these abysses we were often obliged to lay a temporary bridge of boards, brought with us for that purpose. The

only living creatures we saw upon this icy desert, were a few seals who occasionally crossed our path, but slipped into the water when we tried to take them; no other animal can find a fitting abode amidst this scene of desolation.

After contending with unspeakable hindrances, and of the most dangerous kind, stopping only at intervals to refresh our wearied horses, we at length reached the little island of Signilscar. On this desert spot, neither tree nor field is seen; it is inhabited only by a few peasants and the inspector of the telegraph, which is placed here for the advantage of a direct correspondence with Grislehamm. It is one of the smallest among the many clusters of islands which are scattered about this part of the gulf, which are known by the name of the Isles of Aland. In a straight line, Grislehamm lies only five Swedish miles from Signilscar; but from the devious windings of the road, more than double that distance is passed over, and every step is attended with danger.

During the whole of our journey to this island, we were not a little troubled about our runaway horses; and had scarce a doubt but that they had lost their way over this illimitable waste of ice, or else plunged with our sleighs trunks and baggage into some air hole, and by this time were food for fishes. But we found that Signilscar, although a barren spot, was able to furnish us with fresh horses; and in our preparations for proceeding, they were already being harnessed to our sleighs, when, to our great satisfaction, we saw our peasant guide returning with the runaways, our

baggage all safe, and the sledges, although broken, still fit for the road.

The poor animals were in a pitiable condition; their whole bodies were covered with foam, and enveloped in a cloud of steam; and notwithstanding the exhaustion consequent on their race, as soon as they saw us they were ready to begin it again. As much frightened as before at the sight of our wolf-skin cloaks, they reared up with loud neighings, prancing and stamping on the ice and snow, and had nearly tore loose from their driver again; but when we withdrew, and they lost both sight and smell of the dreaded travelling robes, they were as tractable as dogs.

The last half of our journey was prosecuted without any untoward incident happening; but the way was now much easier found, and following the direction which was indicated by poles inserted in the ice, we reached our place of destination in safety.

THE END.

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